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THE CHRONICLES OF ENGLAND (Fifteenth Century) executed for Edward IV.

This illustration gives a good example of the general characteristics of this period.

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SELECTIONS FROM THE WORLD'S GREAT WRITERS
ANCIENT, MEDIÆVAL, AND MODERN, WITH BIO-
GRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES
AND
CRITICAL ESSAYS

BY
MANY EMINENT WRITERS.

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(1851-1899)

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grains, which were often mingled with the grossest errors. One day, however, scientists determined to experiment before forming opinions, rejected the pretended acquired truths, and reverted to first causes and to careful observation and study. Instead of beginning synthetically, it was decided to proceed analytically. The hope of wresting truth from nature by a species of divination was abandoned; nature was studied with all patience; from the simple one passed to the composite, and then to the *ensemble*.

Thus did science proceed. But in civilised society all things are linked together. When one branch of human thought has been set in motion, other branches follow, and general action ensues. Thus literature, guided by the example of science, turned to the experimental method. The great philosophic movement of the eighteenth century was a colossal inquiry which, though it often proceeded in groping fashion, had for its one constant object the study and solving of every human problem. In history and in criticism the examination of facts and surroundings replaced the old scholastic methods. In purely literary works nature intervened, and soon began to reign with the school of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Forests, rivers, and mountains became as it were beings, resuming their place in the world's mechanism. Man was no longer an intellectual abstraction, his environment determined and completed him. Diderot, in particular, may be regarded as the great literary figure of the eighteenth century: he espied or divined every truth, went onward in advance of his age, and for ever waged war upon the worm-eaten edifices of convention and arbitrary rule. Magnificent were the strides of the period, colossal was the toil whence present-day society emerged. It was a new era, which may be taken as the starting-point of the centuries into which mankind is entering, with nature as its basis and method as its tool.

It was to this evolution that I gave the name of Naturalism, for which in former years I was much attacked. Nevertheless, this evolution was, in letters as in science, a return to nature and humanity, combined with carefulness of scrutiny, exactitude of anatomy, and truthful portrayal of whatever existed. There

were to be no more abstract personages, no more mendacious inventions, no more absolute rules, but, in lieu thereof, real living personages, the true record of one and all, and the relativity that is found in daily life. For this to be, it was necessary to study man in all the sources of his being, so that one might really know him before formulating conclusions after the fashion of the idealists who simply invent types. And thus writers had to reconstruct the literary edifice from its very base, each in turn contributing his human documents in their logical order.

So great an evolution in human thought could not proceed without a social upheaval, which came in the form of the French Revolution. A revolution is seldom accomplished amidst calmness and common sense. Minds very often become unhinged, the imagination, dismayed and darkened, falls a prey to phantoms. After the great shock which brought the eighteenth century to a close, poets, moved by the kindly but anxious spirit of Rousseau, took to melancholy and fatalism. Ignorant of whither they were being led, some plunged into bitterness, some into contemplation, or extraordinary reveries. Yet they had inhaled the spirit of the Revolution, and thus like others they proved rebels. They brought with them the rebellion of colour, passion, and phantasy; they burst violently through all rules, and renewed the language with a flow of superb, dazzling lyrical poetry. However, they had not altogether escaped the touch of truth, for they exacted local colour even when striving to resuscitate dead ages. Here then one has the whole Romantic School, that famous reaction against French Classic literature. And the movement was so irresistible that all followed it; painting, sculpture, even music became Romantic. In presence of so general and so powerful a manifestation one might for a moment have thought the formulas of literature and art for ever fixed. But this was not to be. The French Classic School had endured at least two hundred years; and yet at the end of a quarter of a century Romanticism was already dying. It was then that the truth became manifest. The Romantic movement had been a mere skirmish, not a decisive battle. Poets and novelists of immense talent, a whole generation gifted with magnificent

ardour had helped to veil the truth, which was that the century really belonged to the Naturalists, the direct descendants of Diderot. At last the connecting link was found again, and Naturalism fought its way to the front with Balzac.

For a time, no doubt, two literary forms remained face to face. On one side was Victor Hugo, who invariably wrote poems even when he sought to express himself in prose. Then there was Alexandre Dumas the elder, of whom I would simply say that he was a prodigiously gifted story-teller. Then again there was George Sand, who recounted the dreams of her imagination in facile and happy language. But the sources of the more modern French novel are to be found in Balzac and Stendhal. Both of these writers escaped the Romantic craze—Balzac in spite of himself, Stendhal by design, as befitted a man of superior mind. Whilst the triumph of the Lyrical School was being proclaimed on all sides, whilst Hugo was noisily crowned King of Literature, these two, Balzac and Stendhal, worked on almost in obscurity, amidst the disdain and the denial of the multitude. But they left behind them in their works the Naturalist formula of the century, and hundreds of descendants sprang from their tombs whilst the Romantic school was perishing of anæmia, having at last but one representative left it—the illustrious, aged Hugo, to whom, from a feeling of respect, one could not tell the truth.

It is needless that I should here insist on the new formula which Balzac and Stendhal brought with them. In the sphere of the novel they prosecuted the same kind of inquiry that *savants* prosecuted in the spheres of science. They no longer imagined things; they no longer recounted mere stories. Their task was to take man, dissect him and analyse both his flesh and his brain. Stendhal, more particularly, remained a psychologist; Balzac preferentially studied temperament, reconstructed surroundings, and piled up human documents. On comparing *Le Père Goriot* or *Cousine Bette* with previous French novels, those of the seventeenth as well as the eighteenth century, one may form an idea of the great Naturalist evolution that had been accomplished already in Balzac's time.

Passing to the descendants of Balzac and Stendhal, the first place belongs to Gustave Flaubert. One of Balzac's great worries was that he lacked the resounding style of Victor Hugo. Critics even accused him of writing badly, a charge which made him wretched. He occasionally essayed what may be termed lyrical flashiness, as, for instance, when he penned *La Femme de Trente Ans* and *Le Lis dans la Vallée*; but these efforts were scarcely successful, he was never a greater writer than when he adhered to his own strong, if diffuse, style. With the advent of Gustave Flaubert, however, the Naturalist formula passed into the hands of a perfect artist, who solidified it and gave it the polish of marble. Flaubert grew up in the midst of Romanticism; all his affections were for the movement of 1830. When he issued *Madame Bovary*, it was by way of a challenge to the realists of the period—the followers of Champfleury—who almost prided themselves on writing badly. Flaubert wished to prove that one might write of the petty folks in a provincial town with all the breadth and power which Homer employed in writing of the Hellenic heroes. Fortunately, however, his work had another result. Whatever Flaubert may have wished, he imparted to Naturalism the one element of power it yet lacked, that of perfect style, which helps to render a work imperishable. And, from that moment, new comers simply had to advance along the broad highway of truth seconded by art. Balzac's inquiries were continued, the analytical study of man and the influence of his environment was persevered in; but at the same time novelists became artists, seeking originality and science of form, and, by the intense life of their style, imparting to their revelations of the truth all the force of a resurrection.

At the same time as Flaubert, Edmond and Jules de Goncourt sought individuality and brilliancy of style. They did not spring from Romanticism as he did. There was no Latinity, no classicality in them; they were artists by gift of nature; they invented the language they used, and they found a means of expressing their feelings in a style of wondrous precision and intensity. In *Germinie Lacerteux*, before all others, they really studied the people of Paris, depicted the city's suburbs and their bare landscapes,

speaking out boldly and saying all that was to be said in a language which restored both beings and things to their natural life. The Goncourts exercised a potent influence on the Naturalist School. While the exact method was taken from Flaubert, one and all were stirred by that new language of the Goncourts, which thrilled one like music, went further than mere writing, adding, as it were, to the words of the dictionary a special hue and sound and perfume.

Such, then, were the founders of the modern Naturalist School: Balzac and Stendhal, and then Flaubert and the Goncourts. Beside the latter there sprang up another generation, that to which I myself belong. Here two names immediately suggest themselves: those of Alphonse Daudet and Guy de Maupassant.

Of the former I have written at some length, both in *Les Romanciers Naturalistes* and *Une Campagne*. He was one of those fortunate beings whom nature places on the border-line of poetry and reality. The documents he contributed to the great Naturalist inquiry were accurate ones, illumined by a flame peculiar to himself. Everything expanded, became animated, acquired colour and intensity beneath his touch. One found in him neither the bareness of Stendhal nor the heaviness of Balzac. His genius was fraught with an attractive, seductive power which made him the favourite of women. Though he preferred the bright to the dark side of nature, and would rather have had his readers smile than weep, he ^{never} sought to deceive them; his literary probity was absolute. He may be classed among the four or five French novelists of this time whose style palpitated with life and sunlight. He most ^{truly} belonged to the Naturalist School. Whatever his imagination's flights, the basis of his works was truth, reality. He was ^{not} depicting people whom he had met and known, incidents ^{themselves} which he had actually witnessed. At one period of his life he ^{never} lived in each evening everything which had struck him during the ^{day}. His tales, his novels, are full of observation and study. I ^{have} said that he preferred to see his readers smile rather than weep. This is true even of his more pathetic works, such as *Jack*, in which, whilst mourning his hero's lot, he nails his torturers to the pillory of ridicule. Two of Alphonse Daudet's qualities

most remarkable instance of the kind is probably that of Huysmans, who, after writing such essentially Naturalist works as *Marthe*, *Les Sœurs Vartard*, and *En Menage*, has lapsed into Romanticism and Mysticism. From the very outset, however, the morbidity of Huysmans' talent showed that this was possible. His desertion of the Naturalist School is less a question of literary principles than one of pathology. And when all is said, however much his point of view may have changed, Huysmans remains one of the most refined stylists that France possesses.

Another instance of desertion that occurs to me is that of Hector Malot, who, when his first work, *Victimes d'Amour*, appeared

thirty years ago, was hailed on all sides as a genuine son of the school. But he never fulfilled his early promise. He was deficient in the requisite fibre, and became a mere writer of facile serials, without marked quality, whether with regard to structure, or to observation, or force and individuality of style. Another inquiry well connected with the Naturalist School, was the case of Fabre, whose novels of clerical life brought him a certain intensity of effect. The best of these was *L'Abbé Tigrane*. But Fabre's weakness of Steadfastness in his productions, in which there was little or no vigour; and the author, while possessing remarkable powers of observation, was hampered by a heavy style in which the side of nature abounded. Hence, no doubt, his relegation to a second-class place. The last name I will mention in connection with the school is that of Armand Duranty, who was a cousin rather than a pupil of Stendhal. His very first novel, like Hector Malot's, had a great literary and popular success. The critics praised his imagination, his accent of sincerity, a science of details, a keenness of observation. He was therefore presaged a most original talent. Yet the public incidentally received Duranty's subsequent works with coldness. He never more unjustly treated, for his books possessed during their brief existence merits. And thus it may well happen that his name will exhumed from the oblivion in a second-class place. The cause of Duranty's ill success with his first novel, in which, no doubt, in his simple, unpretentious style of writing, he paid far more attention to life than to art. Yet he

was possessed of rare individuality, and that alone should have entitled him to a hearing.

The scope of this paper does not permit me to enter into details with regard to the schools of literature which have struggled on by the side of Naturalism. In a volume entitled *Documents Littéraires*, I have expressed my opinions on the genius or talent of such writers as Chateaubriand, Hugo, Musset, Gautier, Georges Sand, Dumas fils, Ste-Beuve, and others. Of the novelists of my own times I would just mention Sandeau, Feuillet, Cherbuliez, Ulbach, Enault, Theuriet and Ohnet, as proceeding from Lamartine and Georges Sand, the school of the idealists, the moralists, the elegants and the tender-hearted. Then, too, the school of Alexandre Dumas and Eugène Sue has in some measure subsisted, but how great is the inferiority of the disciples to their masters! From the absolute literary standpoint, the value of the works of Dumas and Sue may well be open to discussion. But what power, what spirit, what dash and bravery they display! Dumas and Sue squandered far more talent than they needed to leave masterpieces behind them had they been content to produce less, seek individuality of style, and base themselves upon accurate observation. Paul Féval and Elie Berthet were contemporaries and survivors of Dumas the elder. They helped to establish the custom of contributing stories serially to newspapers. The former, however, ended as a mystic, regretting his whole literary life. He was certainly no ordinary man; had he chosen, he might have produced real literature, instead of imitations of Dumas. Berthet, for his part, never rose above honest mediocrity.

Then during the second empire, there came Ponson du Terrail, whose vogue was for some years as great as Dumas's had been. He was at least a most diligent worker; more than once he started four or five serial stories at the same time for as many newspapers, and penned successive instalments day by day. He created "Rocambole," a most wonderful personage who became everything, did everything, and went everywhere; who died, too, more than once, and was always resuscitated, so that his career was only brought to an end by the demise of his creator. Questions of

style troubled Ponson du Terrail no more than questions of probability; yet his popularity was unbounded. He ruled the multitude, and a story from his pen often made a newspaper's fortune.

Somewhat similar was the success of Emile Richebourg, who came later; but Richebourg gained his hold over the masses by making them weep. His were heartrending stories of lost or stolen children, weeping mothers, parted lovers and heroes who accomplished fresh acts of devotion in each successive chapter. Beside his interminable narratives one may rank those of Xavier de Montépin, written in a somewhat more pretentious style. Greater individuality had marked the detective stories which for a brief period had rendered Emile Gaboriau popular. His successor was Fortuné de Boisgobey, who wrote rather better than most of the authors of sensational serials.

Leaving that class of fiction on one side, I may just glance at the nondescripts. There was Mérimée and About, both of whom deserted literature for other things. Then came Erckmann-Chatrion who largely owed the success of their patriotic stories to the republican spirit that animated them, for the more popular of these works appeared during the Second Empire, at a time when the Opposition was already undermining the throne of Napoleon III. Among other specialists, one may cite the following: Jules Verne, who has written accounts of journeys to the moon and voyages under the sea, the delight, no doubt, of thousands of children; Gustave Droz, who depicted the artificial, sensuous, powder-and-puff society of his day; Jules Claretie, who has essayed every school and never risen much above mediocrity; Léon Cladel, who sacrificed everything to artificiality of style, so that his studies of peasant life, however polished they may be, are like jewels which simply strike one by their strangeness. Then, too, among writers of morbid originality, one must name Barbey d'Aurevilly, who blended fervent Catholicism with witchcraft and devilry; and Villiers de l'Isle Adam, another eccentric, imperfect genius, whose whole life was one long struggle with want and semi-insanity.

a point which the reader should remember on finding in my writings any allusions to English authors.

In concluding this paper, I will deal with four points of interest to writers, readers, and critics, in connection with the Naturalistic school. These are: Power of personal expression; the limits to which the imaginative faculties should more generally be restricted; the relative importance of descriptive passages; and the much debated question of morality in literature.

On the first point, power of personal expression, it may be said that without this gift, no novelist can really aspire to fame. The reason why so many writers, otherwise well qualified, fail to reach the front rank, is that they write like everybody else. Their grammar may be scrupulously correct, their phrases may flow forth at will, may be neatly turned, and may even possess colour, but they lack any personal distinguishing note. A witty critic has happily called these novelists the exponents of the "omnibus" style. And indeed they simply seize upon the style which may be current, lay hold of sentences and expressions that buzz around them. It often happens that nothing comes from themselves, they write as if somebody stood behind them dictating their words, and yet they are astonished at their failure to achieve celebrity. The only great novelist nowadays, however, is he who, whilst possessing a fitting sense of the real, can interpret nature with originality by imparting to his interpretation some of his own vital flame.

The greatest example of the power of personal expression in French literature is undoubtedly that of St. Simon, who wrote with both his blood and his bile, and left behind him pages which still to-day throb with intensity and life. Many are the illustrious writers in whom one detects rhetoric and arrangement, but there is nothing of that in the memoirs of St. Simon. Each of his sentences is a palpitation of life, his work is a human cry, the long monologue of a man who lives aloud.

By personal expression, I do not mean any eccentricity of language designed simply to attract attention. Mere style for style's sake is not sufficient to ensure success. A writer must

infuse into his work some of his blood as well as some of his brains. I have already briefly referred to M. Léon Cladel. He was an author, who like many another, was convinced that the one essential element in a book, the only element that could make it live, was purity of form. Wishing to ensure immortality for his own work, he strove to render each sentence perfect, and to such a degree did this task absorb him, to such a point did it become his one thought, that all vitality departed from his creations. They became mere lifeless gems which surprised, but did not thrill one. But if one examines the books of the Naturalist masters, one will find in them no mere polish of style, no mere deft arrangement of words, but an individuality of expression which imparts life instead of destroying it. Balzac, of course, must be judged rather by the colossal *ensemble* of his work; his *Contes Drolatiques* are gems of style; but in the phraseology of his novels, there is much redundancy and heaviness. Stendhal, however, possessed the gift of personal expression in a high degree. His short, dry, pithy, incisive sentences were in keeping with his analytical powers. No one could imagine Stendhal writing in a graceful way. He possessed the style most appropriate to his talent, a style at once so original in its incorrectness and apparent carelessness, that it has remained typical in French literature. Flaubert, as I have said, was an artist; he polished his sentences, certainly, but they remained instinct with personality and life. Life throbbed also in the pages of the Goncourts, of Daudet and Maupassant, whose styles were differentiated one from another by a strong personal note, that note, which, as I have pointed out, does so much to raise a writer above the mass of his contemporaries, which is not mere individuality of style for style's sake, but a manifestation of the writer's genius, of the feeling and fire that he has drawn from within him to animate his creations.

In former times the highest praise that one could bestow upon a novelist was to say: "He possesses much imagination." But nowadays such praise would almost be regarded as criticism. This is because the conditions of novel-writing have changed. Imagination is no longer the master quality needed by the novelist.

Dumas and Sue were possessed of great imagination. In *Notre Dame de Paris*, Hugo imagined characters and incidents of a nature to inspire the keenest interest; and with the imaginary loves of the heroes of *Mauprat*, George Sand impassioned a whole generation. But no critic or reader ever ventured to ascribe the gift of imagination to Balzac and Stendhal. They are praised for their powers of observation and analysis; they are great because they portrayed their period, not because they invented stories. And the success, the fame of their successors, Flaubert, Goncourt and Daudet, has come not from anything they imagined, but from the genius they displayed in faithfully depicting nature.

Of course something remains to be invented by the novelist; he has to devise a plot, perhaps a dramatic, possibly a tragic one. But he finds this readily enough; he has only to glance at the daily life around him. Moreover, the incidents he records are simply such as spring from the development of his characters. These must live and act the human comedy before the reader in the most natural of manners. The writer must endeavour to conceal all that is imaginary in his narrative beneath that which is real. And for the personages and their surroundings the most minute observation and study are necessary. Thus the master quality required by the novelist is no longer imagination, but a proper sense of reality; that is, such a sense as shall enable him to appreciate and portray nature even as it really is. Unfortunately few possess this gift; many are colour-blind and see things otherwise than they are. Others, again, fail to see them at all. Some critics, confronted by this theory of the sense of reality, have declared Naturalism to be mere photography, and have therefore denied it the status of an art. But this is an error. The Naturalist School, while priding itself on fidelity to reality and truth, is bent upon infusing life into its reproductions. This life comes from that gift of personal expression to which I have referred. If the Naturalists reject imagination, in the sense of adding imaginary things to real ones, they employ all their creative power to make the truth live; and that this is no easy

matter is shown by the fact that comparatively few novelists succeed in their endeavours.

The novelist's plot and his characters are not everything; the narrative and the personages require a setting. And here description comes in. It is certain that we have not yet reduced descriptive matter to scientific necessities. By a kind of reaction against the abstract formulas of the past, nature has invaded our works; and some of us, myself included, have been carried away by our passion for nature, the intoxication into which scenery and sunlight and fresh air have thrown us. Even the Goncourts often failed to subordinate environment to their characters; but it may at least be said of their descriptive passages that they are no mere verbiage on a given subject. They rather express the sensations that are experienced at the sight of some particular scene. It is as if man appears and mingles with his surroundings, animating them with the nervous vibrations of his feelings. Doubtless the descriptions of the Goncourts flow beyond reasonable bounds, but they are always instinct with human interest and the breath of life.

Gustave Flaubert is the writer in whom one should study description, the note of environment that becomes necessary each time that a character is sketched or perfected. Flaubert never buries a character beneath his surroundings, he is content to let those surroundings define the character; and this it is which makes *Madame Bovary* and *L'Education Sentimentale* such powerful works. Those long auctioneer-like enumerations with which Balzac so often blocked up the first pages of his novels were reduced by Flaubert to the few things that were strictly necessary. He was sparing of his words; he contented himself with salient touches, broad lines, the one point that epitomised; and this suffices to make his pictures unforgettable. For my part, conscious of my own sins in the matter, I will say that as a question of principle one must blame all description which exceeds the portrayal of those surroundings that determine and perfect the novelist's characters.

On the question of morality in literature I will endeavour to

be brief. My views are known. A novel of the Naturalist school is an analysis of human feelings and passions, and a record of their outward manifestations. The scientist in the course of his studies has to handle many repulsive things; the novelist also. The Naturalist writer is impersonal; that is to say, he is, as it were, a clerk of the court of public opinion. It is not for him to form conclusions or pronounce judgment, he simply draws up the record. The scientist's *rôle*, strictly speaking, is to demonstrate facts, and to carry his analysis to its conclusion without venturing into the field of synthesis. The facts are there, the experiment or the analysis, made under such and such conditions, gives such and such a result. And there the scientist stops, because if he should proceed beyond proven phenomena, he would find himself in the domain of conjecture. Probabilities might ensue, but they would not be science. Well, in the same manner, the Naturalist novelist goes no farther than the facts he has observed, the scrupulous study that he has made of nature, for otherwise he might lose himself amidst deceptive and inaccurate conclusions. Thus he himself disappears from his narrative, in which he simply sets down what he has seen. Such is reality: quiver or smile at sight of it, reader; draw from it the deductions, the lessons you please. The only duty that the author has undertaken has been to place genuine documents, genuine facts, before you. The novelists who feel the need of intervening in their books, in order to thunder against vice and applaud virtue, diminish the value of the documents they bring; for their intervention is an obstruction, besides being perfectly futile. The work, too, loses some of its strength; it is no longer a slab of marble cut from the quarry of reality, but it is so much worked-up matter, refashioned by the author's feelings—feelings which may be influenced by every prejudice and every error. A work that is true will last for ever, whereas a work that is disfigured by direct expression of its author's emotion can only appeal to the sentiments of some given period.

We, the Naturalist novelists, have been violently accused of immorality, because we place rascals and honest folk on our stage without judging one or the other. Rascals are allowable, it seems,

provided they are punished at the end of the book, or are crushed beneath the weight of the author's anger and disgust. As for the honest folks, say the critics, they ought to be awarded at least a few occasional lines of praise and encouragement. Thus our impassibility, our tranquil demeanour as analysts has been deemed most culpable. Fools have even dared to say that we lied when we became most scrupulously true. What! always rascals and rascals, it has been repeated, never what is called a sympathetic character! There must be sympathetic characters, we are told, even if one do violence to nature in order to create them. Not only, too, is it our duty to prefer virtue, but we must embellish it. We have even been informed that we ought to point out a character's good qualities and leave his or her bad ones unmentioned. When all is said, our only crime has been our refusal to depart from our strict fidelity to nature. There is no more absolute honesty and virtue in the world than there is perfect health. There is a touch of human animalism as there is a touch of disease even in the finest natures, and in average natures there is more than a mere touch. Those wondrously pure maidens, those most loyal, brave, devoted young men who figure in certain novels do not belong to earth. In order to give them a semblance of real life, one would have to say many things about them which their authors leave unmentioned. We Naturalists have made it our principle to say everything; we do not pick and choose, we do not idealise; and it is because we decline to do so that we have been accused of revelling in filth. As a matter of fact, the question of morality in the novel lies in these two opinions: the Idealists assert that to be moral one must lie; the Naturalists retort that one cannot be moral by departing from the truth. Nothing is so dangerous as the romantic. Certain works, by painting the world in false colours, unhinge the mind and urge it to the most hazardous and pernicious courses. And I speak not of the hypocrisy of much of that which is called propriety, nor of the abominations which are rendered alluring by the flowers that many writers heap upon them. We, the Naturalists, adorn no vileness, we teach the bitter science of life, we offer the world the

high lesson of reality and truth. I know no school that has ever shown more morality, more austerity. Certainly we write not for babes and sucklings, but for the world at large, that world which is full of sin, vice, crime, deceit, and hypocrisy. While we extenuate nothing, we set down nought in malice. We simply paint humanity as we find it, as it is. We say let all be made known in order that all may be healed. And there our duty ends. It is for the leaders and guardians of the nations to do theirs. .

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FAMOUS LITERATURE.



THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

By SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

[SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, English metaphysician and poet, was born October 21, 1772, at Ottery St. Mary; graduated at Jesus College, Cambridge, 1792. With Southey and others he formed a scheme of communism in foreign parts, to be called "Pantisocracy"; but remained in England for a literary life. After various wanderings and visits to other parts of Europe, in 1810 he settled permanently in London. His first volume of poems was in 1794; the "Ancient Mariner" formed part of the volume "Lyrical Ballads," chiefly Wordsworth's, in 1798; "Christabel" and "Kubla Khan" are the chief of the others. He edited *The Friend* in 1809. "Biographia Literaria," "Lay Sermons," "Aids to Reflection," and the posthumously collected "Table Talk" are his main prose works. He died July 25, 1834.]

PART THE FIRST.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three:
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

An ancient Mariner meeteth three Gallants bidden to a wedding feast, and detaineth one.

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
Mayst hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, graybeard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding Guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

The Wedding Guest sat on a stone;
 He cannot choose but hear;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner:—

The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
 Merrily did we drop
 Below the kirk, below the hill,
 Below the lighthouse top.

The Mariner tells
 how the ship
 sailed southward
 with good wind
 and fair weather,
 till it reached this
 Line.

The Sun came up upon the left,
 Out of the sea came he!
 And he shone bright, and on the right
 Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
 Till over the mast at noon—
 The Wedding Guest here beat his breast,
 For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Wedding
 Guest heareth the
 bridal music; but
 the Mariner con-
 tinueth his tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
 Red as a rose is she;
 Nodding their heads before her goes
 The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding Guest here beat his breast,
 Yet he cannot choose but hear;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner:—

The ship drawn
 by a storm toward
 the south pole.

And now the Storm Blast came, and he
 Was tyrannous and strong:
 He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
 And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
 As who pursued with yell and blow
 Still treads the shadow of his foe
 And forward bends his head,
 The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
 And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
 And it grew wondrous cold:
 And ice, mast high, came floating by,
 As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen :
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken —
The ice was all between.

The land of ice,
and of fearful
sounds, where no
living thing was
to be seen.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around :
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound !

At length did cross an Albatross :
Through the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

Till a great sea
bird called the
Albatross came
through the snow
fog and was
received with
great joy and
hospitality.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder fit ;
The helmsman steered us through !

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo !

And lo ! the
Albatross proveth
a bird of good
omen, and follow-
eth the ship as it
returneth north-
ward, through fog
and floating ice.

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine ;
Whiles all the night, through fog smoke white,
Glimmered the white Moonshine.

" God save thee, ancient Mariner !
From the fiends, that plague thee thus ! —
Why look'st thou so ? " — With my crossbow
I shot the Albatross.

The ancient Mari-
ner inhospitably
killeth the pious
bird of good omen.

PART THE SECOND.

The Sun now rose upon the right ;
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo !

His shipmates
cry out against
the ancient Mari-
ner, for killing the
bird of good luck.

And I had done an hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah, wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

But when the fog
cleared off, they
justified the same,
and thus make
themselves
accomplices
in the crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze
continues; the
ship enters the
Pacific Ocean and
sails northward,
even till it reaches
the Line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free:
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The ship hath
been suddenly
becalm'd.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

And the Albatross
begins to be
avenged.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so:
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

A spirit had
followed them;
one of the invisible
inhabitants of
this planet, neither
departed souls
nor angels;

concerning whom the learned Jew Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! welladay! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

The shipmates in
their sore distress
would fain throw
the whole guilt on
the ancient Mari-
ner: in sign
whereof they hang
the dead sea bird
round his neck.

PART THE THIRD.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient Mari-
ner beholdeth a
sign in the
element afar off.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist:
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water sprite,
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could not laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

At its nearer
approach it
seemeth him to be
a ship; and at a
dear ransom he
freeth his speech
from the bonds of
thirst.

A flash of joy.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 Agape they heard me call:
 Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
 And all at once their breath drew in,
 As they were drinking all.

And horror follows. For can it
 be a ship that
 comes onward
 without wind or
 tide?

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
 Hither to work us weal;
 Without a breeze, without a tide,
 She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all aflame,
 The day was well-nigh done!
 Almost upon the western wave
 Rested the broad bright Sun;
 When that strange ship drove suddenly
 Betwixt us and the Sun.

It seemeth him
 but the skeleton
 of a ship.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
 (Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
 As if through a dungeon grate he peered,
 With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud,)
 How fast she nears and nears!
 Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,
 Like restless gossameres?

And its ribs are
 seen as bars on
 the face of the set-
 ting Sun. The
 specter woman
 and her death-
 mate, and no other
 on board the skel-
 eton ship. Like
 vessel, like
 crew!

Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun
 Did peer, as through a grate?
 And is that Woman all her crew?
 Is that a Death? and are there two?
 Is Death that Woman's mate?

Her lips were red, *her* looks were free,
 Her locks were yellow as gold:
 Her skin was as white as leprosy,
 The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,
 Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Death and Life-
 in-Death have
 dined for the ship's
 crew, and she (the
 latter) winneth the
 ancient Mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came,
 And the twain were casting dice;
 "The game is done! I've won, I've won!"
 Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the specter bark.

No twilight within
the courts of the
Sun.

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My lifeblood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clombe above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

At the rising of
the Moon,

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

One after another,

Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

His shipmates
drop down dead;

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my crossbow!

But Life-in-Death
begins her work
on the ancient
Mariner.

PART THE FOURTH.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea sand.

The Wedding
Guest feareth that
a spirit is talking
to him;

"I fear thee, and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding Guest!
This body dropt not down.

But the ancient
Mariner assureth
him of his bodily
life, and pro-
ceedeth to relate
his horrible pen-
ance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

He despiseth the
creatures of the
calm,

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

And envieth that
they should live,
and so many lie
dead.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to Heaven, and tried to pray
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse
liveth for him in
the eye of the
dead men.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness
and fixedness he
yearneth towards
the journeying
Moon, and the
stars that still
sojourn, yet still

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside —

move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoarfrost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

By the light of the
Moon he beholdeth
God's creatures of
the great calm.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware!
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

Their beauty and
their happiness.

He blesseth them
in his heart.

The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sunk
Like lead into the sea.

The spell begins
to break.

PART THE FIFTH.

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I woke, it rained.

By grace of the
holy Mother, the
ancient Mariner is
refreshed with
rain.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light — almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth
sounds, and seeth
strange sights and
commotions in the
sky and the
element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The bodies of the
ship's crew are
inspired, and the
ship moves on.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do:
'They raised their limbs like lifeless tools
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said naught to me.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
Be calm, thou Wedding Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corse came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

But not by the
souls of the men,
nor by demons of
earth or middle
air, but by a
blessed troop of
angelic spirits,
sent down by the
invocation of the
guardian saint.

For when it dawned — they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again;
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The lonesome
spirit from the
south pole carries
on the ship as far
as the Line, in
obedience to
the angelic troop,
but still requireth
vengeance.

The Polar Spirit's
fellow-demons,
the invisible in-
habitants of the
element, take part
in his wrong;
and two of them
relate, one to the
other, that pen-
ance long and
heavy for the
ancient Mariner
hath been accorded
to the Polar Spirit,
who returneth
southward.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound;
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low,
The harmless Albatross.

"The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honeydew:
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

PART THE SIXTH.

First Voice.

But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the Ocean doing?

Second Voice.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The Ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
 For she guides him smooth or grim.
 See, brother, see! how graciously
 She looketh down on him.

First Voice.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
 Without or wave or wind?

Second Voice.

The air is cut away before,
 And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
 Or we shall be belated:
 For slow and slow that ship will go,
 When the Mariner's trance is abated.

I woke, and we were sailing on
 As in a gentle weather:
 'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high;
 The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
 For a charnel dungeon fitter:
 All fixed on me their stony eyes,
 That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
 Had never passed away:
 I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
 Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
 I viewed the ocean green,
 And looked far forth, yet little saw
 Of what had else been seen—

Like one that on a lonesome road
 Doth walk in fear and dread,
 And having once turned round walks on
 And turns no more his head;
 Because he knows a frightful fiend
 Doth close behind him tread.

The Mariner hath
 been cast into a
 trance; for the
 angelic power
 causeth the vessel
 to drive north-
 ward faster than
 human life could
 endure.

The supernatural
 motion is re-
 tarder; the Mari-
 ner awakes, and
 his penance be-
 gins anew.

The curse is finally
 expiated.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow gale of spring —
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze —
On me alone it blew.

*And the ancient
Mariner beholdeth
his native country.*

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbor bar,
And I with sobs did pray —
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbor bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
Th' steady weathercock.

*The angelic spirits
leave the dead
bodies,*

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colors came.

*And appear in
their own forms
of light.*

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck —
O Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood !
A man all light, a seraph man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph band, each waved his hand :
It was a heavenly sight !
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light :

This seraph band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart —
No voice ; but oh ! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer ;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot, and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast :
Dear Lord in Heaven ! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third — I heard his voice :
It is the Hermit good !
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART THE SEVENTH.

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears !
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

The Hermit of the
Wood.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve---
He hath a cushion plump :
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak stump.

The skiff boat neared: I heard them talk,
 "Why, this is strange, I trow!
 Where are those lights so many and fair,
 That signal made but now?"

Approacheth the
 ship with wonder.

"Strange, by my faith!" the Hermit said —
 "And they answered not our cheer!
 The planks look warped! and see those sails
 How thin they are and sere!
 I never saw aught like to them,
 Unless perchance it were

"Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
 My forest brook along;
 When the ivy tod is heavy with snow,
 And the owlet whoops to the wolf below
 That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look
 (The Pilot made reply) —
 I am afeard" — "Push on, push on!"
 Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
 But I nor spake nor stirred;
 The boat came close beneath the ship,
 And straight a sound was heard.

The ship suddenly
 sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,
 Still louder and more dread:
 It reached the ship, it split the bay;
 The ship went down like lead.

The ancient
 Mariner is saved
 in the Pilot's boat.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
 Which sky and ocean smote,
 Like one that hath been seven days drowned
 My body lay afloat;
 But swift as dreams, myself I found
 Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
 The boat spun round and round;
 And all was still, save that the hill
 Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips — the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in mine own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

"O shrive me, shrive me, holy man!"
The Hermit crossed his brow.
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say —
What manner of man art thou?"

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrive him; and the penance of life falls on him.

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land,

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from the door!
The wedding guests are there:
But in the garden bower the bride
And bridesmaids singing are;
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage feast.
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

*And to teach, by
his own example,
love and reverence
to all things that
God made and
loveth.*

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door,

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

THE ABDUCTION OF AMANDA.

By REGINA MARIA ROCHE.

(From "The Children of the Abbey.")

[MRS. REGINA MARIA ROCHE: An Irish novelist; born of parents named Dalton, in the south of Ireland, about 1764; died at Waterford, May 17, 1845. She was the author of sixteen novels, of which only "The Children of the Abbey" (1798) has survived.]

FROM that evening, to the day destined for the ball, nothing material happened. On the morning of that day, as Amanda was sitting in the drawing room with the ladies, Lord Mortimer entered. Lady Euphrasia could talk of nothing else but the approaching entertainment, which, she said, was expected to be the most brilliant thing that had been given that winter.

"I hope your ladyship," said Amanda, who had not yet declared her intention of staying at home, "will be able to-morrow to give me a good description of it." "Why, I suppose," cried Lady Euphrasia, "you do not intend going without being able to see and hear yourself?" "Certainly," replied Amanda, "I should not, but I do not intend going." "Not going to the ball to-night?" exclaimed Lady Euphrasia. "Bless me, child," said Lady Greystock, "what whim has entered your head to prevent your going?" "Dear Lady Greystock," said Lady Euphrasia, in a tone of unusual good humor, internally delighted at Amanda's resolution, "don't tease Miss Fitzalan with questions." "And you really do not go?" exclaimed Lord Mortimer, in an accent expressive of surprise and disappointment. "I really do not, my lord." "I declare," said the marchioness, even more delighted than her daughter at Amanda's resolution, as it favored a scheme she had long been projecting, "I wish Euphrasia was as indifferent about amusement as Miss Fitzalan: here she has been complaining of indisposition the whole morning, yet I cannot prevail on her to give up the ball."

Lady Euphrasia, who never felt in better health and spirits, would have contradicted the marchioness, had not an expressive glance assured her there was an important motive for this assertion.

"May we not hope, Miss Fitzalan," said Lord Mortimer, "that a resolution so suddenly adopted as yours may be as

suddenly changed?" "No, indeed, my lord, nor is it so suddenly formed as you seem to suppose."

Lord Mortimer shuddered as he endeavored to account for it in his own mind; his agony became almost insupportable; he arose and walked to the window where she sat.

"Amanda," said he, in a low voice, "I fear you forget your engagement to me."

Amanda, supposing this alluded to her engagement for the ball, replied "she had not forgotten it." "For your inability or disinclination to fulfill it, then," said he, "will you not account?" "Most willingly, my lord." "When?" asked Lord Mortimer, impatiently, for unable longer to support his torturing suspense, he determined, contrary to his first intention, to come to an immediate explanation relative to Belgrave. "To-morrow, my lord," replied Amanda, "since you desire it, I will account for not keeping my engagement, and I trust," a modest blush mantling her cheeks as she spoke, "that your lordship will not disapprove of my reasons for declining it."

The peculiar earnestness of his words, Lord Mortimer imagined, had conveyed their real meaning to Amanda.

"Till to-morrow, then," sighed he, heavily, "I must bear disquietude."

His regret, Amanda supposed, proceeded from disappointment at not having her company at the ball: she was flattered by it, and pleased at the idea of telling him her real motive for not going, certain it would meet his approbation, and open another source of benevolence to poor Rushbrook.

In the evening, at Lady Euphrasia's particular request, she attended at her toilet, and assisted in ornamenting her ladyship. At ten she saw the party depart, without the smallest regret for not accompanying them: happy in self-approbation, a delightful calm was diffused over her mind: a treacherous calm, indeed, which, lulling her senses into security, made the approaching storm burst with redoubled violence on her head; it was such a calm as Shakespeare beautifully describes:—

We often see against some storm
A silence in the heavens; the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death.

She continued in Lady Euphrasia's dressing room, and took up the beautiful and affecting story of Paul and Mary, to amuse

herself. Her whole attention was soon engrossed by it ; and, with Paul, she was soon shedding a deluge of tears over the fate of his lovely Mary, when a sudden noise made her hastily turn her head, and with equal horror and surprise she beheld Colonel Belgrave coming forward. She started up, and was springing to the door, when, rushing between her and it, he caught her in his arms, and forcing her back to the sofa, rudely stopped her mouth.

"Neither cries nor struggles, Amanda," said he, "will be availing ; without the assistance of a friend, you may be convinced, I could not have entered this house, and the same friend will, you may depend on it, take care that our *tête-à-tête* is not interrupted."

Amanda shuddered at the idea of treachery ; and being convinced, from what he said, she could not expect assistance, endeavored to recover her fainting spirits, and exert all her resolution.

"Your scheme, Colonel Belgrave," said she, "is equally vile and futile. Though treachery may have brought you hither, you must be convinced that, under the Marquis of Roslin's roof, who, by relationship, as well as hospitality, is bound to protect me, you dare not, with impunity, offer me any insult. The marquis will be at home immediately ; if, therefore, you wish to preserve the semblance of honor, retire without further delay." "Not to retire so easily," exclaimed Belgrave, "did I take such pains, or watch so anxiously for this interview. Fear not any insult ; but, till I have revealed the purpose of my soul, I will not be forced from you. My love, or rather adoration, has known no abatement by your long concealment : and now that chance has so happily thrown you in my way, I will not neglect using any opportunity it may offer." "Gracious Heavens !" said Amanda, while her eyes flashed with indignation, "how can you have the effrontery to avow your insolent intentions — intentions which long since you must have known would ever prove abortive?" "And why, my Amanda," said he, again attempting to strain her to his breast, while she shrunk from his grasp, "why should they prove abortive ? why should you be obstinate in refusing wealth, happiness, the sincere, the ardent affection of a man who, in promoting your felicity, would constitute his own ? My life, my fortune, would be at your command ; my eternal gratitude would be yours for any trifling sacrifice the world might think

you made me. Hesitate no longer about raising yourself to affluence, which, to a benevolent spirit like yours, must be so peculiarly pleasing. Hesitate not to secure independence to your father, promotion to your brother; and, be assured, if the connection I formed in an ill-fated hour, deceived by a specious appearance of perfection, should ever be dissolved, my hand, like my heart, shall be yours." "Monster!" exclaimed Amanda, beholding him with horror, "your hand, was it at your disposal, like your other offers, I should spurn with contempt. Cease to torment me," she continued, "lest, in my own defense, I call upon those who have power, as well as inclination, to chastise your insolence. Let this consideration, joined to the certainty that your pursuit must ever prove unavailing, influence your future actions; for, be assured, you are in every respect an object of abhorrence to my soul."

As she spoke, exerting all her strength, she burst from him, and attempted to gain the door. He flung himself between her and it, his face inflamed with passion, and darting the most malignant glances at her.

Terrified by his looks, Amanda tried to avoid him; and when he caught her again in his arms, she screamed aloud. No one appeared; her terror increased.

"O Belgrave!" cried she, trembling, "if you have one principle of honor, one feeling of humanity remaining, retire. I will pardon and conceal what is past, if you comply with my request." "I distress you, Amanda," said he, assuming a softened accent, "and it wounds me to the soul to do so, though you, cruel and inexorable, care not what pain you occasion me. Hear me calmly, and be assured I shall attempt no action which can offend you."

He led her again to the sofa, and thus continued:—

"Misled by false views, you shun and detest the only man who has had sufficient sincerity to declare openly his intentions; inexperience and credulity have already made you a dupe to artifice. You imagined Sir Charles Bingley was a fervent admirer of yours, when, be assured, in following you he only obeyed the dictates of an egregious vanity, which flattered him with the hope of gaining your regard, and being distinguished by it. Nothing was farther from his thoughts, as he himself confessed to me, than seriously paying his addresses to you; and had you appeared willing, at last, to accept them, be assured he would soon have contrived some scheme to

disengage himself from you. The attentions of Lord Mortimer are prompted by a motive much more dangerous than that which instigated Sir Charles. He really admires you, and would have you believe his views are honorable ; but beware of his duplicity. He seeks to take advantage of the too great confidence you repose in him. His purpose once accomplished, he would sacrifice you to Lady Euphrasia ; and I know enough of her malevolent disposition to be convinced she would enjoy her triumph over so lovely a victim. Ah, my dear Amanda, even beauty and elegance like yours would not, on the generality of mankind, have power to make them forego the advantages annexed to wealth — on Lord Mortimer, particularly, they would fail of that effect. His ambition and avarice are equal to his father's ; and though his heart and soul, I am confident, revolt from the mind and person of Lady Euphrasia, he will unite himself to her, for the sake of possessing her fortune, and thus increasing his own power of procuring the gratifications he delights in. As my situation is known, I cannot be accused of deception, and whatever I promise will be strictly fulfilled. Deliberate therefore no longer, my Amanda, on the course you shall pursue." "No," cried she, "I shall, indeed, no longer deliberate about it."

As she spoke she started from her seat. Belgrave again seized her hand. At this moment a knocking was heard at the hall door, which echoed through the house. Amanda trembled, and Belgrave paused in a speech he had begun. She supposed the marquis had returned. It was improbable he would come to that room ; and even if he did, from his distrustful and malignant temper, she knew not whether she should have reason to rejoice at or regret his presence. But how great was her confusion when, instead of his voice, she heard those of the marchioness and her party ! In a moment the dreadful consequences which might ensue from her present situation rushed upon her mind. By the forced attentions of the marchioness and Lady Euphrasia, she was not long deceived, and had reason to believe, from the inveterate dislike they bore her, that they would rejoice at an opportunity like the present for traducing her fame ; and with horror she saw that appearances, even in the eyes of candor, would be against her. She had positively, and unexpectedly, refused going to the ball. She had expressed delight at the idea of staying at home. Alas ! would not all these circumstances be dwelt upon ?

What ideas might they not excite in Lord Mortimer, who already showed a tendency to jealousy? Half wild at the idea, she clasped her hands together and exclaimed, in a voice trembling with anguish: "Merciful Heaven, I am ruined forever!"

"No, no," cried Belgrave, flinging himself at her feet; "pardon me, Amanda, and I never more will molest you. I see your principles are invincible. I admire, I revere your purity, and nevermore will I attempt to injure it. I was on the point of declaring so when that cursed knock came to the door. Compose yourself, and consider what can be done in the present emergency. You will be ruined if I am seen with you. The malicious devils you live with would never believe our united asseverations of your innocence. Conceal me, therefore, if possible, till the family are settled; the person who let me in will then secure my retreat, and I swear solemnly nevermore to trouble you."

Amanda hesitated between the confidence her innocence inspired, and the dread of the unpleasant construction malice might put on her situation. She heard the party ascending the stairs. Fear conquered her reluctance to concealment, and she motioned to Belgrave to retire to a closet adjoining the dressing room. He obeyed the motion, and closed the door softly after him.

Amanda, snatching up her book, endeavored to compose herself; but the effort was ineffectual—she trembled universally—nor was her agitation diminished when, from the outside of the door, Lady Euphrasia called to her to open it. She tottered to it, and almost fainted on finding it locked—with difficulty she opened it, and the whole party, followed by the marquis, entered.

"Upon my word, Miss Fitzalan," said the marchioness, "you were determined no one should disturb your meditations. I fear we have surprised you; but poor Euphrasia was taken ill at the ball, and we were obliged to return with her." "Miss Fitzalan has not been much better, I believe," said Lady Euphrasia, regarding her attentively. "Good Lord, child!" cried Lady Greystock, "what is the matter with you? Why, you look as pale as if you had seen a ghost." "Miss Fitzalan is fond of solitude," exclaimed the marquis, preventing her replying to Lady Greystock. "When I returned home about an hour ago, I sent to request her company in the parlor, which honor, I assure you, I was refused."

The message, indeed, had been sent, but never delivered to Amanda.

"I assure you, my lord," said she, "I heard of no such request." "And pray, child, how have you been employed all this time?" asked Lady Greystock. "In reading, madam," faltered out Amanda, while her deathlike paleness was succeeded by a deep blush. "You are certainly ill," said Lord Mortimer, who sat beside her, in a voice expressive of regret at the conviction. "You have been indulging melancholy ideas, I fear," continued he, softly, and taking her hand, "for surely—surely to-night you are uncommonly affected."

Amanda attempted to speak. The contending emotions of her mind prevented her utterance, and the tears trickled silently down her cheeks. Lord Mortimer saw she wished to avoid notice, yet scarcely could he forbear requesting some assistance for her.

Lady Euphrasia now complained of a violent headache. The marchioness wanted to ring for remedies. This Lady Euphrasia opposed; at last, as if suddenly recollecting it, she said, "in the closet there was a bottle of eau de luce, which she was certain would be of service to her."

At the mention of the closet, the blood ran cold through the veins of Amanda; but when she saw Lady Euphrasia rise to enter it, had death, in its most frightful form, stared her in the face, she could not have betrayed more horror. She looked toward it with a countenance as expressive of wild affright as Macbeth's, when viewing the chair on which the specter of the murdered Banquo sat. Lord Mortimer, observing the disorder of her looks, began to tremble. He grasped her hand with a convulsive motion, and exclaimed:—

"Amanda, what means this agitation?"

A loud scream from Lady Euphrasia broke upon their ears, and she rushed from the closet, followed by Belgrave.

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Lord Mortimer, dropping Amanda's hand, and rising precipitately.

Amanda looked around—she beheld every eye fastened on her with amazement and contempt. The shock was too much for her to support. A confused idea started into her mind that a deep-laid plot had been concerted to ruin her; she faintly exclaimed, "I am betrayed," and sank back upon the sofa.

Lord Mortimer started at her exclamation. "Oh, Heavens!"

cried he, as he looked toward her ; unable to support the scene that would ensue in consequence of this discovery, he struck his forehead in agony, and rushed out of the room. In the hall he was stopped by Mrs. Jane, the maid appointed by the marchioness to attend Amanda.

"Alackaday, my lord," said she, in a whimpering voice, "something dreadful, I am afraid, has happened above stairs. Oh, dear ! what people suffer sometimes by their good nature. I am sure, if I thought any harm would come of granting Miss Fitzalan's request, she might have begged and prayed long enough before I would have obliged her." "Did she desire you to bring Colonel Belgrave to this house?" asked Lord Mortimer. "Oh, to be sure she did, my lord, or how should I ever have thought of such a thing ? She has been begging and praying long enough for me to contrive some way of bringing him here ; and she told me a piteous story, which would have softened a stone, of his being a sweetheart of hers before he was married." "Merciful powers !" cried Lord Mortimer, clasping his hands together, "how have I been deceived."

He was hurrying away, when Mrs. Jane caught his coat. "I shall lose my place," said she, sobbing, "that I shall, most certainly ; for my lord and lady never will forgive my bringing any one in such a way into the house. I am sure I thought no great harm in it, and did it quite from good nature ; for, indeed, how could one resist the poor, dear young lady ; she cried, and said she only wanted to bid farewell to her dear Belgrave."

Lord Mortimer could bear no more. He shook her from him, and hurried from the house.

Amanda's faculties suffered but a momentary suspension ; as she opened her eyes, her composure and fortitude returned.

"I am convinced," said she, rising and advancing to the marquis, "it will shock your lordship to hear that it is the treachery of some person under your roof has involved me in my present embarrassing situation. For my own justification, 'tis necessary to acknowledge that I have long been the object of a pursuit from Colonel Belgrave as degrading to his character as insulting to mine. When he broke so unexpectedly upon me to-night, he declared—even with effrontery—declared he had a friend in this house who gave him access to it. As your guest, my lord, I may expect your lordship's protection ; also that an immediate inquiry be made for the abettor

in this scheme against me, and a full discovery of it extorted — that should the affair be mentioned, it may be explained, and my fame cleared of every imputation.” “That, madam,” said the marquis, with a malicious sneer, “would not be so easy a matter as you may perhaps suppose. Neither the world nor I am so credulous as you imagine. Your story, madam, by no means hangs well together. There is no person in my house would have dared to commit the act you accuse them of, as they must know the consequence of it would be immediate dismissal from my service. Had not Colonel Belgrave been voluntarily admitted, he never would have been concealed; no, madam, you would have rejoiced at the opportunity our presence gave you of punishing his temerity. Innocence is bold; ’tis guilt alone is timorous.”

The truth of part of his speech struck forcibly on Amanda; but how could she explain her conduct? — how declare it was her dread of the marchioness and Lady Euphrasia’s malice which had made her consent to conceal him.

“Oh, I see,” said she, in the agony of her soul — “I see I am the dupe of complicated artifice.” “I never in my life,” cried the marchioness, “met with such assurance — to desire the marquis to be her champion.” “As she was intrusted to my care, however,” exclaimed Lady Greystock, “I think it necessary to inquire into the affair. Pray, sir,” turning to the colonel, “by what means did you come here?”

The colonel, with undiminished assurance, had hitherto stood near the fatal closet, leaning on a chair.

“That, madam,” replied he, “I must be excused revealing. Let me, however, assure your ladyship ’tis not on my own account I affect concealment.” Here he glanced at Amanda. “Those parts of my conduct, however, which I choose to conceal, I shall always be ready to defend.” “Sir,” cried the marquis, haughtily, “no explanation or defense of your conduct is here required; I have neither right nor inclination to interfere in Miss Fitzalan’s concerns.”

The colonel bowed to the circle, and was retiring, when Amanda flew to him and caught his arm. “Surely, surely,” said she, almost gasping for breath, “you cannot be so inhuman as to retire without explaining this whole affair. O Belgrave, leave me not a prey to slander. By all your hopes of mercy and forgiveness hereafter, I conjure you to clear my fame.”

“My dear creature,” said he, in a low voice, yet loud enough

to be heard by the whole party, "anything I could say would be unavailing. You find they are determined not to see things in the light we wish them viewed. Compose yourself, I beseech you, and be assured, while I exist, you never shall want comfort or affluence."

He gently disengaged himself as he spoke, and quitted the room, leaving her riveted to the floor in amazement at his insolence and perfidy.

"I am sure," said Lady Greystock, "I shall regret all my life the hour in which I took her under my protection; though indeed, from what I heard soon after my arrival in London, I should have dispatched her back to her father, but I felt a foolish pity for her. I was in hopes, indeed, the society I had introduced her to would have produced a reformation, and that I might be the means of saving a young creature from entire destruction." "From what I have already suffered by her family, nothing should have tempted me to take her under my roof," exclaimed the marchioness. "Was she my relation," cried the marquis, "I should long since have come to a determination about her; as yours, madam," turning to the marchioness, "I shall not attempt forming one; I deem it, however, absolutely necessary to remove Lady Euphrasia Sutherland from the house till the young lady chooses to quit it. I shall, therefore, order the carriage to be ready at an early hour for the villa."

"I shall certainly accompany your lordship," cried the marchioness, "for I cannot endure her sight; and though she deserves it, it shall not be said that we turned her from the house." "The only measure she should pursue," exclaimed Lady Greystock, "is to set off as soon as possible for Ireland; when she returns to obscurity the affair may die away." "It may, however," said Amanda, "be yet revived to cover with confusion its contrivers. To Heaven I leave the vindication of my innocence. Its justice is sure, though sometimes slow, and the hour of retribution often arrives when least expected. Much as I have suffered—much as I may still suffer, I think my own situation preferable to theirs who have set their snares around me. The injurer must ever feel greater pangs than the injured—the pangs of guilt and remorse. I shall return to my obscurity, happy in the consciousness that it is not a shelter from shame, but a refuge from cruelty I seek. But can I be surprised at meeting cruelty from those who have long since waived

the ties of kindred!—from those,” and she glanced at Lady Greystock, “who have set aside the claims of justice and humanity?”

The marchioness trembled with rage at this speech, and as Amanda retired from the room, exclaimed, “Intolerable assurance.”

Amanda repaired immediately to her chamber. She tottered as she walked, and the housekeeper and Mrs. Jane, who, with some other servants, had assembled out of curiosity near the door, followed her thither.

The emotions she had so painfully suppressed now burst forth with violence. She fell into an agony of tears and sobs which impeded her breathing. The housekeeper and Jane loosened her clothes and supported her to the bed. In a short time she was sufficiently recovered to be able to speak, and requested they would engage a carriage for her against the next day, at an early hour, that she might commence her journey to Ireland. This they promised, and at her desire retired.

Success, but not happiness, had crowned the marchioness' scheme. She triumphed in the disgrace she had drawn upon Amanda, but feared that disgrace was only temporary. She had entangled her in a snare, but she dreaded not having secured her in it. She distrusted those who had assisted her designs—for the guilty will ever suspect each other. They might betray her, or Colonel Belgrave might repent; but such evils, if they did ever arrive, were probably far distant. In the interim, all she desired to accomplish might be effected. Long had she been meditating on some plan which should ruin Amanda forever—not only in the opinion of Lord Mortimer, but in the estimation of the world. With the profligacy of Colonel Belgrave she was well acquainted, and inclined from it to believe that he would readily join in any scheme which could give him a chance of possessing Amanda. On discovering her residence, he had ordered his valet, who was a trusty agent in all his villainies, to endeavor to gain access to the house, that he might discover whether there was a chance of introducing him there. The valet obeyed his orders, and soon attached himself to Mrs. Jane, whom the marchioness had placed about Amanda, from knowing she was capable of any deceitful part. She was introduced to Belgrave, and a handsome present secured her in his interest.

She communicated to the marchioness the particulars of

claimed Lady Greystock, "I suppose his lordship is at as great a loss to know what can be done as we are. Was the colonel in a situation to make any reparation—but a married man, only think, how horrible!" "Execrable monster!" cried Lord Mortimer, starting from his seat, and traversing the room, "it were a deed of kindness to mankind to extirpate him from the earth; but say," continued he, and his voice faltered as he spoke, "where is the unfortunate——" he could not pronounce the name of Amanda. "In her own room," replied the marchioness. "I assure you, she behaved with not a little insolence, on Lady Greystock advising her to return home. For my part, I shall let her act as she pleases."

She then proceeded to mention the marquis' resolution of leaving the house till she had quitted it, and that he insisted on their accompanying him.

"To return to her father is certainly the only eligible plan she can pursue," said Lord Mortimer; "but allow me," continued he, "to request that your ladyship will not impute to insolence any expression which dropped from her. Pity her wounded feelings, and soften her sorrows." "I declare," cried Lady Euphrasia, "I thought I should have fainted from the pity I felt for her." "You pitied her, then," said Lord Mortimer, sitting down by her ladyship, "you pitied and soothed her afflictions?" "Yes, indeed," replied she.

If ever Lady Euphrasia appeared pleasing in the eyes of Lord Mortimer it was at this moment, when he was credulous enough to believe she had shed the tear of pity over his lost Amanda. He took her hand. "Ah! my dear Lady Euphrasia," said he, in an accent of melting softness, "perhaps even now she needs consolation. A gentle female friend would be a comfort to her wounded heart."

Lady Euphrasia immediately took the hint, and said she would go to her.

He led her to the door. "You are going," cried he, "to perform the office of an angel—to console the afflicted. Ah! well does it become the young and gentle of your sex to pity such misfortunes."

Her ladyship retired, but not indeed to the chamber of the forlorn Amanda. In her own she vented the rage of her soul in something little short of execrations against Lord Mortimer, for the affection she saw he still retained for Amanda.

On her ladyship's retiring, Lady Greystock mentioned

every particular she had heard from Mrs. Jennings, and bitterly lamented her having ever taken Amanda under her protection. The subject was too painful to be long endured by Lord Mortimer. He had heard of the early hour fixed for their journey, and saying he would no longer keep the ladies from repose, precipitately retired. He gave his man directions to watch their motions and inform him when they left town.

Exhausted by the violence of her emotions, a temporary forgetfulness stole over the senses of Amanda, on her being left to solitude. In this state she continued till roused by a bustle in the house. She started, listened, and heard the sound of a carriage. Supposing it to be the one she had ordered for her departure, she sprang from the bed, and, going to the window, saw instead of one for her, the marquis', into which he was handing the ladies. As soon as it drove from the door, she rang the bell, and the housekeeper immediately appeared, as Mrs. Jane had attended the marchioness to the villa. Amanda inquired "whether a carriage, as she directed, had been engaged for her."

The housekeeper replied, "the hour in which she spoke was too late for such a purpose, but she had now sent about one."

Amanda endeavored to exert herself, and was packing up her clothes, when a maid entered the chamber, and said, "Lord Mortimer was below, and wished to speak to her."

Tumultuous joy pervaded the mind of Amanda. She had believed it probable she should not see him again before her departure for Ireland, from whence she had determined writing to him the particulars of the affair. His visit seemed to announce he thought not unfavorably of her. She supposed he came to assure her that his opinion of her integrity was unshaken—"and I shall yet triumph," cried she, in the transport of the idea, "over malice and treachery."

She sprang past the maid; her feet scarce touched the ground, and in a moment she found herself in the arms of Lord Mortimer, which involuntarily opened to receive her, for, trembling, weak, and disordered, she would else, on seeing him, have sunk to the floor. He supported her to a sofa. In a little time she raised her head from his shoulder, and exclaimed, "Oh, you are come! I know you are come to comfort me." "Would to Heaven," he answered, "I were capable of either giving or receiving comfort. The period, however, I trust, may yet arrive when we shall both at least be more composed."

To mitigate your sorrows would lessen my own ; for never, oh, never ! can my heart forget the love and esteem it once bore Amanda." "Once bore her !" repeated Amanda. "Once bore her, Lord Mortimer ! do you say ? Then you wish to imply they no longer exist ?"

The tone of anguish in which she spoke pierced the heart of Lord Mortimer. Unable to speak, he arose, and walked to the window, to hide his emotion. His words, his silence, all conveyed a fatal truth to Amanda. She saw a dreadful and eternal separation effected between her and Lord Mortimer. She beheld herself deprived of reputation, loaded with calumny, and no longer an object of love, but of detestation and contempt. Her anguish was almost too great to bear, yet the pride of injured innocence made her wish to conceal it ; and, as Lord Mortimer stood at the window, she determined to try and leave the room without his knowledge ; but ere she gained the door her head grew giddy, her strength failed, she staggered, faintly screamed on finding herself falling, and sank upon the floor.

Lord Mortimer wildly called for assistance. He raised and carried her back to the sofa ; he strained her to his bosom, kissed her pale lips, and wept over her.

"I have wounded your gentle soul, my Amanda," cried he, "but I have tortured my own by doing so. Ah ! still dearest of women, did the world compassionate your errors as I compassionate them, neither contempt nor calumny would ever be your portion. How pale she looks !" said he, raising his head to gaze upon her face ; "how like a flower untimely faded ! Yet were it happiness for her never to revive ; a soul like hers, originally noble, must be wretched under the pressure of scorn. Execrable Belgrave ! the fairest work of heaven is destroyed by you. Oh ! my Amanda, my distress is surely severe—though anguish rives my heart for your loss, I must conceal it—the sad luxury of grief will be denied me, for the world would smile if I could say I now lamented you."

Such were the effusions of sorrow which broke from Lord Mortimer over the insensible Amanda. The housekeeper, who had been listening all this time, now appeared, as if in obedience to his call, and offered her assistance in recovering Amanda. Heavy sighs at length gave hopes of her restoration. Lord Mortimer, unable to support her pathetic lamentations, determined to depart ere she was perfectly sensible.

"Miss Fitzalan," said he to the housekeeper, "will wish, I am convinced, to quit this house immediately. I shall take upon myself to procure her a carriage, also a proper attendant, for her journey, which, I flatter myself, she will be able to commence in a few hours. Be kind, be gentle to her, my good woman, and depend on my eternal gratitude. When she is recovered, deliver her this letter."

The housekeeper promised to observe his injunctions, and he departed.

To Ireland, with Amanda, he intended sending an old female servant, who had formerly been an attendant of his mother's, and his own man. He was shocked at the conduct of the marchioness and Lady Greystock, and thought them guilty of the highest inhumanity in thus deserting Amanda. The letter he had put into the housekeeper's hands excited her curiosity so strongly that she was tempted to gratify it. Amanda was not in a situation to perceive what she did, the letter could easily be sealed again, and, in short, without longer hesitation, she opened it. How great was her amazement on finding it contained a bank note for five hundred pounds. The words were as follows:—

Consider me, Amanda, in the light of a brother; as such accept my services; to serve you, in any manner, will be a source of consolation, which I flatter myself you will be happy to allow me. 'Tis necessary you should return immediately to your father; hesitate not, then, about using the inclosed. Your complying with my request will prove that you yet retain a friendship for

MORTIMER.

"What a sum!" cried the housekeeper, as she examined the note; "what a nice little independency would this, in addition to what I have already saved, be for an honest woman! what a pity it is such a creature as it is designed for should possess it!" The housekeeper, like her lady, was fertile in invention; to be sure there was some danger in her present scheme, but for such a prize it was worth her while to run some risk. Could she but get Amanda off ere the carriage from Lord Mortimer arrived, she believed all would succeed as she could wish. Amanda, ignorant as she was of Lord Mortimer's intentions, would not consequently be influenced by them to oppose anything she could do. Full of this idea, she ran out, and calling a footman, high in her favor, desired him immedi-

ately to procure a traveling chaise for Miss Fitzalan. She then returned to Amanda, who was just beginning to move.

"Come, come," cried she, going to her, roughly shaking her shoulder, "have done with those tragedy airs, and prepare yourself against the carriage you ordered comes ; it will be at the door in a few minutes."

Amanda looked round the room. "Is Lord Mortimer gone, then?" said she. "Lord, to be sure he is," cried the housekeeper ; "he left you on the floor, and, as he went out, he said you should never have another opportunity of deceiving him."

A sudden frenzy seemed to seize Amanda ; she wrung her hands, called upon Lord Mortimer in the impassioned language of despair, and flung herself on the ground, exclaiming, "This last stroke is more than I can bear."

The housekeeper grew alarmed lest her agitation should retard her departure ; she raised her forcibly from the ground, and said, "she must compose herself to begin her journey, which was unavoidable, as the marchioness had given absolute orders to have her sent from the house early in the morning."

"Accursed house !" said Amanda, whose reason was restored by the strenuous remonstrances of the housekeeper. "Oh, that I had never entered it !" She then told her companion, "if she would assist her, as she was almost too weak to do anything for herself, she would be ready against the carriage came." The housekeeper and maid accordingly attended her to her chamber ; the former brought her drops, and the latter assisted in putting on her habit, and packing up her clothes. Amanda, having secured her trunks, desired they might be sent, by the first opportunity, to Castle Carberry ; she had left a great many clothes there, so took nothing at present with her but a small quantity of linen. She had but a few guineas in her purse ; her watch, however, was valuable ; and if she had money enough to carry her to Dublin, she knew there she might procure a sufficient sum on it to carry her home.

At last the carriage came ; with a trembling frame, and half-broken heart, Amanda entered it. She saw Nicholas, the footman, who had procured it, ready mounted to attend her. She told him it was unnecessary to do so ; but he declared he could not think of letting so young a lady travel unprotected. She was pleased at his attention ; she had shuddered at the

"Miss Fitzalan," said he to the housekeeper, "will wish, I am convinced, to quit this house immediately. I shall take upon myself to procure her a carriage, also a proper attendant, for her journey, which, I flatter myself, she will be able to commence in a few hours. Be kind, be gentle to her, my good woman, and depend on my eternal gratitude. When she is recovered, deliver her this letter."

The housekeeper promised to observe his injunctions, and he departed.

To Ireland, with Amanda, he intended sending an old female servant, who had formerly been an attendant of his mother's, and his own man. He was shocked at the conduct of the marchioness and Lady Greystock, and thought them guilty of the highest inhumanity in thus deserting Amanda. The letter he had put into the housekeeper's hands excited her curiosity so strongly that she was tempted to gratify it. Amanda was not in a situation to perceive what she did, the letter could easily be sealed again, and, in short, without longer hesitation, she opened it. How great was her amazement on finding it contained a bank note for five hundred pounds. The words were as follows:—

Consider me, Amanda, in the light of a brother; as such accept my services; to serve you, in any manner, will be a source of consolation, which I flatter myself you will be happy to allow me. 'Tis necessary you should return immediately to your father; hesitate not, then, about using the inclosed. Your complying with my request will prove that you yet retain a friendship for

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idea of her forlorn situation, and now dropped a tear of sweet sensibility at finding she was not utterly deserted by every human being. The carriage took the road to Parkgate, as Amanda chose to embark from thence, the journey being so much nearer to it than to Holyhead. It was now about eight o'clock; after traveling four hours, the chaise stopped at a small house on the roadside, which appeared to be a common alehouse. Amanda was unwilling to enter it; but the horses were here to be changed, and she was shown into a dirty parlor, where, almost sinking with weakness, she ordered tea to be immediately brought in. She was much astonished, as she sat at the tea table, to see Nicholas enter the room with a familiar air, and seat himself by her. She stared at him at first, supposing him intoxicated; but perceiving no signs of this in his countenance, began to fear that the insults she had received at the marquis' made him think himself authorized to treat her with this insolence. She rose abruptly, and, summoning all her resolution to her aid, desired him to retire, adding, "If his attendance was requisite she would ring for him."

Nicholas also quitted his seat, and following her, caught her in his arms, exclaiming, "Bless us, how hoity-toity you are grown!"

Amanda shrieked, and stamped on the floor in an agony of terror and indignation.

"Why, now really," said he, "after what happened at home, I think you need not be so coy with me." "Oh, save me, Heaven, from this wretch!" was all the affrighted Amanda could articulate.

The door opened. A waiter appeared, and told Nicholas he was wanted without. Nicholas released Amanda, and ran directly from the room. Amanda sunk upon a chair, and her head turned giddy at the idea of the danger with which she was surrounded. She saw herself in the power of a wretch—perhaps wretches, for the house seemed a proper place for scenes of villainy—without the means of delivering herself. She walked to the window. A confused idea of getting through it, and running from the house, darted into her mind, but she turned from it in agony at seeing a number of countrymen drinking before it. She now could only raise her feeble hands to heaven to supplicate its protection.

She passed some minutes in this manner, when the lock turned and made her shudder, but it was the landlady alone

who entered. She came, she said, with Nicholas' respectful duty and he was sorry he was obliged to go back to town without seeing her safe to her journey's end.

"Is he really gone?" asked Amanda, with all the eagerness of joy. "Yes," the woman said; "a person had followed him from London on purpose to bring him back." "Is the carriage ready?" cried Amanda. She was informed it was. "Let me fly, then." The landlady impeded her progress to tell her the bill was not yet settled. Amanda pulled out her purse, and besought her not to detain her. This the woman had no desire to do. Things were therefore settled without delay between them, and Amanda was driven with as much expedition as she could desire from the terrifying mansion. The chaise had proceeded about two miles, when, in the middle of a solitary road, or rather lane, by the side of a wood, it suddenly stopped. Amanda, alarmed at every incident, hastily looked out, and inquired what was the matter; but how impossible to describe her terror when she beheld Colonel Belgrave, and Nicholas standing by him! She shrunk back, and entreated the postilion to drive on; but he heeded not her entreaty. Nicholas opened the door, and Belgrave sprang into the carriage. Amanda attempted to burst open the door at the opposite side; but he caught her to his bosom, and the horses set off at full speed. Colonel Belgrave's valet had been secreted by Mrs. Jane the preceding night in the house, that he might be able to give his master intelligence of all that passed within it in consequence of his being discovered in the closet. On hearing the family were gone to the marquis' villa, Belgrave believed he could easily prevail on the domestics to deliver up Amanda to him. Elated with hope, he reached the house, attended by his valet, just after she had quitted it. The housekeeper hesitated to inform him of the road she had taken till she had procured what she knew would be the consequence of her hesitation—a large bribe. Horses were then immediately procured, and Belgrave and his servant set off in pursuit of Amanda. The sight of a traveling chaise, at the little inn already mentioned, prompted their inquiries; and on finding the chaise waited for Amanda, the colonel retired to a private room, sent for Nicholas, and secured him in his interest. It was settled they should repair to the wood, by which the postilion was bribed to pass, and from thence proceed to a country house of the colonel's. Their scheme accomplished, Nicholas, happy in the service he

had done, or rather the reward he had obtained for that service, again turned his face toward London.

The carriage and attendants Lord Mortimer procured for Amanda arrived even earlier than the housekeeper had expected, and she blessed her lucky stars for the precipitancy with which she had hurried off Amanda. They were followed by his lordship himself, whose wretched heart could not support the idea of letting Amanda depart without once more beholding her. Great was his dismay, his astonishment, when the housekeeper informed him she was gone.

"Gone!" he repeated, changing color.

The housekeeper said that, without her knowledge, Miss Fitzalan had a chaise hired, and the moment it came to the door stepped into it, notwithstanding she was told his lordship meant to provide everything proper for her journey himself. "But she said, my lord," cried the housekeeper, "she wanted none of your care, and that she could never get fast enough from a house, or from people, where and by whom she had been so illtreated."

Lord Mortimer asked if she had any attendant, and whether she took the letter.

The housekeeper answered both these questions in the affirmative. "Truly, my lord," she continued, "I believe your lordship said something in that letter which pleased her, for she smiled on opening it, and said, 'Well, well, this is something like comfort.'" "And was she really so mean?" he was on the point of asking, but he timely checked a question which was springing from a heart that sickened at finding the object of its tenderest affections unworthy in every respect of possessing them. Every idea of this kind soon gave way to anxiety on her account. His heart misgave him at her undertaking so long a journey under the protection of a common servant; and, unable to endure his apprehensions, he determined instantly to pursue and see her safe himself to the destined port.

The woman, who had hitherto sat in the chaise, was ordered to return home. He entered it with eagerness, and promised liberally to reward the postilions if they used expedition. They had changed horses but once when Lord Mortimer saw Nicholas approaching, whom, at the first glance, he knew. He stopped the carriage, and called out, "Where have you left Miss Fitzalan?" "Faith, my lord," cried Nicholas, instantly turning and taking off his hat, "in very good company. I

left her with Colonel Belgrave, who was waiting by appointment on the road for her." "Oh! horrible infatuation!" said Lord Mortimer, "that nothing can snatch her from the arms of infamy."

The postilion desired to know whether he should return to London.

Lord Mortimer hesitated, and at last desired him to go on according to his first directions. He resolved to proceed to Parkgate and discover whether Amanda had returned to Ireland. They had not proceeded far when they overtook a traveling chaise. As Lord Mortimer passed, he looked into it, and beheld Amanda, reclining on the bosom of Belgrave. He trembled universally, closed his eyes, and sighed out the name of the perfidious Amanda. When they had got some way before the other chaise, he desired the postilion to strike off into another road, which by a circuit of a few miles would bring them back to London. Amanda, it was evident, had put herself under the protection of Belgrave, and to know whether she went to Ireland was now of little consequence to him, as he supposed her unreclaimable. But how impossible to describe his distress and confusion when almost the first object he beheld, on alighting in St. James' Square, was his aunt, Lady Martha Dormer, who, in compliance with his urgent request, had hastened to London. Had a specter crossed his sight he could not have been more shocked.

"Well, my dear Frederick," said her ladyship, "you see I lost no time in obeying your wishes. I have flown hither, I may indeed say, on the wings of love. But where is this little divinity of thine? I long to have a peep at her goddessship."

Lord Mortimer, inexpressibly shocked, turned to the window.

"I shall see, to be sure," cried her ladyship, "quite a little paragon. Positively, Frederick, I will be introduced this very evening." "My dear aunt, my Lady Martha," said Lord Mortimer, impatiently, "for Heaven's sake spare me!" "But tell me," she continued, "when I shall commence this attack upon your father's heart?" "Never! never!" sighed Mortimer, half distracted. "What! you suppose he will prove inflexible? But I do not despair of convincing you to the contrary. Tell me, Frederick, when the little charmer is to be seen?" "O God!" cried Mortimer, striking his forehead. "She is lost," said he, "she is lost forever!"

Lady Martha was alarmed. She now, for the first time, noticed the wild and pallid looks of her nephew. "Gracious Heaven!" she exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

The dreadful explanation Lord Mortimer now found himself under a necessity of giving; the shame of acknowledging he was so deceived, the agony he suffered from that deception, joined to the excessive agitation and fatigue he had suffered the preceding night, and the present day, so powerfully assailed him at this moment, that his senses suddenly gave way, and he actually fainted on the floor.

What a sight for the tender Lady Martha! She saw something dreadful had happened, and what this was Lord Mortimer, as soon as he recovered, informed her.

He then retired to his chamber. He could neither converse nor bear to be conversed with. His fondest hopes were blasted, nor could he forego the sad indulgence of mourning over them in solitude. He felt almost convinced that the hold Amanda had on his affections could not be withdrawn; he had considered her as scarcely less than his wife, and had she been really such, her present conduct could not have given him more anguish. Had she been snatched from him by the hand of death, had she been wedded to a worthy character, he could have summoned fortitude to his aid; but to find her the prey of a villain was a shock too horrible to bear, at least for a long period, with patience.



FROM "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE."

By THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near? —
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,
And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.
What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man —
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis Nature pictured too severely true.
With thee, sweet HOPE! resides the heavenly light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight:
Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way,
That calls each slumbering passion into play.
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

Primeval HOPE, the Aëonian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourned their first decay;
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;
When Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again;
All, all forsook the friendless, guilty mind,
But HOPE, the charmer, lingered still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare
From Carmel's heights to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world — a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious HOPE! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,

What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
 What viewless forms th' Æolian organ play,
 And sweep the furrowed lines of anxious thought away.

Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore
 Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore.
 Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
 His bark careering o'er unfathomed fields;
 Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
 Where Andes, giant of the western star,
 With meteor standard to the winds unfurled,
 Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world!

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles,
 On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles:
 Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
 From wastes that slumber in eternal snow;
 And waft, across the waves' tumultuous roar,
 The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
 Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!
 Rocks, waves, and winds, the shattered bark delay;
 Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But HOPE can here her moonlight vigils keep,
 And sing to charm the spirit of the deep:
 Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
 Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul;
 His native hills that rise in happier climes,
 The grot that heard his song of other times,
 His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
 His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossomed vale,
 Rush on his thought; he sweeps before the wind,
 Treads the loved shore he sighed to leave behind;
 Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
 And flies at last to Helen's long embrace;
 Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear!
 And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear!
 While, long neglected, but at length caressed,
 His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
 Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
 His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave! in peril's darkest hour,
 Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power;
 To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
 On stormy floods, and carnage-covered fields,
 When front to front the bannered hosts combine,
 Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.

When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
 The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil!
 As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
 The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,
 Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
 And hears thy stormy music in the drum!

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
 The hardy Byron to his native shore—
 In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep
 Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
 'Twas his to mourn Misfortune's rudest shock,
 Scourged by the winds, and cradled on the rock,
 To wake each joyless morn and search again
 The famished haunts of solitary men;
 Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,
 Know not a trace of Nature but the form;
 Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,
 Pale, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued,
 Pierced the deep woods, and, hailing from afar
 The moon's pale planet and the northern star,
 Paused at each dreary cry, unheard before,
 Hyenas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore;
 Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,
 He found a warmer world, a milder clime,
 A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
 Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend!

* * * * *

Where is the troubled heart consigned to share
 Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
 Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray
 To count the joys of Fortune's better day!
 Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume
 The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom,
 A long-lost friend, or hapless child restored,
 Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board;
 Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,
 And virtue triumphs o'er remembered woe.

Chide not his peace, proud Reason! nor destroy
 The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,
 That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour
 Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.
 Hark! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
 That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail;
 She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore,
 Watched the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,

Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze,
 Clasped her cold hands, and fixed her maddening gaze;
 Poor widowed wretch! 'twas there she wept in vain,
 Till memory fled her agonizing brain; —
 But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,
 Ideal peace, that Truth could ne'er bestow;
 Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
 And aimless HOPE delights her darkest dream.

Oft when yon moon has climbed the midnight sky,
 And the lone sea bird wakes its wildest cry,
 Piled on the steep, her blazing fagots burn
 To hail the bark that never can return;
 And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep
 That constant love can linger on the deep.

And, mark the wretch, whose wanderings never knew
 The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue;
 Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
 But found not pity when it erred no more.
 Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
 Th' unfeeling proud one looks — and passes by,
 Condemned on Penury's barren path to roam,
 Scorned by the world, and left without a home —
 Even he, at evening, should he chance to stray
 Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,
 Where, round the cot's romantic glade, are seen
 The blossomed bean field, and the sloping green,
 Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while —
 Oh! that for me some home like this would smile,
 Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form
 Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm!
 There should my hand no stinted boon assign
 To wretched hearts with sorrow such as mine! —
 That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,
 And HOPE half mingles with the poor man's prayer.

HOPE! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,
 The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
 Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
 The boundless fields of rapture yet to be;
 I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
 And learn the future by the past of man.

Come, bright Improvement! on the car of Time,
 And rule the spacious world from clime to clime;
 Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
 Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
 On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,

And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk,
There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at Summer's opening day;
Each wandering genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,
And silent watch, on woodland heights around,
The village curfew as it tolls profound.

In Libyan groves, where damndèd rites are done,
That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,
Truth shall arrest the murderous arm profane,
Wild Obi flies — the veil is rent in twain.

Where barbarous hordes on Scythian mountains roam,
Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home;
Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,
From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,
Truth shall pervade th' unfathomed darkness there,
And light the dreadful features of despair. —
Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,
And asks the image back that Heaven bestowed!
Fierce in his eye the fire of valor burns,
And, as the slave departs, the man returns.

Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!—

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew:—
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;—
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciuszko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous Murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the smoldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook—red meteors flashed along the sky,
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry!

Oh! righteous Heaven; ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God;
That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar?
Where was the storm that slumbered till the host
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast;
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot TRILL—the BRUCE OF BANNOCKBURN!

Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free!
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of Desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,

And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven!
 Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurled,
 Her name, her nature, withered from the world!

* * * * *

Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,
 When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!
 Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
 Oh! then, thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!
 What though each spark of earthborn rapture fly
 The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
 Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
 The morning dream of life's eternal day —
 Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
 And all the phenix spirit burns within!

Oh! deep-enchanting prelude to repose,
 The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
 Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
 It is a dread and awful thing to die!
 Mysterious worlds, untraveled by the sun!
 Where Time's far wandering tide has never run,
 From your unfathomed shades and viewless spheres
 A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
 'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
 Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
 While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
 The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
 And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
 The roaring waves, and called upon his God,
 With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
 And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine
 The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb;
 Melt, and dispel, ye specter doubts that roll
 Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul!
 Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Dismay,
 Chased on his night steed by the star of day!
 The strife is o'er — the pangs of Nature close,
 And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
 Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
 The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze,
 On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
 Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
 Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail
 Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
 When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still
 Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill!

FROM "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE."

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
 Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?
 Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
 Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;
 Doomed on his airy path awhile to burn,
 And doomed, like thee, to travel, and return. —
 Hark! from the world's exploding center driven,
 With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,
 Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
 On bickering wheels, and adamant car;
 From planet whirled to planet more remote,
 He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;
 But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
 Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!
 So hath the traveler of earth unfurled
 Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;
 And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
 Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God.

Oh! lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread expanse,
 One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,
 Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
 The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
 Who, moldering earthward, 'reft of every trust,
 In joyless union wedded to the dust,
 Could all his parting energy dismiss,
 And call this barren world sufficient bliss? —
 There live, alas! of heaven-directed mien,
 Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
 Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,
 Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,
 Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
 Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower;
 A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
 Whose mortal life and momentary fire
 Light to the grave his chance-created form,
 As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm;
 And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
 To night and silence sink for evermore! —

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
 Lights of the world, and demigods of Fame?
 Is this your triumph — this your proud applause,
 Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?
 Or this hath Science searched, on weary wing,
 From every land and sea — each mute and living thing!
 By shore with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
 Launched.

To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?
Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
And wheeled in triumph through the signs of Heaven.
Oh! Star-eyed science, hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair?
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!
Ah me! the laureled wreath that Murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the nightshade round the skeptic head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
I smile on death, if Heavenward HOPE remain!
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If Chance awaked, inexorable power,
This frail and feverish being of an hour;
Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep a little while;
Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain!
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom,
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb.
Truth, ever lovely, — since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man, —
How can thy words from balmy slumber start
Reposing Virtue, pillowed on the heart!
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder rolled,
And that were true which Nature never told,
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquered field;
No rapture dawns, no treasure is revealed!
Oh! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate;
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in!
And well may Doubt, the mother of Dismay,
Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay.
Down by the wilds of yon deserted vale,
It darkly hints a melancholy tale!
There as the homeless madman sits alone,
In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan!
And there, they say, a wizard orgy crowds,
When the Moon lights her watchtower in the clouds.

Poor lost Alonzo! Fate's neglected child!
 Mild be the doom of Heaven—as thou wert mild!
 For oh! thy heart in holy mold was cast,
 And all thy deeds were blameless, but the last.
 Poor lost Alonzo! still I seem to hear
 The clod that struck thy hollow-sounding bier!
 When Friendship paid, in speechless sorrow drowned,
 Thy midnight rites, but not on hallowed ground!

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
 But leave—oh! leave the light of HOPE behind!
 What though my wingèd hours of bliss have been,
 Like angel visits, few and far between,
 Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
 And charm—when pleasures lose the power to please!
 Yes; let each rapture, dear to Nature, flee:
 Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea—
 Mirth, Music, Friendship, Love's propitious smile,
 Chase every care, and charm a little while,
 Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,
 And all her strings are harmonized to joy!—
 But why so short is Love's delighted hour?
 Why fades the dew on Beauty's sweetest flower?
 Why can no hymnèd charm of music heal
 The sleepless woes impassioned spirits feel?
 Can Fancy's fairy hands no veil create,
 To hide the sad realities of fate?—

No! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,
 Nor all the pride of Wisdom's worldly school,
 Have power to soothe, unaided and alone,
 The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone!
 When stepdame Nature every bliss recalls,
 Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls;
 When, 'reft of all, yon widowed sire appears
 A lonely hermit in the vale of years;
 Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow
 To Friendship, weeping at the couch of Woe?
 No! but a brighter soothes the last adieu,—
 Souls of impassioned mold, she speaks to you!
 Weep not, she says, at Nature's transient pain,
 Congenial spirits part to meet again!

What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,
 What sorrow choked thy long and last adieu!
 Daughter of Conrad! when he heard his knell,
 And bade his country and his child farewell!
 Doomed the long isles of Sydney cove to see,

The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee!
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,
And thrice returned, to bless thee, and to part;
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmured low
The plaint that owned unutterable woe;
Till Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,
As bursts the morn on night's unfathomed gloom,
Lured his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,
Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time!

"And weep not thus," he cried, "young Ellenore,
My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more!
Short shall this half-extinguished spirit burn,
And soon these limbs to kindred dust return!
But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,
The immortal ties of Nature shall expire;
These shall resist the triumph of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away!
Cold in the dust this perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once shall never die!
That spark unburied in its mortal frame,
With living light, eternal, and the same,
Shall beam on Joy's interminable years,
Unveiled by darkness — unassuaged by tears!

"Yet, on the barren shore and stormy deep,
One tedious watch is Conrad doomed to weep;
But when I gain the home without a friend,
And press the uneasy couch where none attend,
This last embrace, still cherished in my heart,
Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part!
Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,
And hush the groan of life's last agony!

"Farewell! when strangers lift thy father's bier,
And place my nameless stone without a tear;
When each returning pledge hath told my child
That Conrad's tomb is on the desert piled;
And when the dream of troubled Fancy sees
Its lonely rank grass waving in the breeze;
Who then will soothe thy grief, when mine is o'er?
Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenore?
Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide,
Scorned by the world, to factious guilt allied?
Ah! no; methinks the generous and the good
Will woo thee from the shades of solitude!
O'er friendless grief Compassion shall awake
And smile on innocence, for Mercy's sake!"

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
 The tears of Love were hopeless, but for thee!
 If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
 If that faint murmur be the last farewell,
 If Fate unite the faithful but to part,
 Why is their memory sacred to the heart?
 Why does the brother of my childhood seem
 Restored awhile in every pleasing dream?
 Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,
 By artless friendship blessed when life was new?

Eternal HOPE! when yonder spheres sublime
 Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,
 Thy joyous youth began — but not to fade. —
 When all the sister planets have decayed;
 When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
 And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
 Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
 And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.



ITALIAN LITERATURE.

By MADAME DE STAËL.

(From "Corinne.")

[ANNE LOUISE GERMAINE NECKER, by marriage Baroness de Staël-Holstein, son of Louis XVI.'s famous finance minister and Suzanne Curchod (Gibbon's former betrothed), was born April 22, 1766. A precocious and sensitive child, the stimulus of the brilliant circle gathered about her parents developed her intellect but impaired her health, and she was sent into the country. At twenty her marriage with the Swedish ambassador, De Staël, was arranged. During the Revolution she remained in Paris trying to prevent the slaughter of innocent people, and pleading for the queen; driven out by the Reign of Terror, she returned in 1795, became prominent in politics, opposed Napoleon, and was ordered out of Paris by him in 1801. After she published "Corinne" he expelled her from France; in 1812 he suppressed the entire edition of her new "Germany," again expelled her, virtually imprisoned her at Coppet, in Switzerland, where she had taken refuge, and harassed her with the meanest persecutions. She escaped, and lived in Berlin, Moscow, and England till 1815. She died July 14, 1817. Her other chief works are "Influence of the Passions," "Delphine," and "Considerations on the French Revolution."]

LORD NEVIL was very desirous that Mr. Edgarmond should partake the conversation of Corinne, which far surpassed her improvised verses. On the following day the same party assembled at her house; and to elicit her remarks, he turned the



MADAME DE STAËL

by word of command, or by a kind of convention. Their style is a tissue, a piece of mosaic. They possess in its highest degree the art of inflating an idea, or frothing up a sentiment; one is tempted to ask them a similar question to that put by the negress to the Frenchwoman in the days of hoop petticoats: 'Pray, madame, is all *that* yourself?' Now how much is real beneath this pomp of words, which one true expression might dissipate like an idle dream!"

"You forget," interrupted Corinne, "first Machiavelli and Boccaccio, then Gravina, Filangieri, and even in our own days, Cesarotti, Verri, Bettinelli, and many others who knew both how to write and how to think. I agree with you that for the last century or two, unhappy circumstances having deprived Italy of her independence, all zeal for truth has been so lost that it is often impossible to speak it in any way. The result is a habit of resting content with words and never daring to approach a thought. Authors, too sure that they can effect no change in the state of things, write but to show their wit—the surest way of soon concluding with no wit at all; for it is only by directing our efforts to a nobly useful aim that we can augment our stock of ideas. When writers can do nothing for the welfare of their country; when indeed their means constitute their end; from leading to no better they double in a thousand windings without advancing one step. The Italians are afraid of new ideas, rather because they are indolent than from literary servility. By nature they have much originality, but they give themselves no time to reflect. Their eloquence, so vivid in conversation, chills as they work; beside this, the Southerners feel hampered by prose and can only express themselves fully in verse. It is not thus with French literature," added Corinne to d'Erfeuil; "your prose writers are often more poetical than your versifiers."

"That is a truth established by classic authorities," replied the count. "Bossuet, Labruyère, Montesquieu, and Buffon can never be surpassed,—especially the first two, who belonged to the age of Louis XIV.; they are perfect models for all to imitate who can—a hint as important to foreigners as to ourselves."

"I can hardly think," returned Corinne, "that it were desirable for distinct countries to lose their peculiarities; and I dare to tell you, count, that in your own land the national orthodoxy which opposes all felicitous innovations must render

your literature very barren. Genius is essentially creative ; it bears the character of the individual who possesses it. Nature, who permits no two leaves to be exactly alike, has given a still greater diversity to human minds. Imitation, then, is a double murder, for it deprives both copy and original of their primitive existence."

"Would you wish *us*," asked d'Erfeuil, "to admit such Gothic barbarisms as Young's 'Night Thoughts,' or the Spanish and Italian *Concetti*? What would become of our tasteful and elegant style after such a mixture?"

The Prince Castel Forte now remarked : "I think that we all are in want of each other's aid. The literature of every country offers a new sphere of ideas to those familiar with it. Charles V. said : 'The man who understands four languages is worth four men.' What that great genius applied to politics is as true in the state of letters. Most foreigners understand French ; their views, therefore, are more extended than those of Frenchmen, who know no language but their own. Why do they not oftener learn other tongues? They would preserve what distinguishes themselves and might acquire some things in which they still are wanting."

"You will confess at least," replied the count, "that there is one department in which *we* have nothing to learn from any one. Our theater is decidedly the first in Europe. I cannot suppose that the English themselves would think of placing their Shakespeare above us."

"Pardon me, they do think of it," answered Mr. Edgarmond ; and, having said this, resumed his previous silence.

"Oh !" exclaimed the count, with civil contempt, "let every man think as he pleases ; but I persist in believing that, without presumption, we may call ourselves the highest of all dramatic artists. As for the Italians, if I may speak frankly, they are in doubt whether there is such an art in the world. Music is everything with them ; the piece nothing ; if a second act possesses a better *scena* than the first, they begin with that ; nay, they will play portions of different operas on the same night and between them an act from some prose comedy, containing nothing but moral sentences, such as our ancestors turned over to the use of other countries, as worn too threadbare for their own. Your famed musicians do what they will with your poets. One won't sing a certain air, unless the word *Felicità* be introduced ; the tenor demands his *Tomba* ; a third

can't shake unless it be upon *Catene*. The poor poet must do his best to harmonize these varied tastes with his dramatic situations. Nor is this the worst; some of them will not deign to walk on the stage; they must appear surrounded by clouds, or descend from the top of a palace staircase, in order to give their entrance due effect. Let an air be sung in ever so tender or so furious a passage, the actor must needs bow his thanks for the applause it draws down. In Semiramis the other night, the specter of *Ninus* paid his respects to the pit with an obsequiousness quite neutralizing the awe his costume should have created. In Italy, the theater is looked on merely as a rendezvous, where you need listen to nothing but the songs and the ballet. I may well say they *listen* to the ballet, for they are never quiet till after its commencement; in itself it is the *chef-d'œuvre* of bad taste; I know not what there is to amuse in your ballet beyond its absurdity. I have seen Gengis Khan, clothed in ermine and magnanimity, give up his crown to the child of his conquered rival and lift him into the air upon his foot, a new way of raising a monarch to the throne; I have seen the self-devotion of Curtius, in three acts, full of divertissements. The hero, dressed like an Arcadian shepherd, had a long dance with his mistress ere he mounted a real horse upon the stage and threw himself into a fiery gulf, lined with orange satin and gold paper. In fact I have seen an abridgment of the Roman history turned into ballets from Romulus down to Cæsar."

"All that is very true," mildly replied the Prince of Castel Forte; "but you speak only of our opera, which is in no country considered the dramatic theater."

"Oh, it is still worse when they represent tragedies or dramas not included under the head of those with *happy catastrophes*; they crowd more horrors into five acts than human imagination ever conceived. In one of these pieces a lover kills his mistress' brother, and burns her brains before the audience. The fourth act is occupied by the funeral, and ere the fifth begins, the lover with the utmost composure gives out the next night's harlequinade; then resumes his character, in order to end the play by shooting himself. The tragedians are perfect counterparts of the cold exaggerations in which they perform, committing the greatest atrocities with the most exemplary indifference. If an actor becomes impassioned, he is called a preacher, so much more emotion is be-

trayed in the pulpit than on the stage; and it is lucky that these heroes are so peacefully pathetic, since as there is nothing interesting in your plays, the more fuss they made, the more ridiculous they would become; it were well if they were divertingly so; but it is all too monotonous to laugh at. Italy has neither tragedy nor comedy; the only drama truly her own is the harlequinade. A thievish, cowardly glutton, an amorous or avaricious old dupe of a guardian, are the materials. You will own that such inventions cost no very great efforts, and that the 'Tartuffe' and the 'Misanthrope' called for some exertion of genius." This attack displeased the Italians, though they laughed at it. In conversation the count preferred displaying his wit to his good humor. Natural benevolence prompted his actions, but self-love his words. Castel Forte and others longed to refute his accusations, but they thought the cause would be better defended by Corinne; and as they rarely sought to shine themselves, they were content, after citing such names as Maffei, Metastasio, Goldoni, Alfieri, and Monti, with begging her to answer Monsieur d'Erfeuil. Corinne agreed with him that the Italians had no national theater; but she sought to prove that circumstances, and not want of talent, had caused this deficiency. "Comedy," she said, "as depending on observation of manners, can only exist in a country accustomed to a great varied population. Italy is animated by violent passions or effeminate enjoyments. Such passions give birth to crimes that confound all shades of character. But that ideal comedy, which suits all times, all countries, was invented here. Harlequin, pantaloons, and clown are to be found in every piece of that description. Everywhere they have rather masks than faces; that is, they wear the physiognomy of their class, and not of individuals. Doubtless our modern authors found these parts all made to their hands, like the pawns of a chessboard; but these fantastic creations, which, from one end of Europe to the other, still amuse not only children, but men whom fancy renders childish, surely give the Italians some claim on the art of comedy. Observation of the human heart is an inexhaustible source of literature; but nations rather romantic than reflective yield themselves more readily to the delirium of joy than to philosophic satire. Something of sadness lurks beneath the pleasantry founded on a knowledge of mankind; the most truly inoffensive gayety is that which is purely

imaginative. Not that Italians do not shrewdly study those with whom they are concerned. They detect the most private thoughts, as subtly as others; but they are not wont to make a literary use of the acuteness which marks their conduct. Perhaps they are reluctant to generalize and to publish their discoveries. Prudence may forbid their wasting on mere plays what may serve to guide their behavior, or converting into witty fictions that which they find so useful in real life. Nevertheless, Machiavelli, who has made known all the secrets of criminal policy, may serve to show of what terrible sagacity the Italian mind is capable. Goldoni, who lived in Venice, where society is at its best, introduced more observation into his work than is commonly found. Yet his numerous comedies want variety both of character and situation. They seem modeled, not on life, but on the generality of the theatrical pieces. Irony is not the true character of Italian wit. It is Ariosto, and not Molière, who can amuse us here. Gozzi, the rival of Goldoni, had much more irregular originality. He gave himself up freely to his genius; mingling buffoonery with magic, imitating nothing in nature, but dealing with those fairy chimeras that bear the mind beyond the boundaries of this world. He had a prodigious success in his day, and perhaps is the best specimen of Italian comic fancy; but, to ascertain what our tragedy and comedy might become, they must be allowed a theater and a company. A host of small towns dissipate the few resources that might be collected. That division of states, usually so favorable to public welfare, is destructive of it here. We want a center of light and power, to pierce the mists of surrounding prejudice. The authority of a government would be a blessing, if it contended with the ignorance of men, isolated among themselves, in separate provinces, and, by awakening emulation, gave life to a people now content with a dream."

These and other discussions were spiritedly put forth by Corinne; she equally understood the art of that light and rapid style, which insists on nothing,—in her wish to please, adopting each by turns, though frequently abandoning herself to the talent which had rendered her so celebrated as an improvisatrice. Often did she call on Castel Forte to support her opinions by his own; but she spoke so well, that all her auditors listened with delight, and could not have endured an interruption. Mr. Edgarmond, above all, could never have

wearied of seeing and hearing her ; he hardly dared explain to himself the admiration she excited, and whispered some words of praise, trusting that she would understand, without obliging him to repeat them. He felt, however, so anxious to hear her sentiments on tragedy, that, in spite of his timidity, he risked the question. "Madame," he said, "it appears to me that tragedies are what your literature wants most. I think that yours comes less near an equality with our own, than children do to men ; for childish sensibility, if light, is genuine ; while your serious dramas are so stilted and unnatural, that they stifle all emotion. Am I not right, my lord ?" he added, turning his eyes toward Nevil, with an appeal for assistance, and astonished at himself for having dared to say so much before so large a party.

"I think just as you do," returned Oswald ; "Metastasio, whom they vaunt as the bard of love, gives that passion the same coloring in all countries and situations. His songs, indeed, abound with grace, harmony, and lyric beauty, especially when detached from the dramas to which they belong ; but it is impossible for us, whose Shakespeare is indisputably the poet who has most profoundly fathomed the depths of human passions, to bear with the fond pair who fill nearly all the scenes of Metastasio, and, whether called Achilles or Thyrsis, Brutus or Corilas, all sing, in the same strain, the martyrdom they endure, and depict, as a species of insipid idiocy, the most stormy impulse that can wreck the heart of man. It is with real respect for Alfieri that I venture a few comments on his works, their aim is so noble ! The sentiments of the author so well accord with the life of the man, that his tragedies ought always to be praised as so many great actions, even though they may be criticised in a literary sense. It strikes me that some of them have a monotony in their vigor, as Metastasio's have in their sweetness. Alfieri gives us such a profusion of energy and worth, or such an exaggeration of violence and guilt, that it is impossible to recognize one human being among his heroes. Men are never either so vile or so generous as he describes them. The object is to contrast vice with virtue ; but these contrasts lack the gradations of truth. If tyrants were obliged to put up with half he makes their victims say to their faces, one would really feel tempted to pity them. In the tragedy of 'Octavia,' this outrage of probability is most apparent. Seneca lectures Nero, as if the one were the

bravest, and the other the most patient, of men. The master of the world allows himself to be insulted, and put in a rage, scene after scene, as if it were not in his own power to end all this by a single word. It is certain that, in these continual dialogues, Seneca utters maxims which one might pride to hear in a harangue or read in a dissertation ; but is this the way to give an idea of tyranny ? instead of investing it with terror, to set it up as a block against which to tilt with wordy weapons ! Had Shakespeare represented Nero surrounded by trembling slaves, who scarce dared answer the most indifferent question, himself vainly endeavoring to appear at ease, and Seneca at his side, composing the Apology for Agrippina's murder, would not our horror have been a thousand times more great ? and, for one reflection made by the author, would not millions have arisen, in the spectator's mind, from the silent rhetoric of so true a picture ? ”

Oswald might have spoken much longer ere Corinne would have interrupted him, so fascinated was she by the sound of his voice and the turn of his expression. Scarce could she remove her gaze from his countenance, even when he ceased to speak ; then, as her friends eagerly asked what she thought of Italian tragedy, she answered by addressing herself to Nevil.

“ My lord, I so entirely agree with you, that it is not as a disputant I reply, but to make some exceptions to your, perhaps, too general rules. It is true that Metastasio is rather a lyric than a dramatic poet ; and that he depicts love rather as one of the fine arts that embellish life, than as the secret source of our deepest joys and sorrows. Although our poetry has been chiefly devoted to love, I will hazard the assertion that we have more truth and power in our portraits of every other passion. For amatory themes, a kind of conventional style has been formed among us ; and poets are inspired by what they have read, not by their own feelings. Love as it is in Italy bears not the slightest resemblance to love such as our authors describe.

“ I know but one romance, the ‘ Fiammetta ’ of Boccaccio, in which the passion is attired in its truly national colors. Italian love is a deep and rapid impression, more frequently betrayed by the silent ardor of our deeds, than by ingenious and highly wrought language. Our literature in general bears but a faint stamp of our manners. We are too humbly modest to found tragedies on our own history, or fill them with our

own emotions. Alfieri, by a singular chance, was transplanted from antiquity into modern times. He was born for action, yet permitted but to write : his style resented this restraint. He wished by a literary road to reach a political goal ; a noble one, but such as spoils all works of fancy. He was impatient of living among learned writers and enlightened readers, who, nevertheless, cared for nothing serious, but amused themselves with madrigals and novelettes. Alfieri sought to give his tragedies a more austere character. He retrenched everything that could interfere with the interest of his dialogue, as if determined to make his countrymen do penance for their natural vivacity. Yet he was much admired, because he was truly great, and because the inhabitants of Rome applaud all praise bestowed on the ancient Romans, as if it belonged to themselves. They are amateurs of virtue, as of the pictures their galleries possess ; but Alfieri has not created anything that may be called the Italian drama,—that is, a school of tragedy in which a merit peculiar to Italy may be found. He has not even characterized the manners of the times and countries he selected. His ‘Pazzi,’ ‘Virginia,’ and ‘Philip II.’ are replete with powerful and elevated thought ; but you everywhere find the impress of Alfieri, not that of the scene nor of the period assumed. Widely as he differs from all French authors in most respects, he resembles them in the habit of painting every subject he touches with the hues of his own mind.” At this allusion, d’Erfeuil observed : —

“It would be impossible for *us* to brook on *our* stage either the insignificance of the Grecians, or the monstrosities of Shakespeare. The French have too much taste. Our drama stands alone for elegance and delicacy ; to introduce anything foreign, were to plunge us into barbarism.”

“You would as soon think of surrounding France with the great wall of China !” said Corinne, smiling : “yet the rare beauties of your tragic authors would be better developed, if you would sometimes permit others besides Frenchmen to appear in their scenes. But we, poor Italians, would lose much by confining ourselves to rules that must confer on us less honor than constraint. The national character ought to form the national theater. We love the fine arts, music, scenery, even pantomime ; all, in fact, that strikes our senses. How, then, can a drama, of which eloquence is the best charm, content us ? In vain did Alfieri strive to reduce us to this ; he

himself felt that his system was too rigorous. His 'Saul,' Maffei's 'Merope,' Monti's 'Aristodemus,' above all, the poetry of Dante (though he never wrote a tragedy), seem to give the best notion of what the dramatic art might become here. In 'Merope' the action is simple, but the language glorious; why should such style be interdicted in our plays? Verse becomes so magnificent in Italian, that we ought to be the last people to renounce its beauty. Alfieri, who, when he pleased, could excel in every way, has in his 'Saul' made superb use of lyric poetry; and, indeed, music itself might there be very happily introduced, not to interrupt the dialogue, but to calm the fury of the king, by the harp of David. We possess such delicious music, as may well inebriate all mental power; we ought, therefore, instead of separating, to unite these attributes; not by making our heroes sing, which destroys their dignity, but by choruses, like those of the ancients, connected by natural links with the main situation, as often happens in real life. Far from rendering the Italian drama less imaginative, I think we ought in every way to increase the illusive pleasure of the audience. Our lively taste for music, ballet, and spectacle is a proof of powerful fancy, and a necessity to interest ourselves incessantly even in thus sporting with serious images, instead of rendering them more severe than they need be, as did Alfieri. We think it our duty to applaud whatever is grave and majestic, but soon return to our natural tastes; and are satisfied with any tragedy so it be embellished by that variety which the English and Spaniards so highly appreciate. Monti's 'Aristodemus' partakes the terrible pathos of Dante and has surely a just title to our pride. Dante, so versatile a master-spirit, possessed a tragic genius, which would have produced a grand effect if he could have adapted it to the stage; he knew how to set before the eye whatever passed in the soul; he made us not only feel but look upon despair. Had he written plays they must have affected young and old, the many as well as the few. Dramatic literature must be in some way popular; a whole nation constitute its judges."

"Since the time of Dante," said Oswald, "Italy has played a great political part—ere it can boast a national tragic school great events must call forth, in real life, the emotions which become the stage. Of all literary *chefs-d'œuvre*, a tragedy most thoroughly belongs to a whole people; the author's genius is matured by the public spirit of his audience; by the govern-

ment and manners of his country ; by all, in fact, which recurs each day to the mind forming the moral being, even as the air we breathe invigorates our physical life. The Spaniards, whom you resemble in climate and in creed, have, nevertheless, far more dramatic talent. Their pieces are drawn from their history, their chivalry, and religious faith ; they are original and animated. Their success in this way may restore them to their former fame as a nation ; but how can we find in Italy a style of tragedy which she has never possessed ? ”



INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

[WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, the most influential of modern English poets, was born April 7, 1770, and graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge. He made the tour of France and Switzerland in 1791-1792, and his impressions of the Revolution are recorded in "The Prelude." In 1798 his epoch-making "Lyrical Ballads" appeared, containing also Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." Their weaker parts were seized on for ridicule, and "Tintern Abbey" was not praised. After a tour in Germany he settled at Grasmere, and in 1813 at Rydal Mount. In 1814 he published "The Excursion." From 1814 to 1842 he was a government stamp distributor ; in 1843 he succeeded Southey as poet laureate. He died April 23, 1850. The various editions of his collected "Poems" form his literary achievements.]

I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Appareled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore ;—
Turn whereso'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II.

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight

Look round her when the heavens are bare,
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair;
 The sunshine is a glorious birth;
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
 That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
 And while the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound,
 To me alone there came a thought of grief:
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
 And I again am strong:
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
 I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
 The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
 And all the earth is gay;
 Land and sea
 Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every Beast keep holiday; —
 Thou Child of Joy,
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
 Shepherd boy!

IV.

Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal,
 The fullness of your bliss, I feel — I feel it all.
 Oh evil day! if I were sullen
 While Earth herself is adorning,
 This sweet May morning,
 And the Children are culling
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
 And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm: —
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
 — But there's a Tree, of many, one,



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

By permission of F. Bruckmann, Munich

A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone :
 The Pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat :
Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

v.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar :
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home :
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
Shades of the prison house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy ;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

vi.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster Child, her Inmate Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,
 Shaped by himself with newly learned art;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral;
 And this hath now his heart,
 And unto this he frames his song:
 Then will he fit his tongue
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
 The little Actor cons another part;
 Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
 With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
 That Life brings with her in her equipage;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy Soul's immensity;
 Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
 Haunted forever by the eternal mind, —
 Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
 On whom those truths do rest,
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality
 Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
 A Presence which is not to be put by;
 Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX.

O joy! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,

That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest —
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast: —
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

x.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,

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Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May !
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forbode not any severing of our loves !
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they ;
'The innocent brightness of a newborn Day
Is lovely yet;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

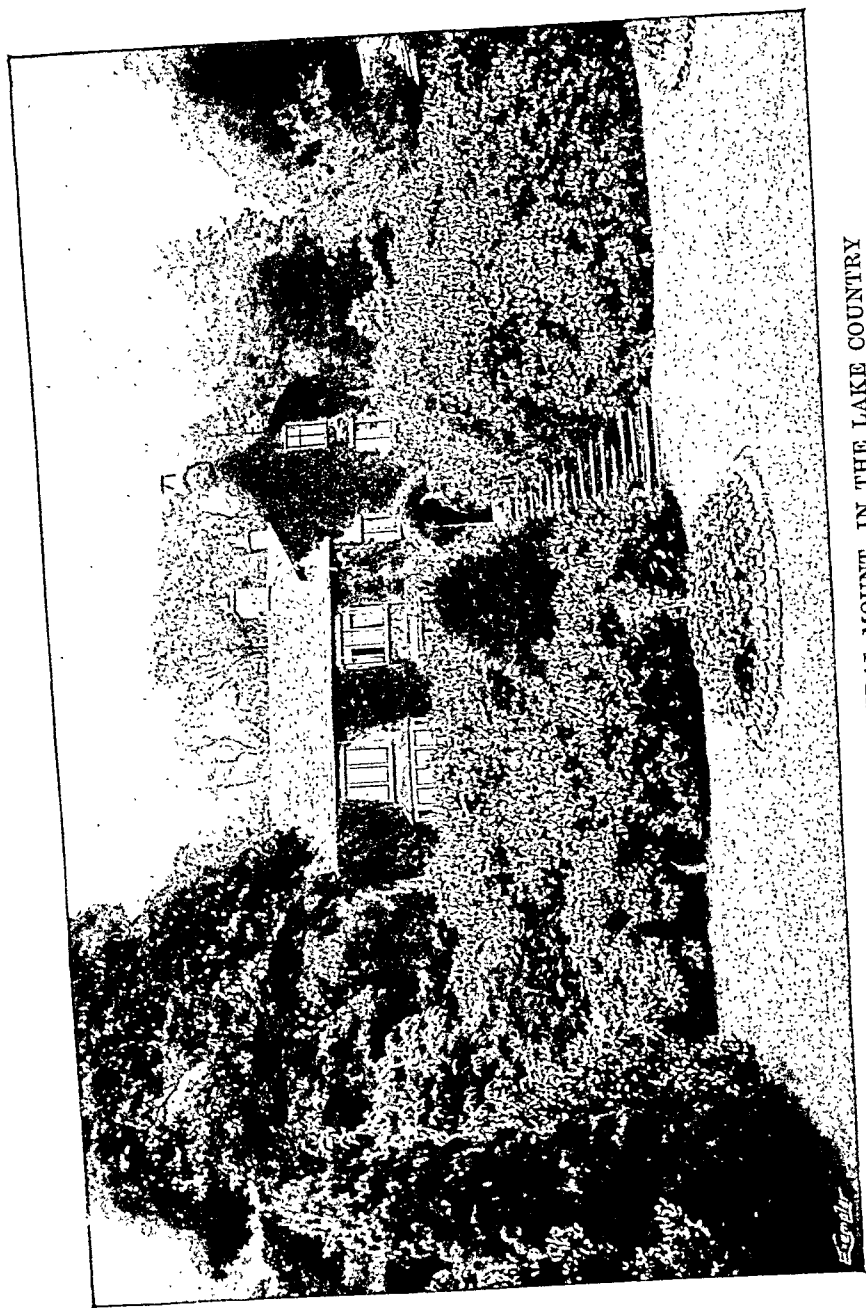


MARION'S DEATH AND WALLACE'S VENGEANCE.

By JANE PORTER.

(From "The Scottish Chiefs.")

[JANE PORTER: An English novelist; born at Durham in 1776, her father being a surgeon in the Dragoon Guards. She passed her life chiefly in or near London. Her first and most popular novel was "Thaddeus of Warsaw" (1803),



WORDSWORTH'S HOME AT RYDAL MOUNT, IN THE LAKE COUNTRY

Engel

translated into several languages; followed by "The Scottish Chiefs" (1800), "Duke Christian of Luneburg," etc. She died at Bristol in 1850.]

ELLERSLIE.

HALBERT returned to the house; and entering the room softly, into which Marion had withdrawn, beheld her on her knees, before a crucifix: she was praying for the safety of her husband.

"May he, O gracious Lord," cried she, "soon return to his home. But if I am to see him here no more, oh, may it please Thee to grant me to meet him within thy arms in heaven!"

"Hear her, blessed Son of Mary!" ejaculated the old man. She looked round, and rising from her knees, demanded of him, in a kind but anxious voice, whether he had left her lord in security.

"In the way to it, my lady!" answered Halbert. He repeated all that Wallace had said at parting, and then tried to prevail on her to go to rest. "Sleep cannot visit my eyes this night, my faithful creature," replied she; "my spirit will follow Wallace in his mountain flight. Go you to your chamber. After you have had repose, that will be time enough to revisit the remains of the poor earl, and to bring them with the box to the house. I will take a religious charge of both, for the sake of the dear intruder."

Halbert persuaded his lady to lie down on the bed, that her limbs at least might rest after the fatigue of so harassing a night; and she, little suspecting that he meant to do otherwise than to sleep also, kindly wished him repose, and retired.

Her maids, during the late terror, had dispersed, and were nowhere to be found; and the men, too, after their stout resistance at the gates, had all disappeared; some fled, others were sent away prisoners to Lanark, while the good Hambledon was conversing with their lady. Halbert, therefore, resigned himself to await with patience the rising of the sun, when he hoped some of the scared domestics would return; if not, he determined to go to the cotters who lived in the depths of the glen, and bring some of them to supply the place of the fugitives, and a few, with stouter hearts, to guard his lady.

Thus musing, he sat on a stone bench in the hall, watching anxiously the appearance of that orb, whose setting beams he hoped would light him back with tidings of Sir William Wal-

lace to comfort the lonely heart of his Marion. All seemed at peace. Nothing was heard but the sighing of the trees as they waved before the western window, which opened towards the Lanark hills. The morning was yet gray, and the fresh air blowing in rather chilly, Halbert rose to close the wooden shutter; at that moment his eyes were arrested by a party of armed men in quick march down the opposite declivity. In a few minutes more their heavy steps sounded in his ears, and he saw the platform before the house filled with English. Alarmed at the sight, he was retreating across the apartment, towards his lady's room, when the great hall door was burst open by a band of soldiers, who rushed forward and seized him.

"Tell me, dotard!" cried their leader, a man of low stature, with gray locks, but a fierce countenance, "where is the murderer? Where is Sir William Wallace? Speak, or the torture shall force you!"

Halbert shuddered, but it was for his defenseless lady, not for himself. "My master," said he, "is far from this."

"Where?"

"I know not."

"Thou shalt be made to know, thou hoary-headed villain!" cried the same violent interrogator. "Where is the assassin's wife? I will confront ye. Seek her out."

At that word the soldiers parted right and left, and in a moment afterwards three of them appeared, with shouts, bringing in the trembling Marion.

"Alas! my lady!" cried Halbert, struggling to approach her, as with terrified apprehension she looked around her; but they held her fast, and he saw her led up to the merciless wretch who had given the orders to have her summoned.

"Woman!" cried he, "I am the governor of Lanark. You now stand before the representative of the great King Edward, and on your allegiance to him, and on the peril of your life, I command you to answer me three questions. Where is Sir William Wallace, the murderer of my nephew? Who is that old Scot, for whom my nephew was slain? He and his whole family shall meet my vengeance! And tell me where is that box of treasure which your husband stole from Douglas Castle? Answer me these questions on your life."

Lady Wallace remained silent.

"Speak, woman!" demanded the governor. "If fear cannot move you, know that I can reward as well as avenge. I

will endow you richly, if you declare the truth. If you persist to refuse, you die."

"Then I die," replied she, scarcely opening her half-closed eyes, as she leaned, fainting and motionless, against the soldier who held her.

"What!" cried the governor, stifling his rage, in hopes to gain by persuasion on a spirit he found threats could not intimidate; "can so gentle a lady reject the favor of England; large grants in this country, and perhaps a fine English knight for a husband, when you might have all for the trifling service of giving up a traitor to his liege lord, and confessing where his robberies lie concealed? Speak, fair dame; give me this information, and the lands of the wounded chieftain whom Wallace brought here, with the hand of the handsome Sir Gilbert Hambledon, shall be your reward. Rich, and a beauty in Edward's court! - Lady, can you now refuse to purchase all, by declaring the hiding place of the traitor Wallace?"

"It is easier to die!"

"Fool!" cried Heselrigge, driven from his assumed temper by her steady denial. "What! is it easier for these dainty limbs to be hacked to pieces by my soldiers' axes? Is it easier for that fair bosom to be trodden underfoot by my horse's hoofs, and for that beauteous head of thine to decorate my lance? Is all this easier than to tell me where to find a murderer and his gold?"

Lady Wallace shuddered: she stretched her hands to heaven.

"Speak once for all!" cried the enraged governor, drawing his sword; "I am no waxen-hearted Hambledon, to be cajoled by your beauty. Declare where Wallace is concealed, or dread my vengeance."

The horrid steel gleamed across the eyes of the unhappy Marion; unable to sustain herself, she sunk on the ground.

"Kneel not to me for mercy!" cried the fierce wretch; "I grant none, unless you confess your husband's hiding place."

A momentary strength darted from the heart of Lady Wallace to her voice. "I kneel to heaven alone, and may it ever preserve my Wallace from the fangs of Edward and his tyrants!"

"Blasphemous wretch!" cried the infuriate Heselrigge; and in that moment he plunged his sword into her defenseless

breast. Halbert, who had all this time been held back by the soldiers, could not believe that the fierce governor would perpetrate the horrid deed he threatened; but seeing it done, with a giant's strength and a terrible cry he burst from the hands which held him, and had thrown himself on the bleeding Marion, before her murderer could strike his second blow. However, it fell, and pierced through the neck of the faithful servant before it reached her heart. She opened her dying eyes, and seeing who it was that would have shielded her life, just articulated, "Halbert! my Wallace—to God——" and with the last unfinished sentence her pure soul took its flight to regions of eternal peace.

The good old man's heart almost burst, when he felt that before-heaving bosom now motionless; and groaning with grief, and fainting with loss of blood, he lay senseless on her body.

A terrific stillness was now in the hall. Not a man spoke; all stood looking on each other, with a stern horror marking each pale countenance. Heselrigge, dropping his blood-stained sword on the ground, perceived by the behavior of his men that he had gone too far, and fearful of arousing the indignation of awakened humanity, to some act against himself, he addressed the soldiers in an unusual accent of condescension: "My friends," said he, "we will now return to Lanark: to-morrow you may come back, for I reward your services of this night with the plunder of Ellerslie."

"May a curse light on him who carries a stick from its ground!" exclaimed a veteran, from the further end of the hall. "Amen!" murmured all the soldiers, with one consent; and falling back, they disappeared, one by one, out of the great door, leaving Heselrigge alone with the soldier, who stood leaning on his sword looking on the murdered lady.

"Grimsby, why stand you there?" demanded Heselrigge; "follow me."

"Never," returned the soldier.

"What!" exclaimed the governor, momentarily forgetting his panic, "dare you speak thus to your commander? March on before me this instant, or expect to be treated as a rebel."

"I march at your command no more," replied the veteran, eying him resolutely: "the moment you perpetrated this bloody deed, you became unworthy the name of man; and I should disgrace my own manhood, were I ever again to obey the word of such a monster!"

"Villain!" cried the enraged Heselrigge, "you shall die for this!"

"That may be," answered Grimsby, "by the hands of some tyrant like yourself; but no brave man, not the royal Edward, would do otherwise than acquit his soldier for refusing obedience to the murderer of an innocent woman. It was not so he treated the wives and daughters of the slaughtered Saracens when I followed his banners over the fields of Palestine!"

"Thou canting miscreant!" cried Heselrigge, springing on him suddenly, and aiming his dagger at his breast. But the soldier arrested the weapon, and at the same instant closing upon the assassin, with a turn of his foot threw him to the ground. Heselrigge, as he lay prostrate, seeing his dagger in his adversary's hand, with the most dastardly promises, implored for life.

"Monster!" cried the soldier, "I would not pollute my honest hands with such unnatural blood. Neither, though thy hand has been lifted against my life, would I willingly take thine. It is not rebellion against my commander that actuates me, but hatred of the vilest of murderers. I go far from you, or your power; but if you forswear your voluntary oath, and attempt to seek me out for vengeance, remember it is a soldier of the cross you pursue, and a dire retribution shall be demanded by Heaven, at a moment you cannot avoid, and with a horror commensurate with your crimes."

There was a solemnity and determination in the voice and manner of the soldier that paralyzed the intimidated soul of the governor; he trembled violently, and repeating his oath of leaving Grimsby unmolested, at last obtained his permission to return to Lanark. The men, in obedience to the conscience-struck orders of their commander, had mounted their horses, and were now far out of sight. Heselrigge's charger was still in the courtyard; he was hurrying towards it, but the soldier, with a prudent suspicion, called out, "Stop, sir! you must walk to Lanark. The cruel are generally false: I cannot trust your word, should you have the power to break it. Leave this horse here — to-morrow you may send for it, I shall then be far away."

Heselrigge saw that remonstrance would be unavailing; and shaking with impotent rage, he turned into the path which, after five weary miles, would lead him once more to his citadel.

From the moment the soldier's manly spirit had dared to deliver its abhorrence of Lady Wallace's murder, he was aware that his life would no longer be safe within reach of the machinations of Heselrigge; and determined, alike by detestation of him, and regard for his own preservation, he resolved to take shelter in the mountains, till he could have an opportunity of going beyond sea to join his king's troops in the Guienne wars.

Full of these thoughts, he returned into the hall. As he approached the bleeding group on the floor, he perceived it move; hoping that perhaps the unhappy lady might not be dead, he drew near; but, alas! as he bent to examine, he touched her hand and found it quite cold. The blood which had streamed from the now exhausted heart, lay congealed upon her arms and bosom. Grimsby shuddered. Again he saw her move; but it was not with her own life; the recovering senses of her faithful servant, as his arms clung around the body, had disturbed the remains of her who would wake no more.

On seeing that existence yet struggled in one of these blameless victims, Grimsby did his utmost to revive the old man. He raised him from the ground, and poured some strong liquor he had in a flask into his mouth. Halbert breathed freer; and his kind surgeon, with the venerable harper's own plaid, bound up the wound in his neck. Halbert opened his eyes. When he fixed them on the rough features and English helmet of the soldier, he closed them again with a deep groan.

"My honest Scot," said Grimsby, "trust in me. I am a man like yourself; and though a Southron, am no enemy to age and helplessness."

The harper took courage at these words: he again looked at the soldier; but suddenly recollecting what had passed, he turned his eyes towards the body of his mistress, on which the beams of the now rising sun were shining. He started up, and staggering towards her, would have fallen, had not Grimsby supported him. "O what a sight is this!" cried he, wringing his hands. "My lady! my lovely lady! see how low she lies who was once the delight of all eyes, the comforter of all hearts." The old man's sobs suffocated him. The veteran turned away his face; a tear dropped upon his hand. "Accursed Heselrigge," ejaculated he, "thy fate must come!"

"If there be a man's heart in all Scotland, it is not far distant!" cried Halbert. "My master lives, and will avenge this

murder. You weep, soldier, and you will not betray what has now escaped me."

"I have fought in Palestine," returned he, "and a soldier of the cross betrays none who trust him. Saint Mary preserve your master and conduct you safely to him. We must both hasten hence. Heselrigge will surely send in pursuit of me. He is too vile to forgive the truth I have spoken to him; and should I fall into his power, death is the best I could expect at his hands. Let me assist you to put this poor lady's remains into some decent place; and then, my honest Scot, we must separate."

Halbert, at these words, threw himself upon the bosom of his mistress, and wept with loud lamentations over her. In vain he attempted to raise her in his feeble arms. "I have carried thee scores of times in thy blooming infancy," cried he; "and now must I bear thee to thy grave? I had hoped that my eyes would have been closed by this dear hand." As he spoke, he pressed her cold hand to his lips with such convulsive sobs that the soldier, fearing he would expire in the agony of his sorrow, took him almost motionless from the dead body, and exhorted him to suppress such self-destroying grief for the sake of his master. Halbert gradually revived, and listening to him, cast a wishful look on the lifeless Marion.

"There sleeps the pride and hope of Ellerslie, the mother with her child! O my master, my widowed master," cried he, "what will comfort thee!"

Fearing the ill consequence of the further delay, the soldier again interrupted his lamentations with arguments for flight; and Halbert, recollecting the oratory in which Wallace had ordered the body of Lord Mar to be deposited, named it for that of his dead lady. Grimsby, immediately wrapping the beauteous corse in the white garments which hung about it, raised it in his arms, and was conducted by Halbert to a little chapel in the heart of a neighboring cliff.

The still weeping old man removed the altar; and Grimsby, laying the shrouded Marion upon its rocky platform, covered her with the pall, which he drew from the holy table, and laid the crucifix upon her bosom. Halbert, when his beloved mistress was thus hidden from his sight, threw himself on his knees beside her, and in the vehement language of grief, offered up a prayer for her departed soul.

"Hear me, righteous Judge of heaven and earth!" cried he; "as thou didst avenge the blood of innocence shed in

Bethlehem, so let the gray hairs of Heselrigge be brought down in blood to the grave for the murder of this innocent lady!" Halbert kissed the cross; and rising from his knees, went weeping out of the chapel, followed by the soldier.

Having closed the door, and carefully locked it, absorbed in meditation on what would be the agonized transports of his master, when he should tell him these grievous tidings, Halbert proceeded in silence, till he and his companion in passing the well were startled by a groan.

"Here is some one in extremity!" cried the soldier. "Is it possible he lives!" exclaimed Halbert, bending down to the edge of the well with the same inquiry. "Yes," feebly answered the earl, "I still exist, but am very faint. If all be safe above, I pray remove me into the upward air!" Halbert replied that it was indeed necessary he should ascend immediately; and lowering the rope, told him to tie the iron box to it and then himself. This done, with some difficulty, and the assistance of the wondering soldier (who now expected to see the husband of the unfortunate Lady Wallace emerge to the knowledge of his loss), he at last effected the earl's release. For a few seconds the fainting nobleman supported himself on his countryman's shoulder, while the fresh morning breeze gradually revived his exhausted frame. The soldier looked at his gray locks and furrowed brow, and marveled how such proofs of age could belong to the man whose resistless valor had discomfited the fierce determination of Arthur Heselrigge and his myrmidons. However, his doubts of the veteran before him being other than the brave Wallace were soon satisfied by the earl himself, who asked for a draught of the water which trickled down the opposite hill; and while Halbert went to bring it, Lord Mar raised his eyes to inquire for Sir William and the Lady Marion. He started when he saw English armor on the man he would have accosted, and rising suddenly from the stone on which he sat, demanded, in a stern voice, "Who art thou?"

"An Englishman," answered the soldier; "one who does not, like the monster Heselrigge, disgrace the name. I would assist you, noble Wallace, to fly this spot. After that, I shall seek refuge abroad; and there, on the fields of Guienne, demonstrate my fidelity to my king."

Mar looked at him steadily. "You mistake; I am not Sir William Wallace."

At that moment Halbert came up with the water. The earl drank it, though now, from the impulse surprise had given to his blood, he did not require its efficacy; and turning to the venerable bearer, he asked of him whether his master were safe.

"I trust he is," replied the old man; "but you, my lord, must hasten hence. A foul murder has been committed here, since he left it."

"But where is Lady Wallace?" asked the earl; "if there be such danger we must not leave her to meet it."

"She will never meet danger more!" cried the old man, clasping his hands; "she is in the bosom of the Virgin; and no second assassin's steel can reach her there."

"What!" exclaimed the earl, hardly articulate with horror, "is Lady Wallace murdered?" Halbert answered only by his tears.

"Yes," said the soldier; "and detestation of so unmanly an outrage provoked me to desert his standard. But no time must now be lost in unavailing lamentation. Heselrigge will return; and if we also would not be sacrificed to his rage, we must hence immediately."

The earl, struck dumb at this recital, gave the soldier time to recount the particulars. When he had finished, Lord Mar saw the necessity for instant flight, and ordered horses to be brought from the stables. Though he had fainted in the well, the present shock gave such tension to his nerves, that he found, in spite of his wound, he could now ride without difficulty.

Halbert went as commanded, and returned with two horses. Having only amongst rocks and glens to go, he did not bring one for himself; and begging the good soldier might attend the earl to Bothwell, he added, "He will guard you and this box, which Sir William Wallace holds as his life. What it contains I know not; and none, he says, may dare to search into. But you will take care of it for his sake, till more peaceful times allow him to reclaim his own!"

"Fatal box!" cried the soldier, regarding it with an abhorrent eye; "that was the leading cause which brought Heselrigge to Ellerslie."

"How?" inquired the earl. Grimsby then briefly related, that immediately after the return to Lanark of the detachment sent to Ellerslie, under the command of Sir Gilbert Hambleton, an officer arrived from the English garrison in Douglas, and

told the governor that Sir William Wallace had that evening taken a quantity of treasure from the castle. His report was, that the English soldiers who stood near the Scottish knight when he mounted at the castle gate, saw a long iron coffer under his arm, but not suspecting its having belonged to Douglas, they thought not of it, till they overheard Sir John Monteith, as he passed through one of the galleries, muttering something about gold and a box. To intercept the robber amongst his native glens, the soldiers deemed impracticable, and therefore their captain came immediately to lay the information before the governor of Lanark. As the scabbard found in the affray with young Arthur had betrayed the victor to have been Sir William Wallace, this intimation of his having been also the instrument of wresting from the grasp of Heselrigge perhaps the most valuable spoil in Douglas, exasperated him to the most vindictive excess. Inflamed with the double furies of revenge and avarice, he ordered out a new troop, and placing himself at its head, took the way to Ellerslie. One of the servants, whom some of Hambleton's men had seized for the sake of information, on being threatened with the torture, confessed to Heselrigge, that not only Sir William Wallace was in the house when it was attacked, but that the person whom he had rescued in the streets of Lanark, and who proved to be a wealthy nobleman, was there also. This whetted the eagerness of the governor to reach Ellerslie; and expecting to get a rich booty, without the most distant idea of the horrors he was going to perpetrate, a large detachment of men followed him.

"To extort money from you, my Lord," continued the soldier, "and to obtain that fatal coffer, were his main objects; but disappointed in his darling passion of avarice, he forgot he was a man, and the blood of innocence glutted his barbarous vengeance."

"Hateful gold!" cried Lord Mar, spurning the box with his foot; "it cannot be for itself the noble Wallace so greatly prizes it: it must be a trust."

"I believe it is," returned Halbert, "for he enjoined my lady to preserve it for the sake of his honor. Take care of it then, my Lord, for the same sacred reason."

The Englishman made no objection to accompany the earl; and by a suggestion of his own, Halbert brought him a Scottish bonnet and cloak from the house. While he put them on, the

earl observed that the harper held a drawn and blood-stained sword in his hand, on which he steadfastly gazed. "Whence came that horrid weapon?" cried Lord Mar.

"It is my lady's blood," replied Halbert, still looking on it. "I found it where she lay, in the hall, and I will carry it to my master. Was not every drop of her blood dear to him? and here are many." As the old man spoke he bent his head on the sword, and groaned heavily.

"England shall hear more of this!" cried Mar, as he threw himself across the horse. "Give me that fatal box; I will buckle it to my saddlebow. Inadequate will be my utmost care of it, to repay the vast sorrows its preservation and mine have brought upon the head of my deliverer."

The Englishman in silence mounted his horse, and Halbert opened a back gate that led to the hills which lay between Ellerslie and Bothwell Castle. Lord Mar took a golden-trophied bugle from his breast: "Give this to your master, and tell him that by whatever hands he sends it, the sight of it shall always command the services of Donald Mar. I go to Bothwell, in expectation that he will join me there. In making it his home he will render me happy, for my friendship is now bound to him by bonds which only death can sever."

Halbert took the horn, and promising faithfully to repeat the earl's message, prayed God to bless him and the honest soldier. A rocky promontory soon excluded them from his sight, and in a few minutes more even the sound of their horses' hoofs was lost on the soft herbage of the winding dell.

ney. All was lonely and comfortless; and sighing bitterly over the wide devastation, he concealed the fatal sword and the horn under his cloak, and with a staff which he broke from a withered tree, took his way down the winding craigs. Many a pointed flint pierced his aged feet, while exploring the almost trackless paths, which by their direction he hoped would lead him at length to the deep caves of Corie Lynn.

CORIE LYNN.

After having traversed many a weary rood of, to him, before untrodden ground, the venerable minstrel of the house of Wallace, exhausted by fatigue, sat down on the declivity of a steep craig. The burning beams of the midday sun now beat upon the rocks, but the overshadowing foliage afforded him shelter; and a few berries from the brambles, which knit themselves over the path he had yet to explore, with a draught of water from a friendly burn, offered themselves to revive his enfeebled limbs. Insufficient as they appeared, he took them, blessing Heaven for sending even these; and strengthened by half an hour's rest, again he grasped his staff to pursue his way.

After breaking a passage through the entangled shrubs that grew across the only possible footing in this solitary wilderness, he went along the side of the expanding stream, which at every turning of the rocks increased in depth and violence. The rills from above, and other mountain brooks, pouring from abrupt falls down the craigs, covered him with spray, and intercepted his passage. Finding it impracticable to proceed through the rushing torrent of a cataract, whose distant roarings might have intimidated even a younger adventurer, he turned from its tumbling waters which burst from his sight, and crept on his hands and knees up the opposite acclivity, catching by the fern and other weeds to stay him from falling back into the flood below. Prodigious craggy heights towered above his head as he ascended; while the rolling clouds which canopied their summits, seemed descending to wrap him in their "fleecy skirts"; or the projecting rocks bending over the waters of the glen, left him only a narrow shelf in the cliff, along which he crept till it brought him to the mouth of a cavern.

He must either enter it or return the way he came, or



SIR WILLIAM WALLACE'S MONUMENT AT ABBEY CRAIG,
STIRLING

From a photo by G. W. Wilson & Co., Ltd., Aberdeen

attempt the descent of overhanging precipices which nothing could surmount but the pinions of their native birds. Above him was the mountain. Retread his footsteps until he had seen his beloved master, he was resolved not to do—to perish in these glens would be more tolerable to him; for while he moved forward, hope, even in the arms of death, would cheer him with the whisper *that he was in the path of duty*. He therefore entered the cavity, and passing on, soon perceived an aperture, through which emerging on the other side, he found himself again on the margin of the river. Having attained a wider bed, it left him a still narrower causeway, to perform the remainder of his journey.

Huge masses of rock, canopied with a thick umbrage of firs, beech, and weeping birch, closed over the glen and almost excluded the light of day. But more anxious, as he calculated by the increased rapidity of the stream he must now be approaching the great fall near his master's concealment, Halbert redoubled his speed. But an unlooked-for obstacle baffled his progress. A growing gloom he had not observed in the sky-excluded valley, having entirely overspread the heavens, at this moment suddenly discharged itself, amidst peals of thunder, in heavy floods of rain upon his head.

Fearful of being overwhelmed by the streams, which now on all sides crossed his path, he kept upon the edge of the river, to be as far as possible from the influence of their violence. And thus he proceeded, slowly and with trepidation, through numerous defiles, and under the plunge of many a mountain torrent, till the augmented storm of a world of waters dashing from side to side, and boiling up with the noise and fury of the contending elements above, told him he was, indeed not far from the fall of Corie Lynn.

The spray was spread in so thick a mist over the glen, he knew not how to advance. A step further might be on the firm earth, but more probably illusive, and dash him into the roaring Lynn, where he would be engulfed at once in its furious whirlpool. He paused and looked around. The rain had ceased, but the thunder still rolled at a distance, and echoed tremendously from the surrounding rocks. Halbert shook his gray locks, streaming with wet, and looked towards the sun, now gilding with its last rays the vast sheets of falling water.

"This is thine hour, my master!" exclaimed the old man; "and surely I am too near the Lynn to be far from thee!"

With these words he raised the pipe that hung at his breast and blew three strains of the appointed air. In former days it used to call from her bower that "fair star of evening," the beauteous Marion, now departed forever into her native heaven. The notes trembled as his agitated breath breathed them into the instrument; but feeble as they were, and though the roar of the cataract might have prevented their reaching a less attentive ear than that of Wallace, yet he sprang from the innermost recess under the fall, and dashing through its rushing waters, the next instant was at the side of Halbert.

"Faithful creature!" cried he, catching him in his arms, with all the joy of that moment which ends the anxious wish to learn tidings of what is dearest in the world, "how fares my Marion?"

"I am weary," cried the heart-stricken old man: "take me within your sanctuary, and I will tell you all."

Wallace perceived that his time-worn servant was indeed exhausted; and knowing the toils and hazards of the perilous track he must have passed over in his way to this fearful solitude; also remembering how, as he sat in his shelter, he had himself dreaded the effects of the storm upon so aged a traveler, he no longer wondered at the dispirited tone of his greeting, and readily accounted for the pale countenance and tremulous step which at first had excited his alarm.

Giving the old man his hand, he led him with caution to the brink of the Lynn; and then folding him in his arms, dashed with him through the tumbling water into the cavern he had chosen for his asylum. Halbert sunk against its rocky side, and putting forth his hand to catch some of the water as it fell, drew a few drops to his parched lips, and swallowed them. After this light refreshment, he breathed a little and turned his eyes upon his anxious master.

"Are you sufficiently recovered, Halbert, to tell me how you left my dearest Marion?"

Halbert dreaded to see the animated light which now cheered him from the eyes of his master, overclouded with the Cimmerian horrors his story must unfold: he evaded the direct reply: "I saw your guest in safety; I saw him and the iron box on their way to Bothwell."

"What!" inquired Wallace, "were we mistaken? was not the earl dead when we looked into the well?" Halbert replied in the negative, and was proceeding with a circumstantial

account of his recovery and his departure, when Wallace interrupted him.

"But what of my wife, Halbert? why tell me of others before of her? She whose safety and remembrance are now my sole comfort?"

"Oh, my dear lord!" cried Halbert, throwing himself on his knees in a paroxysm of mental agony, "she remembers you where best her prayers can be heard. She kneels for her beloved Wallace, before the throne of God!"

"Halbert!" cried Sir William, in a low and fearful voice, "what would you say? My Marion—speak! tell me in one word she lives!"

"In heaven!"

At this confirmation of a sudden terror, imbibed from the ambiguous words of Halbert, and which his fond heart would not allow him to acknowledge to himself, Wallace covered his face with his hands and fell with a deep groan against the side of the cavern. The horrid idea of premature maternal pains, occasioned by anguish for him; of her consequent death, involving perhaps that of her infant, struck him to the soul; a mist seemed passing over his eyes; life was receding; and gladly did he believe he felt his spirit on the eve of joining hers.

In having declared that the idol of his master's heart no longer existed for him in this world, Halbert thought he had revealed the worst, and he went on. "Her latest breath was spent in prayer for you. 'My Wallace' were the last words her angel spirit uttered as it issued from her bleeding wounds."

The cry that burst from the heart of Wallace, as he started on his feet at this horrible disclosure, seemed to pierce through all the recesses of the glen, and with an instantaneous and dismal return was reëchoed from rock to rock. Halbert threw his arms round his master's knees. The frantic blaze of his eye struck him with affright. "Hear me, my lord; for the sake of your wife, now an angel hovering near you, hear what I have to say."

Wallace looked around with a wild countenance. "My Marion near me! Blessed spirit! Oh, my murdered wife! my unborn babe! Who made those wounds?" cried he, catching Halbert's arm with a tremendous though unconscious grasp; "tell me who had the heart to aim a blow at that angel's life?"

"The governor of Lanark," replied Halbert.

"How? for what?" demanded Wallace, with the terrific glare of madness shooting from his eyes. "My wife! my wife! what had she done?"

"He came at the head of a band of ruffians, and seizing my lady, commanded her on the peril of her life, to declare where you and the earl of Mar and the box of treasure were concealed. My lady persisted to refuse him information, and in a deadly rage he plunged his sword into her breast." Wallace clenched his hands over his face, and Halbert went on. "Before he aimed a second blow, I had broken from the men who held me, and thrown myself on her bosom; but all could not save her: the villain's sword had penetrated her heart!"

"Great God!" exclaimed Wallace, "dost thou hear this murder?" His hands were stretched towards heaven; then falling on his knees, with his eyes fixed, "Give me power, Almighty Judge!" cried he, "to assert thy justice! Let me avenge this angel's blood, and then take me to thy mercy!"

"My gracious master," cried Halbert, seeing him rise with a stern composure, "here is the fatal sword: the blood on it is sacred, and I brought it to you."

Wallace took it in his hand. He gazed at it, touched it, and kissed it frantically. The blade was hardly yet dry, and the ensanguined hue came off upon the pressure. "Marion! Marion!" cried he, "is it thine? Does thy blood stain my lip?" He paused for a moment, leaning his burning forehead against the fatal blade; then looking up with a terrific smile, "Beloved of my soul! never shall this sword leave my hand till it has drunk the lifeblood of thy murderer."

"What is it you intend, my lord?" cried Halbert, viewing with increased alarm the resolute ferocity which now, blazing from every part of his countenance, seemed to dilate his figure with more than mortal daring. "What can you do? Your single arm——"

"I am not single—God is with me. I am his avenger. Now tremble, tyranny! I come to hurl thee down!" At the word he sprang from the cavern's mouth, and had already reached the topmost cliff when the piteous cries of Halbert penetrated his ear; they recalled him to recollection, and returning to his faithful servant, he tried to soothe his fears, and spoke in a composed though determined tone. "I will lead you from this solitude to the mountains, where the shepherds of Ellerslie are tending their flocks. With them you

will find a refuge, till you have strength to reach Bothwell Castle. Lord Mar will protect you for my sake."

Halbert now remembered the bugle, and putting it into his master's hand, with its accompanying message, asked for some testimony in return, that the earl might know he had delivered it safely. "Even a lock of your precious hair, my beloved master, will be sufficient."

"Thou shalt have it, severed from my head by this accursed steel," answered Wallace, taking off his bonnet, and letting his amber locks fall in tresses on his shoulders. Halbert burst into a fresh flood of tears, for he remembered how often it had been the delight of Marion to comb these bright tresses and to twist them round her ivory fingers. Wallace looked up as the old man's sobs became audible, and read his thoughts: "It will never be again, Halbert," cried he, and with a firm grasp of the sword he cut off a large handful of his hair.

"Marion, thy blood hath marked it!" exclaimed he; "and every hair on my head shall be dyed of the same hue, before this sword is sheathed upon thy murderers. Here, Halbert," continued he, knotting it together, "take this to the earl of Mar: it is all, most likely, he will ever see again of William Wallace. Should I fall, tell him to look on that, and in my wrongs read the future miseries of Scotland, and remember that God armeth a patriot's hand. Let him act on that conviction, and Scotland may yet be free."

Halbert placed the lock in his bosom, but again repeated his entreaties, that his master would accompany him to Bothwell Castle. He urged the consolation he would meet from the good earl's friendship.

"If he indeed regard me," returned Wallace, "for my sake let him cherish you. My consolations must come from a higher hand: I go where it directs. If I live, you shall see me again, but twilight approaches—we must away. The sun must not rise again upon Heselrigge."

Halbert now followed the rapid steps of Wallace, who, assisting the feeble limbs of his faithful servant, drew him up the precipitous side of the Lynn, and then leaping from rock to rock, awaited with impatience the slower advances of the poor old harper, as he crept round a circuit of overhanging cliffs, to join him on the summit of the crags.

Together they struck into the most inaccessible defiles of the mountains, and proceeded, till on discerning smoke whiten-

ing with its ascending curls the black sides of the impending rocks, Wallace saw himself near the object of his search. He sprang on a high cliff projecting over this mountain valley, and blowing his bugle with a few notes of the well-known *pibroch* of Lanarkshire, was answered by the reverberations of a thousand echoes.

At the loved sounds which had not dared to visit their ears since the Scottish standard was lowered to Edward, the hills seemed teeming with life. Men rushed from their fastnesses, and women with their babes eagerly followed, to see whence sprung a summons so dear to every Scottish heart. Wallace stood on the cliff, like the newly aroused genius of his country: his long plaid floated afar, and his glittering hair, streaming on the blast, seemed to mingle with the golden fires which shot from the heavens. Wallace raised his eyes—a clash as of the tumult of contending armies filled the sky, and flames, and flashing steel, and the horrid red of battle, streamed from the clouds upon the hills.

“Scotsmen!” cried Wallace, waving the fatal sword, which blazed in the glare of these northern lights, like a flaming brand, “behold how the heavens cry aloud to you! I come, in the midst of their fires, to call you to vengeance. I come in the name of all ye hold dear, of the wives of your bosoms, and the children in their arms, to tell you the poniard of England is unsheathed—innocence and age and infancy fall before it. With this sword, last night, did Heselrigge, the English tyrant of Lanark, break into my house, and murder my wife!”

The shriek of horror that burst from every mouth, interrupted Wallace. “Vengeance! vengeance!” was the cry of the men, while tumultuous lamentations for the “sweet Lady of Ellerslie” filled the air from the women.

Wallace sprang from the cliff into the midst of his brave countrymen. “Follow me, then, to strike the mortal blow.”

“Lead on!” cried a vigorous old man. “I drew this stout claymore last in the battle of Largs. *Life and Alexander* was then the word of victory: now, ye accursed Southrons, ye shall meet the slogan of *Death and Lady Marion*.”

“Death and Lady Marion!” was echoed with shouts from mouth to mouth. Every sword was drawn; and those hardy peasants who owned none, seizing the instruments of pasturage, armed themselves with wolf spears, pickaxes, forks, and scythes.

Sixty resolute men now arranged themselves around their

chief, Wallace, whose widowed heart turned icy cold at the dreadful slogan of his Marion's name, more fiercely grasped his sword, and murmured to himself, "From this hour may Scotland date her liberty, or Wallace return no more! My faithful friends," cried he, turning to his men, and placing his plumed bonnet on his head, "let the spirits of your fathers inspire your souls; ye go to assert that freedom for which they died. Before the moon sets, the tyrant of Lanark must fall in blood."

"Death and Lady Marion!" was the pealing answer that echoed from the hills.

Wallace again sprang on the cliffs. His brave peasants followed him; and taking their rapid march by a near cut through a hitherto unexplored defile of the Cartlane Craigs, leaping chasms, and climbing perpendicular rocks, they suffered no obstacles to impede their steps, while thus rushing onward like lions to their prey.

LANARK CASTLE.

The women, and the men whom age withheld from so desperate an enterprise, now thronged around Halbert, to ask a circumstantial account of the disaster which had filled all with so much horror.

Many tears followed his recital; not one of his auditors was an indifferent listener; all had individually, or in persons dear to them, partaken of the tender Marion's benevolence. Their sick beds had been comforted by her charity; her voice had often administered consolation to their sorrows; her hand had smoothed their pillows, and placed the crucifix before their dying eyes. Some had recovered to bless her, and some departed to record her virtues in heaven.

"Ah! is she gone?" cried a young woman, raising her face, covered with tears, from the bosom of her infant; "is the loveliest lady that ever the sun shone upon, cold in the grave? Alas, for me! she it was that gave me the roof under which my baby was born; she it was who, when the Southron soldiers slew my father, and drove us from our home in Ayrshire, gave to my old mother, and my then wounded husband, our cottage by the burnside. Ah! well can I spare him now to avenge her murder."

The night being far advanced, Halbert retired, at the invi-

tation of this young woman, to repose on the heather bed of her husband, who was now absent with Wallace. The rest of the peasantry withdrew to their coverts, while she and some other women whose anxieties would not allow them to sleep, sat at the cavern's mouth watching the slowly moving hours.

The objects of their fond and fervent prayers, Wallace and his little army, were rapidly pursuing their march. It was midnight—all was silent as they hurried through the glen, as they ascended with flying footsteps the steep acclivities that led to the cliffs which overhung the vale of Ellerslie. Wallace must pass along their brow. Beneath was the tomb of his sacrificed Marion! He rushed forward to snatch one look, even of the roof which shrouded her beloved remains.

But in the moment before he mounted the intervening height, a soldier in English armor crossed the path, and was seized by his men. One of them would have cut him down, but Wallace turned away the weapon. "Hold, Scot!" cried he, "you are not a Southron, to strike the defenseless. This man has no sword."

The reflection on their enemy, which this plea of mercy contained, reconciled the impetuous Scots to the clemency of their leader. The rescued man joyfully recognizing the voice of Wallace, exclaimed, "It is my lord! It is Sir William Wallace that has saved my life a second time!"

"Who are you?" asked Wallace; "that helmet can cover no friend of mine."

"I am your servant Dugald," returned the man, "he whom your brave arm saved from the battle-ax of Arthur Hesolrigge."

"I cannot now ask you how you came by that armor; but if you be yet a Scot, throw it off and follow me."

"Not to Ellerslie, my lord," cried he; "it has been plundered and burnt to the ground by the governor of Lanark."

"Then," exclaimed Wallace, striking his breast, "are the remains of my beloved Marion forever ravished from my eyes? Insatiate monster!"

"He is Scotland's curse," cried the veteran of Largs. "Forward, my lord, in mercy to your country's groans!"

Wallace had now mounted the craig which overlooked Ellerslie. His once happy home had disappeared, and all beneath lay a heap of smoking ashes. He hastened from the sight, and directing the point of his sword with a forceful action toward Lanark, echoed with supernatural strength, "Forward!"

With the rapidity of lightning his little host flew over the hills, reached the cliffs which divided them from the town, and leaped down before the outward trench of the castle of Lanark. In a moment Wallace sprang so feeble a barrier; and with a shout of death, in which the tremendous slogan of his men now joined, he rushed upon the guard that held the northern gate.

Here slept the governor. These opponents being slain by the first sweep of the Scottish swords, Wallace hastened onward, winged with twofold retribution. The noise of battle was behind him; for the shouts of his men had aroused the garrison and drawn its soldiers, half naked, to the spot. He reached the door of the governor. The sentinel who stood there flew before the terrible warrior that presented himself. All the mighty vengeance of Wallace blazed in his face and seemed to surround his figure with a terrible splendor. With one stroke of his foot he drove the door from its hinges, and rushed into the room.

What a sight for the now awakened and guilty Heselrigge! It was the husband of the defenseless woman he had murdered, come in the power of justice, with uplifted arm and vengeance in his eyes! With a terrific scream of despair, and an outcry for the mercy he dared not expect, he fell back into the bed and sought an unavailing shield beneath its folds.

"Marion! Marion!" cried Wallace, as he threw himself towards the bed and buried the sword, yet red with her blood, through the coverlid, deep into the heart of her murderer. A fiendlike yell from the slain Heselrigge told him his work was done; and drawing out the sword he took the streaming blade in his hand. "Vengeance is satisfied," cried he: "thus, O God! do I henceforth divide self from my heart!" As he spoke he snapped the sword in twain, and throwing away the pieces, put back with his hand the impending weapons of his brave companions, who, having cleared the passage of their assailants, had hurried forward to assist in ridding their country of so detestable a tyrant.

"'Tis done," cried he. As he spoke he drew down the coverlid and discovered the body of the governor weltering in blood. The ghastly countenance, on which the agonies of hell seemed imprinted, glared horrible even in death.

Wallace turned away; but the men exulting in the sight, with a shout of triumph exclaimed, "So fall the enemies of Sir William Wallace!"

"Rather so fall the enemies of Scotland!" cried he: "from this hour Wallace has neither love nor resentment but for her. Heaven has heard me devote myself to work our country's freedom or to die. Who will follow me in so just a cause?"

"All! — with Wallace forever!"

The new clamor which this resolution excited, intimidated a fresh band of soldiers, who were hastening across the courtyard to seek the enemy in the governor's apartments. But on hearing the noise they hastily retreated, and no exertions of their officers could prevail on them to advance again, or even to appear in sight, when the resolute Scots with Wallace at their head soon afterwards issued from the great gate. The English commanders seeing the panic of their men, and which they were less able to surmount on account of the way to the gate being strewn with their slain comrades, fell back into the shadow of the towers, where by the light of the moon, like men paralyzed, they viewed the departure of their enemies over the trenches.



FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(From "The Lady of the Lake.")

[SIR WALTER SCOTT: The great Scotch novelist and poet; born August 15, 1771, in Edinburgh, where he attended the university. He practiced as an advocate for a while, then withdrew from the bar and devoted his attention largely to literature. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" (1805) brought him into prominence as an author; and in 1814 he published anonymously "Waverley," the first of the "Waverley Novels." He became a partner in Constable's publishing house and the Ballantynes' printing house, in order to realize all sides of the profit from his works; but bad management, and his immense overdrafts on their resources to build up a great feudal estate at Abbotsford, left them so weak that the panic of 1825 ruined both. He wore out his life in the effort to pay up in full the liabilities of £120,000, and the royalties on his books achieved this after his death. His other great poems are "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake," and lesser ones in merit are "Rokeby," "The Lord of the Isles," "Harold the Dauntless," "The Bridal of Triermain," and "The Vision of Don Roderick." Among the "Waverleys" may be cited "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "The Abbot," "Quentin Durward," "The Pirate," and "The Talisman."]

THE shades of eve come slowly down,
The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,
The owl awakens from her dell,



SIR WALTER SCOTT

From a painting by P. Krümer. By permission of F. Bruckmann, Munich

The fox is heard upon the fell;
Enough remains of glimmering light
To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
Yet not enough from far to show
His figure to the watchful foe.
With cautious step, and ear awake,
He climbs the crag and threads the brake;
And not the summer solstice there
Tempered the midnight mountain air,
But every breeze that swept the wold
Benumbed his drenched limbs with cold.
In dread, in danger, and alone,
Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;
Till, as the rock's huge point he turned,
A watch fire close before him burned.

Beside its embers red and clear,
Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer;
And up he sprung with sword in hand, —
"Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!" —
"A stranger." — "What dost thou require?" —
"Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost." —
"Art thou a friend to Roderick?" — "No." —
"Thou dar'st not call thyself a foe?" —
"I dare! to him and all his band
He brings to aid his murderous hand." —
"Bold words! — but, though the beast of game
The privilege of chase may claim,
Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
Who ever recked, where, how, or when,
The prowling fox was trapped or slain?
Thus treacherous scouts, — yet sure they lie,
Who say thou cam'st a secret spy!" —
"They do, by heaven! — Come Roderick Dhu,
And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest." —
"If by the blaze I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight."
"Then by these tokens mayst thou know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe." —

"Enough, enough; sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."

He gave him of his Highland cheer,
The hardened flesh of mountain deer;
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his plaid.
He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his further speech addressed:—
"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honor spoke,
Demands of me avenging stroke;
Yet more,—upon thy fate, 'tis said,
A mighty augury is laid.
It rests with me to wind my horn,—
Thou art with numbers overborne;
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand:
But, not for clan, nor kindred's cause,
Will I depart from honor's laws;
To assail a wearied man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name;
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,
As far as Coilantogle's ford;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword."—
"I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given!"—
"Well, rest thee; for the bittern's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."
With that he shook the gathered heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

THE COMBAT.

Fair as the earliest beam of eastern light,
When first, by the bewildered pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
And lights the fearful path on mountain side ;—
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of War.

That early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Looked out upon the dappled sky,
Muttered their soldier matins by,
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o'er, the Gael around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way,
By thicket green and mountain gray.
A wildering path!— they winded now
Along the precipice's brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
The windings of the Forth and Teith,
And all the vales between that lie,
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
Gained not the length of horseman's lance.
'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain
Assistance from the hand to gain;
So tangled oft that, bursting through,
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew,—
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
It rivals all but Beauty's tear.

At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep.
Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose;
Ever the hollow path twined on,

Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;
 An hundred men might hold the post
 With hardihood against a host.
 The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
 Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
 With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
 And patches bright of bracken green,
 And heather black, that waved so high,
 It held the copse in rivalry.
 But where the lake slept, deep and still,
 Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;
 And oft both path and hill were torn,
 Where wintry torrents down had borne,
 And heaped upon the cumbered land
 Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.
 So toilsome was the road to trace,
 The guide, abating of his pace,
 Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
 And asked Fitz-James by what strange cause
 He sought these wilds, traversed by few,
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

"Brave Gael, my pass in danger tried,
 Hangs in my belt, and by my side;
 Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,
 "I dreamt not now to claim its aid.
 When here, but three days since, I came,
 Bewildered in pursuit of game, —
 All seemed as peaceful and as still,
 As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
 Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,
 Nor soon expected back from war.
 Thus said, at least, my mountain guide,
 Though deep, perchance, the villain lied."
 "Yet why a second venture try?"

"A warrior thou, and ask me why! —
 Moves our free course by such fixed cause
 As gives the poor mechanic laws?
 Enough, I sought to drive away
 The lazy hours of peaceful day;
 Slight cause will then suffice to guide
 A Knight's free footsteps far and wide, —
 A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,
 The merry glance of mountain maid:

Or, if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone."

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not; —
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
Say, heard ye naught of Lowland war,
Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?"
— "No, by my word; — of bands prepared
To guard King James's sports I heard;
Nor doubt I aught, but when they hear
This muster of the mountaineer,
Their pennons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung." —
"Free be they flung! for we were loath
Their silken folds should feast the moth.
Free be they flung! — as free shall wave
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.
But, Stranger, peaceful since you came,
Bewildered in the mountain game,
Whence the bold boast by which you show
Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?" —
"Warrior, but yesternorn, I knew
Naught of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an outlawed desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who in the Regent's court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight;
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart."

Wrathful at such arraignment foul,
Dark lowered the clansman's sable scowl.
A space he paused, then sternly said,
"And heard'st thou why he drew his blade?
Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
What recked the Chieftain if he stood
On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood?
He rights such wrong where it is given,
If it were in the court of heaven." —
"Still was it outrage; — yet, 'tis true,
Not then claimed sovereignty his due;
While Albany, with feeble hand,
Held borrowed truncheon of command,
The young King, mew'd in Stirling tower,

Was stranger to respect and power.
But then, thy Chieftain's robber life! —
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain
His herds and harvest reared in vain, —
Methinks a soul like thine should scorn
The spoils from such foul foray borne."

The Gael beheld him, grim the while,
And answered with disdainful smile, —
"Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I marked thee send delighted eye
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between: —
These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.
Where dwell we now? See rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread,
For fattened steer or household bread,
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
And well the mountain might reply, —
'To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore!
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.'
Pent in this fortress of the North,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?
Ay, by my soul! — While on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
But one along yon river's maze, —
The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.
Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold
That plundering Lowland field and fold
Is aught but retribution true?
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu." —

Answered Fitz-James, — “ And, if I sought,
Think'st thou no other could be brought?
What deem ye of my path waylaid?
My life given o'er to ambuscade ? ” —

“ As of a meed to rashness due :
Hadst thou sent warning fair and true, —
I seek my hound, or falcon strayed,
I seek, good faith, a Highland maid, —
Free hadst thou been to come and go,
But secret path marks secret foe.
Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,
Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,
Save to fulfill an augury.” —

“ Well, let it pass ; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow,
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride :
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace ; but when I come again,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For lovelorn swain, in lady's bower,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band ! ”

“ Have, then, thy wish ! ” — he whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill ;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows :
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe ;
From shingles gray their lances start,
The bracken brush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow wand
Are bristling into ax and brand, .
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife.
That whistle garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
 Ierranean host had given.

Watching their leader's beck and will,
 All silent there they stood, and still.
 Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
 Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
 As if an infant's touch could urge
 Their headlong passage down the verge,
 With step and weapon forward flung,
 Upon the mountain side they hung.
 The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
 Along Benledi's living side,
 Then fixed his eye and sable brow
 Full on Fitz-James — "How say'st thou now?
 These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
 And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!"

Fitz-James was brave:—though to his heart
 The lifeblood thrilled with sudden start,
 He manned himself with dauntless air,
 Returned the Chief his haughty stare,
 His back against a rock he bore,
 And firmly placed his foot before:—
 "Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
 From its firm base as soon as I."
 Sir Roderick marked, — and in his eyes
 Respect was mingled with surprise,
 And the stern joy which warriors feel
 In foemen worthy of their steel.
 Short space he stood — then waved his hand;
 Down sunk the disappearing band;
 Each warrior vanished where he stood,
 In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
 Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
 In osiers pale and copses low;
 It seemed as if their mother Earth
 Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
 The wind's last breath had tossed in air,
 Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—
 The next but swept a lone hillside,
 Where heath and fern were waving wide;
 The sun's last glance was glinted back
 From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—
 The next, all unreflected, shone
 On a bracken green and cold gray stone.

Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle the moldering lines,
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurled.
And here his course the Chieftain stayed,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said:—
“Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine’s outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain’s vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here all vantageless I stand,
Armed like thyself, with single brand;
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword.”

The Saxon paused: “I ne’er delayed,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay, more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death;
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved;
Can naught but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?” — “No, Stranger, none!
And here, — to fire thy flagging zeal, —
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead:
‘Who spills the foremost foeman’s life,
His party conquers in the strife.’” —
“Then, by my word,” the Saxon said,
“The riddle is already read.
See yonder brake beneath the cliff, —
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate has solved her prophecy;
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favor free,

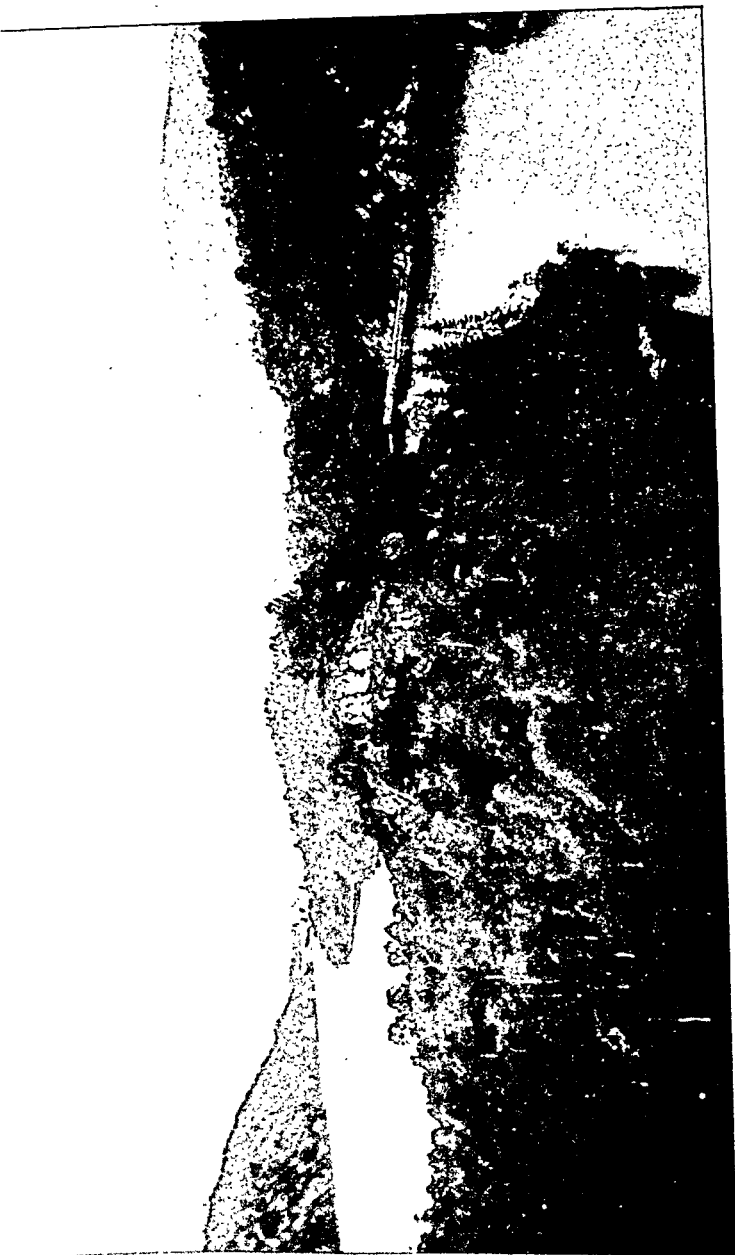
I plight mine honor, oath, and word,
That to thy native strengths restored,
With each advantage thou shalt stand,
That aids thee now to guard thy land."

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye:
"Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name of Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate; —
My clansman's blood demands revenge.
Not yet prepared? — By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valor light
As that of some vain carpet knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair." —
"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone! —
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not — doubt not — which thou wilt —
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."
Then each at once his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne'er might see again;
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

He practiced every pass and ward,
 To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
 While less expert, though stronger far,
 The Gael maintained unequal war.
 Three times in closing strife they stood,
 And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
 No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
 The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
 Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
 And showered his blows like wintry rain;
 And, as firm rock, or castle roof,
 Against the winter shower is proof,
 The foe, invulnerable still,
 Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;
 Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
 Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
 And backward borne upon the lea,
 Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

"Now, yield thee, or by Him who made
 The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"
 "Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
 Let recreant yield, who fears to die."
 — Like adder darting from his coil,
 Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
 Like mountain cat who guards her young,
 Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
 Received, but recked not of a wound,
 And locked his arms his foeman round. —
 Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
 No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
 That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
 Through bars of brass and triple steel! —
 They tug, they strain! down, down they go,
 The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
 The Chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,
 His knee was planted on his breast;
 His clotted locks he backward threw,
 Across his brow his hand he drew,
 From blood and mist to clear his sight,
 Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright! —
 But hate and fury ill supplied
 The stream of life's exhausted tide,
 And all too late the advantage came,
 To turn the odds of deadly game;

RODERICK DIU'S WATCHTOWER



For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
 Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye.
 Down came the blow! but in the heath
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
 The struggling foe may now unclasp
 The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;
 Unwounded from the dreadful close,
 But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

MARJORIE FLEMING.¹

BY DR. JOHN BROWN.

[JOHN BROWN: A Scotch physician and author; born in Lanarkshire, September, 1810; died May 11, 1882. He was one of the chief doctors of Edinburgh, taking his M.D. at that university in 1833; and the author of "*Hore Subsecivæ*" (Leisure Hours) (1858, 1861, 1882), a volume of essays and sketches, containing the ever-popular "Rab and his Friends," "Pet Marjorie," etc.]

ONE November afternoon in 1810—the year in which "Waverley" was resumed and laid aside again, to be finished off, its last two volumes in three weeks, and made immortal in 1814, and when its author, by the death of Lord Melville, narrowly escaped getting a civil appointment in India—three men, evidently lawyers, might have been seen escaping like schoolboys from the Parliament House, and speeding arm in arm down Bank Street and the Mound, in the teeth of a surly blast of sleet.

The three friends sought the *bield* of the low wall old Edinburgh boys remember well, and sometimes miss now, as they struggled with the stout west wind.

The three were curiously unlike each other. One, "a little man of feeble make, who would be unhappy if his pony got beyond a foot pace," slight, with "small, elegant features, hectic cheek, and soft hazel eyes, the index of the quick, sensitive spirit within, as if he had the warm heart of a woman, her genuine enthusiasm, and some of her weaknesses." Another, as unlike a woman as a man can be; homely, almost common, in look and figure; his hat and his coat, and indeed his entire covering, worn to the quick, but all of the best material; what redeemed him from vulgarity and meanness were his eyes, deep set, heavily thatched, keen, hungry, shrewd, with a slumbering

¹ From "*Hore Subsecivæ*." By permission of A. & C. Black.
 3 vols., crown 8vo., price 3s. 6d. each.

glow far in, as if they could be dangerous; a man to care nothing for at first glance, but somehow, to give a second and not-forgotten look at. The third was the biggest of the three, and, though lame, nimble and all rough and alive with power; had you met him anywhere else, you would say he was a Liddesdale store farmer, come of gentle blood; "a stout, blunt carle," as he says of himself, with the swing and stride and the eye of a man of the hills, — a large, sunny, out-of-door air all about him. On his broad and somewhat stooping shoulders, was set that head which, with Shakespeare's and Bonaparte's, is the best known in all the world.

He was in high spirits, keeping his companions and himself in roars of laughter, and every now and then seizing them, and stopping, that they might take their fill of the fun; there they stood shaking with laughter, "not an inch of their body free" from its grip. At George Street they parted, one to Rose Court, behind St. Andrew's Church, one to Albany Street, the other, our big and limping friend, to Castle Street.

We need hardly give their names. The first was William Erskine, afterwards Lord Kinnedder, chased out of the world by a calumny, killed by its foul breath, —

And at the touch of wrong, without a strife
Slipped in a moment out of life.

There is nothing in literature more beautiful or more pathetic than Scott's love and sorrow for this friend of his youth.

The second was William Clerk, — the *Darsie Latimer* of "Redgauntlet," "a man," as Scott says, "of the most acute intellects and powerful apprehension," but of more powerful indolence, so as to leave the world with little more than the report of what he might have been, — a humorist as genuine, though not quite so savagely Swiftian, as his brother, Lord Eldin, neither of whom had much of that commonest and best of all the humors, called good.

The third we all know. What has he not done for every one of us? Who else ever, except Shakespeare, so diverted mankind, entertained and entertains a world so liberally, so wholesomely? We are fain to say, not even Shakespeare, for his is something deeper than diversion, something higher than pleasure, and yet who would care to split this hair?

Had any one watched him closely before and after the parting, what a change he would see! The bright, broad laugh,



DR. JOHN BROWN

the shrewd, jovial word, the man of the Parliament House and of the world; and next step, moody, the light of his eye withdrawn, as if seeing things that were invisible; his shut mouth, like a child's, so impressionable, so innocent, so sad; he was now all within, as before he was all without; hence his brooding look. As the snow blattered in his face, he muttered, "How it raves and drifts! On-ding o' snaw,—ay, that's the word,—on-ding——" He was now at his own door, "Castle Street, No. 39." He opened the door, and went straight to his den; that wondrous workshop, where, in one year, 1823, when he was fifty-two, he wrote "Peveril of the Peak," "Quentin Durward," and "St. Ronan's Well," besides much else. We once took the foremost of our novelists, the greatest, we would say, since Scott, into this room, and could not but mark the solemnizing effect of sitting where the great magician sat so often and so long, and looking out upon that little shabby bit of sky and that back green, where faithful Camp lies.

He sat down in his large green morocco elbow chair, drew himself close to his table, and glowered and gloomed at his writing apparatus, "a very handsome old box, richly carved, lined with crimson velvet, and containing ink bottles, taper stand, etc., in silver, the whole in such order, that it might have come from the silversmith's window half an hour before." He took out his paper, then starting up angrily, said, "'Go spin, you jade, go spin.' No, d—— it, it won't do, —

"My spinnin' wheel is auld and stiff,
The rock o't wunna stand, sir,
To keep the temper pin in tiff
Employs ower aft my hand, sir.

I am off the fang. I can make nothing of 'Waverley' to-day; I'll awa' to Marjorie. Come wi' me, Maida, you thief." The great creature rose slowly, and the pair were off, Scott taking a *maud* (a plaid) with him. "White as a frosted plum cake, by jingo!" said he, when he got to the street. Maida gamboled and whisked among the snow, and his master strode across to Young Street, and through it to 1 North Charlotte Street, to the house of his dear friend, Mrs. William Keith, of Corstorphine Hill, niece of Mrs. Keith, of Ravelston, of whom he said at her death, eight years after, "Much tradition, and that of the best, has died with this excellent old lady, one of

the few persons whose spirits and *cleanliness* and freshness of mind and body made old age lovely and desirable."

Sir Walter was in that house almost every day, and had a key, so in he and the hound went, shaking themselves in the lobby. "Marjorie! Marjorie!" shouted her friend, "where are ye, my bonnie wee croodlin doo?" In a moment a bright, eager child of seven was in his arms, and he was kissing her all over. Out came Mrs. Keith. "Come yer ways in, Wattie." "No, not now. I am going to take Marjorie wi' me, and you may come to your tea in Duncan Roy's sedan, and bring the bairn home in your lap." "Tak' Marjorie, and it *on-ding o snaw!*" said Mrs. Keith. He said to himself, "On-ding,—that's odd,—that is the very word." "Hoot, awa! look here," and he displayed the corner of his plaid, made to hold lambs (the true shepherd's plaid, consisting of two breadths sewed together, and uncut at one end, making a poke or *cul de sac*). "Tak' yer lamb," said she, laughing at the contrivance, and so the Pet was first well happit up, and then put, laughing silently, into the plaid neuk, and the shepherd strode off with his lamb—Maida gamboling through the snow, and running races in her mirth.

Didn't he face "the angry airt," and make her bield his bosom, and into his own room with her, and lock the door, and out with the warm, rosy, little wifie, who took it all with great composure! There the two remained for three or more hours, making the house ring with their laughter; you can fancy the big man's and Maidie's laugh. Having made the fire cheery, he set her down in his ample chair, and standing sheepishly before her, began to say his lesson, which happened to be,—
 "Ziccotty, diccotty, dock, the mouse ran up the clock, the clock struck wan, down the mouse ran, ziccotty, diccotty, dock."
 This done repeatedly till she was pleased, she gave him his new lesson, gravely and slowly, timing it upon her small fingers,—he saying it after her,—

"Wonery, twoery, tickery, seven;
 Alibi, crackaby, ten, and eleven;
 Pin, pan, musky, dan;
 Tweedle-un, twoddle-un,
 Twenty-wan; eerie, orie, ourie,
 You, are, out."

He pretended to great difficulty and she rebuked him with

most comical gravity, treating him as a child. He used to say that when he came to Alihi Crackaby he broke down, and Pin-Pan, Musky-Dan, Tweedle-um, Twoddle-um made him roar with laughter. He said *Musky-Dan* especially was beyond endurance, bringing up an Irishman and his hat fresh from the Spice Islands and odoriferous Ind; she getting quite bitter in her displeasure at his ill behavior and stupidity.

Then he would read ballads to her in his own glorious way, the two getting wild with excitement over "Gil Morrice" or the "Baron of Smailholm"; and he would take her on his knee, and make her repeat Constance's speeches in "King John," till he swayed to and fro, sobbing his fill. Fancy the gifted little creature, like one possessed, repeating:—

"For I am sick, and capable of fears,
Oppressed with wrong, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears."

"If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim,
Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious——"

Or, drawing herself up "to the height of her great argument,"—

"I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
Here I and sorrow sit."

Scott used to say that he was amazed at her power over him, saying to Mrs. Keith, "She's the most extraordinary creature I ever met with, and her repeating of Shakespeare overpowers me as nothing else does."

Thanks to the unforgetting sister of this dear child, who has much of the sensibility and fun of her who has been in her small grave these fifty and more years, we have now before us the letters and journals of Pet Marjorie,—before us lies and gleams her rich brown hair, bright and sunny as if yesterday's, with the words on the paper, "Cut out in her last illness," and two pictures of her by her beloved Isabella, whom she worshiped; there are the faded old scraps of paper, hoarded still, over which her warm breath and her warm little heart had poured themselves; there is the old watermark, "Lingard,

1808." The two portraits are very like each other, but plainly done at different times; it is a chubby, healthy face, deep-set, brooding eyes, as eager to tell what is going on within as to gather in all the glories from without; quick with the wonder and the pride of life; they are eyes that would not be soon satisfied with seeing; eyes that would devour their object, and yet childlike and fearless; and that is a mouth that will not be soon satisfied with love; it has a curious likeness to Scott's own, which has always appeared to us his sweetest, most mobile and speaking feature.

There she is, looking straight at us as she did at him,—fearless and full of love, passionate, wild, willful, fancy's child. One cannot look at it without thinking of Wordsworth's lines on poor Hartley Coleridge:—

O blessed vision, happy child!
 Thou art so exquisitely wild,
 I thought of thee with many fears,
 Of what might be thy lot in future years.
 I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,
 Lord of thy house and hospitality;
 And Grief, uneasy lover! ne'er at rest,
 But when she sat within the touch of thee.
 Oh, too industrious folly!
 Oh, vain and causeless melancholy!
 Nature will either end thee quite,
 Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
 Preserve for thee by individual right,
 A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flock.

And we can imagine Scott, when holding his warm, plump little playfellow in his arms, repeating that stately friend's lines:—

"Loving she is, and tractable, though wild,
 And Innocence hath privilege in her,
 To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes,
 And feats of cunning; and the pretty round
 Of trespasses, affected to provoke
 Mock chastisement and partnership in play.
 And, as a fagot sparkles on the hearth,
 Not less if unattended and alone,
 Than when both young and old sit gathered round,
 And take delight in its activity,
 Even so this happy creature of herself

Is all-sufficient; solitude to her
Is blithe society; she fills the air
With gladness and involuntary songs."

But we will let her disclose herself. We need hardly say that all this is true, and that these letters are as really Marjorie's as was this light brown hair; indeed, you could as easily fabricate the one as the other.

There was an old servant, Jeanie Robertson, who was forty years in her grandfather's family. Marjorie Fleming, or, as she is called in the letters, and by Sir Walter, Maidie, was the last child she kept. Jeanie's wages never exceeded £3 a year, and, when she left service, she had saved £40. She was devotedly attached to Maidie, rather despising and ill-using her sister Isabella, — a beautiful and gentle child. This partiality made Maidie apt at times to domineer over Isabella. "I mention this" (writes her surviving sister) "for the purpose of telling you an instance of Maidie's generous justice. When only five years old, when walking in Raith grounds, the two children had run on before, and old Jeanie remembered they might come too near a dangerous mill lade. She called to them to turn back. Maidie heeded her not, rushed all the faster on, and fell, and would have been lost, had her sister not pulled her back, saving her life, but tearing her clothes. Jeanie flew on Isabella to 'give it her' for spoiling her favorite's dress; Maidie rushed in between, crying out, 'Pay [whip] Maidie as much as you like, and I'll not say one word; but touch Isy, and I'll roar like a bull!' Years after Maidie was resting in her grave, my mother used to take me to the place, and told the story always in the exact same words." This Jeanie must have been a character. She took great pride in exhibiting Maidie's brother William's Calvinistic acquirements, when nineteen months old, to the officers of a militia regiment then quartered in Kirkcaldy. This performance was so amusing that it was often repeated, and the little theologian was presented by them with a cap and feathers. Jeanie's glory was "putting him through the carritch [catechism]" in broad Scotch, beginning at the beginning with, "Wha made ye, ma bonnie man?" For the correctness of this and the three next replies Jeanie had no anxiety, but the tone changed to menace, and the closed *nieve* (fist) was shaken in the child's face, as she demanded, "Of what are you made?" "DIRT," was the answer uniformly given.

"Wull ye never learn to say *dust*, ye thrawn deevil?" with a cuff from the opened hand, was the as inevitable rejoinder.

Here is Maidie's first letter before she was six. The spelling unaltered, and there are no "commoes."

"MY DEAR ISA,—I now sit down to answer all your kind and beloved letters which you was so good as to write to me. This is the first time I ever wrote a letter in my Life. There are a great many Girls in the Square and they cry just like a pig when we are under the painfull necessity of putting it to Death. Miss Potune a Lady of my acquaintance praises me dreadfully. I repeated something out of Dean Swift, and she said I was fit for the stage, and you may think I was primmed up with majestick Pride, but upon my word I felt myselfe turn a little birsay — birsay is a word which is a word that William composed which is as you may suppose a little enraged. This horrid fat simpliton says that my Aunt is beautifull which is intirely impossible for that is not her nature."

What a peppery little pen we wield! What could that have been out of the Sardonic Dean? What other child of that age would have used "beloved" as she does? This power of affection, this faculty of *beloving*, and wild hunger to be beloved, comes out more and more. She periled her all upon it, and it may have been as well — we know, indeed, that it was far better — for her that this wealth of love was so soon withdrawn to its one only infinite Giver and Receiver. This must have been the law of her earthly life. Love was indeed "her Lord and King"; and it was perhaps well for her that she found so soon that her and our only Lord and King Himself is Love.

Here are bits from her Diary at Braehead: "The day of my existence here has been delightful and enchanting. On Saturday I expected no less than three well made Bucks the names of whom is here advertised. Mr. Geo. Crakey [Craigie], and Wm. Keith and Jn. Keith — the first is the funniest of every one of them. Mr. Crakey and I walked to Crakyhall [Craigiehall] hand in hand in Innocence and matitation [meditation] sweet thinking on the kind love which flows in our tender hearted mind which is overflowing with majestic pleasure no one was ever so polite to me in the hole state of my existence. Mr. Craky you must know is a great Buck and pretty good-looking.

"I am at Ravelston enjoying nature's fresh air. The birds

are singing sweetly — the calf doth frisk and nature shows her glorious face."

Here is a confession : "I confess I have been very more like a little young devil than a creature for when Isabella went upstairs to teach me religion and my multiplication and to be good and all my other lessons I stamped with my foot and threw my new hat which she had made on the ground and was sulky and was dreadfully passionate, but she never whiped me but said Marjory go into another room and think what a great crime you are committing letting your temper git the better of you. But I went so sulkily that the Devil got the better of me but she never never never whips me so that I think I would be the better of it and the next time that I behave ill I think she should do it for she never does it. . . . Isabella has given me praise for checking my temper for I was sulky even when she was kneeling an hole hour teaching me to write."

Our poor little wifie, *she* has no doubt of the personality of the Devil ! "Yesterday I behave extremely ill in God's most holy church for I would never attend myself nor let Isabella attend which was a great crime for she often, often tells me that when to or three are geathered together God is in the midst of them, and it was the very same Devil that tempted Job that tempted me I am sure ; but he resisted Satan though he had boils and many many other misfortunes which I have escaped. . . . I am now going to tell you the horrible and wretched plaege [plague] that my multiplication gives me you can't conceive it the most Devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itself cant endure."

This is delicious ; and what harm is there in her "Devilish" ? It is strong language merely ; even old Rowland Hill used to say "he grudged the Devil those rough and ready words." "I walked to that delightful place Crakyhall with a delightful young man beloved by all his friends especially by me his loveress, but I must not talk any more about him for Isa said it is not proper for to speak of gentalmen but I will never forget him ! . . . I am very very glad that satan has not given me boils and many other misfortunes — In the holy bible these words are written that the Devil goes like a roaring lyon in search of his pray but the lord lets us escape from him but we" (*pauvre petite* !) "do not strive with this awfull Spirit. . . . To-day I pronounced a word which should never come out of a lady's lips it was that I called John a Impudent Bitch.

yew trees,—still thrive; the burn runs as it did in her time, and sings the same quiet tune,—as much the same and as different as *Now* and *Then*. The house full of old family relics and pictures, the sun shining on them through the small deep windows with their plate glass; and there, blinking at the sun, and chattering contentedly, is a parrot, that might, for its looks of eld, have been in the ark, and domineered over and *deaved* the dove. Everything about the place is old and fresh.

This is beautiful: “I am very sorry to say that I forgot God—that is to say I forgot to pray to-day and Isabella told me that I should be thankful that God did not forget me—if he did, O what become of me if I was in danger and God not friends with me—I must go to unquenchable fire and if I was tempted to sin—how could I resist it O no I will never do it again—no no—if I can help it.” (Canny wee wifie!) “My religion is greatly falling off because I dont pray with so much attention when I am saying my prayers, and my charecter is lost among the Braehead people. I hope I will be religious again—but as for regaining my charecter I despare for it.” (Poor little “habit and repute”!)

Her temper, her passion, and her “badness” are almost daily confessed and deplored: “I will never again trust to my own power, for I see that I cannot be good without God’s assistance—I will not trust in my own selfe, and Isa’s health will be quite ruined by me—it will indeed.” “Isa has giving me advice, which is, that when I feal Satan beginning to tempt me, that I flea him and he would flea me.” “Remorse is the worst thing to bear, and I am afraid that I will fall a marter to it.”

Poor dear little sinner!—Here comes the world again: “In my travels I met with a handsome lad named Charles Bal-four Esq., and from him I got ofers of marage—offers of marriage, did I say? Nay plenty heard me.” A fine scent for “breach of promise!”

This is abrupt and strong: “The Divil is curced and all works. ’Tis a fine work ‘Newton on the profecies.’ I wonder if there is another book of poems comes near the Bible. The Divil always girms at the sight of the Bible.” “Miss Potune” (her “simpliton” friend) “is very fat; she pretends to be very learned. She says she saw a stone that dropt from the skies; but she is a good Christian.” Here come her views on church government: “An Annibabtist is a thing I am not a member

of—I am a Pislekan [Episcopalian] just now, and” (O you little Laodicean and Latitudinarian!) “a Prisbeteran at Kirk-caldy!”—(*Blandula! Vagula! cælum et animum mutas quæ trans mare* (i.e. *trans Bodotriam*)-*curris!*)—“my native town.” “Sentiment is not what I am acquainted with as yet, though I wish it, and should like to practise it” (!) “I wish I had a great, great deal of gratitude in my heart, in all my body.” “There is a new novel published, named ‘Self-Control’” (Mrs. Brunton’s)—“a very good maxim forsooth!” This is shocking: “Yesterday a marrade man, named Mr. John Balfour, Esq., offered to kiss me, and offered to marry me, though the man” (a fine directness this!) “was espused, and his wife was present and said he must ask her permission; but he did not. I think he was ashamed and confounded before 3 gentelman—Mr. Jobson and 2 Mr. Kings.” “Mr. Banester’s” (Bannister’s) “Budjet is to-night; I hope it will be a good one. A great many authors have expressed themselves too sentimentally.” You are right, Marjorie. “A Mr. Burns writes a beautiful song on Mr. Cunhaming, whose wife desarted him—truly it is a most beautiful one.” “I like to read the Fabulous historys, about the historys of Robin, Dickey, flapsay, and Peccay, and it is very amusing, for some were good birds and others bad, but Peccay was the most dutiful and obedient to her parients.” “Thomson is a beautiful author, and Pope, but nothing to Shakespear, of which I have a little knolege. ‘Macbeth’ is a pretty composition, but awful one.” “The ‘Newgate Calender’ is very instructive” (!) “A sailor called here to say farewell; it must be dreadful to leave his native country when he might get a wife; or perhaps me, for I love him very much. But O I forgot, Isabella forbid me to speak about love.” This antiphlogistic regimen and lesson is ill to learn by our Maidie, for here she sins again: “Love is a very papithatiek thing” (it is almost a pity to correct this into pathetic), “as well as troublesome and tiresome—but O Isabella forbid me tnto speak of it.” Here are her reflections on a pineapple: “I gounk the price of a pineapple is very dear: it is a whole bright Here is ten guinea, that might have sustained a poor family.” chicks fr a new vernal simile: “The hedges are sprouting like vulgar say,om the eggs when they are newly hatched or, as the I got some oi, *clacked*.” “Doctor Swift’s works are very funny; much praised, f them by heart.” “Moreheads sermons are I hear
but I never read sermons of any kind; but I read

novelettes and my Bible, and I never forget it, or my prayers." Bravo, Marjorie!

She seems now, when still about six, to have broken out into song:—

EPHIBOL (EPIGRAM OR EPITAPH—WHO KNOWS WHICH?) ON MY
DEAR LOVE ISABELLA.

Here lies sweet Isabell in bed,
With a nightcap on her head;
Her skin is soft, her face is fair,
And she has very pretty hair;
She and I in bed lies nice,
And undisturbed by rats or mice;
She is disgusted with Mr. Worgan,
Though he plays upon the organ.
Her nails are neat, her teeth are white,
Her eyes are very, very bright;
In a conspicuous town she lives,
And to the poor her money gives:
Here ends sweet Isabella's story,
And may it be much to her glory.

Here are some bits at random:—

Of summer I am very fond,
And love to bathe into a pond;
The look of sunshine dies away,
And will not let me out to play;
I love the morning's sun to spy
Glittering through the casement's eye,
The rays of light are very sweet,
And puts away the taste of meat;
The balmy breeze comes down from heaven
And makes us like for to be living.

"The casawary is a curious bird, and so is the gigantic crane, and the pelican of the wilderness, whose mouth holds a bucket of fish and water. Fighting is what ladies is not qualyified for, they would not make a good figure in battle or in a duel. Alas! we females are of little use to our country. The history of all the malcontents as ever was hanged is amusing." Still harping on the "Newgate Calendar"!

"Braehead is extremely pleasant to me by the companie of swine, geese, cocks, etc., and they are the delight of my soul."

"I am going to tell you of a melancholy story. A young turkie of 2 or 3 months old, would you believe it, the father broke its leg, and he killed another! I think he ought to be transported or hanged."

"Queen Street is a very gay one, and so is Princes Street, for all the lads and lasses, besides bucks and beggars, parade there."

"I should like to see a play very much, for I never saw one in all my life, and don't believe I ever shall; but I hope I can be content without going to one. I can be quite happy without my desire being granted."

"Some days ago Isabella had a terrible fit of the toothache, and she walked with a long night-shift at dead of night like a ghost, and I thought she was one. She prayed for nature's sweet restorer — balmy sleep — but did not get it — a ghostly figure indeed she was, enough to make a saint tremble. It made me quiver and shake from top to toe. Superstition is a very mean thing, and should be despised and shunned."

Here is her weakness and her strength again: "In the love-novels all the heroines are very desperate. Isabella will not allow me to speak about lovers and heroins, and it is too refined for my taste." "Miss Egward's [Edgeworth's] tails are very good, particularly some that are very much adapted for youth (!) as Laz Laurance and Tarelton, False Keys, etc. etc."

"Tom Jones and Gray's Elegey in a country churchyard are both excellent, and much spoke of by both sex, particularly by the men." Are our Marjories nowadays better or worse because they cannot read Tom Jones unharmed? More better than worse; but who among them can repeat Gray's "Lines on a Distant Prospect of Eton College" as could our Maidie?

Here is some more of her prattle: "I went into Isabella's bed to make her smile like the Genius Demedicus" (the Venus de Medicis) "or the statute in an ancient Greece, but she fell asleep in my very face, at which my anger broke forth, so that I awoke her from a comfortable nap. All was now hushed up again, but again my anger burst forth at her bidding me get up."

She begins thus loftily, —

Death the righteous love to see,
But from it doth the wicked flee.

'Breaks off (as if with laughter), —

I am sure they fly as fast as their legs can carry them!

There is a thing I love to see,
That is our monkey catch a flee.

I love in Isa's bed to lie,
Oh, such a joy and luxury!
The bottom of the bed I sleep,
And with great care within I creep;
Oft I embrace her feet of lillys,
But she has goton all the pillys.
Her neck I never can embrace,
But I do hug her feet in place.

How childish and yet how strong and free is her use of words! — "I lay at the foot of the bed because Isabella said I disturbed her by continial fighting and kicking, but I was very dull, and continially at work reading the Arabian Nights, which I could not have done if I had slept at the top. I am reading the Mysteries of Udolpho. I am much interested in the fate of poor, poor Emily."

Here is one of her swains : —

Very soft and white his cheeks,
His hair is red, and grey his breeks;
His tooth is like the daisy fair,
His only fault is in his hair.

This is a higher flight : —

DEDICATED TO MRS. H. CRAWFORD BY THE AUTHOR, M. F.

Three turkeys fair their last have breathed,
And now this world forever leaved;
Their father, and their mother too,
They sigh and weep as well as you;
Indeed, the rats their bones have crunched,
Into eternity theire launched.
A direful death indeed they had,
As wad put any parent mad;
But she was more than usual calm,
She did not give a single dam.

This last word is saved from all sin by its tender age, not to speak of the want of the *n*. We fear "she" is the abandoned mother, in spite of her previous sighs and tears.

"Isabella says when we pray we should pray fervently, and not rattel over a prayer — for that we are kneeling at the footstool of our Lord and Creator, who saves us from eternal damnation, and from unquestionable fire and brimston."

She has a long poem on Mary Queen of Scots : —

Queen Mary was much loved by all,
Both by the great and by the small,
But hark ! her soul to heaven doth rise !
And I suppose she has gained a prize —
For I do think she would not go
Into the *awful* place below ;
There is a thing that I must tell,
Elizabeth went to fire and hell ;
He who would teach her to be civil,
It must be her great friend the divil !

She hits off Darnley well : —

A noble's son, a handsome lad,
By some queer way or other, had
Got quite the better of her heart,
With him she always talked apart ;
Silly he was, but very fair,
A greater buck was not found there.

"By some queer way or other," — is not this the general case and the mystery, young ladies and gentlemen ? Goethe's doctrine of "elective affinities" discovered by our Pet Maidie.

SONNET TO A MONKEY.

O lively, O most charming pug
Thy graceful air, and heavenly mug ;
The beauties of his mind do shine,
And every bit is shaped and fine.
Your teeth are whiter than the snow,
Your a great buck, your a great beau ;
Your eyes are of so nice a shape,
More like a Christian's than an ape ;
Your cheek is like the rose's blume,
Your hair is like the raven's plume ;
His nose's cast is of the Roman,
He is a-very pretty woman.
I could not get a rhyme for Roman,
So was obliged to call him woman.

This last joke is good. She repeats it when writing of James the Second being killed at Roxburgh :—

He was killed by a cannon splinter,
Quite in the middle of the winter;
Perhaps it was not at that time,
But I can get no other rhyme!

Here is one of her last letters, dated Kirkcaldy, 12th October, 1811. You can see how her nature is deepening and enriching: "MY DEAR MOTHER,—You will think that I entirely forget you but I assure you that you are greatly mistaken. I think of you always and often sigh to think of the distance between us two loving creatures of nature. We have regular hours for all our occupations first at 7 o'clock we go to the dancing and come home at 8 we then read our Bible and get our repeating and then play till ten then we get our music till 11 when we get our writing and accounts we sew from 12 till 1 after which I get my gramer and then work till five. At 7 we come and knit till 8 when we dont go to the dancing. This is an exact description. I must take a hasty farewell to her whom I love, reverence and doat on and who I hope thinks the same of

"MARJORY FLEMING.

"P.S.—An old pack of cards (!) would be very exep-
tible."

This other is a month earlier: "MY DEAR LITTLE MAMA,—I was truly happy to hear that you were all well. We are surrounded with measles at present on every side, for the Herons got it, and Isabella Heron was near Death's Door, and one night her father lifted her out of bed, and she fell down as they thought lifeless. Mr. Heron said, 'That lassie's deed noo'—'I'm no deed yet.' She then threw up a big worm nine inches and a half long. I have begun dancing, but am not very fond of it, for the boys strikes and mocks me.—I have been another night at the dancing; I like it better. I will write to you as often as I can; but I am afraid not every week. *I long for you with the longings of a child to embrace you—to fold you in my arms. I respect you with all the respect due to a mother. You dont know how I love you. So I shall remain, your loving child—*M. FLEMING."

What rich involution of love in the words marked ! Here are some lines to her beloved Isabella, in July, 1811 : —

There is a thing that I do want,
 With you these beauteous walks to haunt,
 We would be happy if you would
 Try to come over if you could.
 Then I would all quite happy be
Now and for all eternity.
 My mother is so very sweet,
And checks my appetite to eat ;
 My father shows us what to do ;
 But O I'm sure that I want you.
 I have no more of poetry ;
 O Isa do remember me,
 And try to love your Marjory.

In a letter from " Isa " to

Miss Muff Maidie Marjory Fleming,
 favored by Rare Rear-Admiral Fleming,

she says : " I long much to see you, and talk over all our old stories together, and to hear you read and repeat. I am pining for my old friend Cesario, and poor Lear, and wicked Richard. How is the dear Multiplication table going on ? are you still as much attached to 9 times 9 as you used to be ? "

But this dainty, bright thing is about to flee, — to come " quick to confusion. " The measles she writes of seized her, and she died on the 19th of December, 1811. The day before her death, Sunday, she sat up in bed, worn and thin, her eye gleaming as with the light of a coming world, and with a tremulous, old voice repeated the following lines by Burns, — heavy with the shadow of death, and lit with the fantasy of the judgment seat, — the publican's prayer in paraphrase : —

" Why am I loath to leave this earthly scene ?
 Have I so found it full of pleasing charms ?
 Some drops of joy, with draughts of ill between,
 Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms.
 Is it departing pangs my soul alarms ?
 Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode ?
 For guilt, for GUILT my terrors are in arms ;
 I tremble to approach an angry God,
 And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

"Fain would I say, forgive my foul offense,
 Fain promise nevermore to disobey;
 But should my Author health again dispense,
 Again I might forsake fair virtue's way,
 Again in folly's path might go astray,
 Again exalt the brute and sink the man.
 Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
 Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan,
 Who sin so oft have mourned, yet to temptation ran?

"O thou great Governor of all below,
 If I might dare a lifted eye to thee,
 Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
 And still the tumult of the raging sea;
 With that controlling power assist even me
 Those headstrong furious passions to confine,
 For all unfit I feel my powers to be
 To rule their torrent in the allowed line;
 O aid me with thy help, OMNIPOTENCE DIVINE."

It is more affecting than we care to say to read her mother's and Isabella Keith's letters written immediately after her death. Old and withered, tattered and pale, they are now: but when you read them, how quick, how throbbing with life and love! how rich in that language of affection which only women, and Shakespeare, and Luther can use, — that power of detaining the soul over the beloved object and its loss.

King Philip to Constance —

You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Constance —

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.
 Then I have reason to be fond of grief.

What variations cannot love play on this one string!

In her first letter to Miss Keith, Mrs. Fleming says of her dead Maidie: "Never did I behold so beautiful an object. It resembled the finest waxwork. There was in the countenance an expression of sweetness and serenity which seemed to indicate that the pure spirit had anticipated the joys of heaven ere it quitted the mortal frame. To tell you what your Maidie

said of you would fill volumes ; for you were the constant theme of her discourse, the subject of her thoughts, and ruler of her actions. The last time she mentioned you was a few hours before all sense save that of suffering was suspended, when she said to Dr. Johnstone, 'If you will let me out at the New Year, I will be quite contented.' I asked what made her so anxious to get out then. 'I want to purchase a New Year's gift for Isa Keith with the sixpence you gave me for being patient in the measles ; and I would like to choose it myself.' I do not remember her speaking afterwards, except to complain of her head, till just before she expired, when she articulated, 'O mother, mother !' "

Do we make too much of this little child, who has been in her grave in Abbotshall Kirkyard these fifty and more years ? We may of her cleverness, — not of her affectionateness, her nature. What a picture the *animosa infans* gives us of herself, her vivacity, her passionateness, her precocious love-making, her passion for nature, for swine, for all living things, her reading, her turn for expression, her satire, her frankness, her little sins and rages, her great repentances ! We don't wonder Walter Scott carried her off in the neuk of his plaid, and played himself with her for hours.

The year before she died, when in Edinburgh, she was at a Twelfth Night supper at Scott's, in Castle Street. The company had all come, — all but Marjorie. Scott's familiars, whom we all know, were there, — all were come but Marjorie ; and all were dull because Scott was dull. "Where's that bairn ? what can have come over her ? I'll go myself and see." And he was getting up, and would have gone, when the bell rang, and in came Duncan Roy and his henchman Tougald, with the sedan chair, which was brought right into the lobby, and its top raised. And there, in its darkness and dingy old cloth, sat Maidie in white, her eyes gleaming, and Scott bending over her in ecstasy, — "hung over her enamored." "Sit ye there, my dautie, till they all see you ;" and forthwith he brought them all. You can fancy the scene. And he lifted her up and marched to his seat with her on his stout shoulder, and set her down beside him ; and then began the night, and such a night ! Those who knew Scott best said, that night was never equaled ; Maidie and he were the stars ; and she gave them Constance's speeches and "Helvellyn," the ballad then much in vogue, and

all her *répertoire*, — Scott showing her off, and being oftentimes rebuked by her for his intentional blunders.

We are indebted for the following — and our readers will be not unwilling to share our obligations — to her sister: "Her birth was 15th January, 1803; her death 19th December, 1811. I take this from her Bibles. I believe she was a child of robust health, of much vigor of body, and beautifully formed arms, and until her last illness, never was an hour in bed. She was niece to Mrs. Keith, residing in No. 1 North Charlotte Street, who was *not* Mrs. Murray Keith, although very intimately acquainted with that old lady. My aunt was a daughter of Mr. James Rae, surgeon, and married the younger son of old Keith of Ravelstone. Corstorphine Hill belonged to my aunt's husband; and his eldest son, Sir Alexander Keith, succeeded his uncle to both Ravelstone and Dunnottar. The Keiths were not connected by relationship with the Howisons of Braehead; but my grandfather and grandmother (who was), a daughter of Cant of Thurston and Giles Grange, were on the most intimate footing with *our* Mrs. Keith's grandfather and grandmother; and so it has been for three generations, and the friendship consummated by my cousin William Keith marrying Isabella Craufurd.

"As to my aunt and Scott, they were on a very intimate footing. He asked my aunt to be godmother to his eldest daughter Sophia Charlotte. I had a copy of Miss Edgeworth's 'Rosamond, and Harry and Lucy' for long, which was 'a gift to Marjorie from Walter Scott,' probably the first edition of that attractive series, for it wanted 'Frank,' which is always now published as part of the series, under the title of 'Early Lessons.' I regret to say these little volumes have disappeared."

"Sir Walter was no relation of Marjorie's, but of the Keiths, through the Swintons; and, like Marjorie, he stayed much at Ravelstone in his early days, with his grand-aunt Mrs. Keith; and it was while seeing him there as a boy, that another aunt of mine composed, when he was about fourteen, the lines prognosticating his future fame that Lockhart ascribes in his Life to Mrs. Cockburn, authoress of 'The Flowers of the Forest': —

"Go on, dear youth, the glorious path pursue
Which bounteous Nature kindly smooths for you;

Go bid the seeds her hands have sown arise,
By timely culture, to their native skies;
Go, and employ the poet's heavenly art,
Not merely to delight, but mend the heart.

Mrs. Keir was my aunt's name, another of Dr. Rae's daughters."

We cannot better end than in words from this same pen: "I have to ask you to forgive my anxiety in gathering up the fragments of Marjorie's last days, but I have an almost sacred feeling to all that pertains to her. You are quite correct in stating that measles were the cause of her death. My mother was struck by the patient quietness manifested by Marjorie during this illness, unlike her ardent, impulsive nature; but love and poetic feeling were unquenched. When Dr. Johnstone rewarded her submissiveness with a sixpence, the request speedily followed that she might get out ere New Year's day came. When asked why she was so desirous of getting out, she immediately rejoined, 'Oh, I am so anxious to buy something with my sixpence for my dear Isa Keith.' Again, when lying very still, her mother asked her if there was anything she wished: 'Oh yes! if you would just leave the room door open a wee bit, and play "The Land o' the Leal," and I will lie and *think*, and enjoy myself' (this is just as stated to me by her mother and mine). Well, the happy day came, alike to parents and child, when Marjorie was allowed to come forth from the nursery to the parlor. It was Sabbath evening, and after tea. My father, who idolized this child, and never afterwards in my hearing mentioned her name, took her in his arms; and while walking her up and down the room, she said, 'Father, I will repeat something to you; what would you like?' He said, 'Just choose yourself, Maidie.' She hesitated for a moment between the paraphrase, 'Few are thy days, and full of woe,' and the lines of Burns already quoted, but decided on the latter, a remarkable choice for a child. The repeating these lines seemed to stir up the depths of feeling in her soul. She asked to be allowed to write a poem; there was a doubt whether it would be right to allow her, in case of hurting her eyes. She pleaded earnestly, 'Just this once'; the point was yielded, her slate was given her, and with great rapidity she wrote an address of fourteen lines, 'to her loved cousin on the author's recovery,' her last work on earth:—

“Oh! Isa, pain did visit me,
I was at the last extremity;
How often did I think of you,
I wished your graceful form to view,
To clasp you in my weak embrace,
Indeed I thought I'd run my race:
Good care, I'm sure, was of me taken,
But still indeed I was much shaken,
At last I daily strength did gain,
And oh! at last, away went pain;
At length the doctor thought I might
Stay in the parlor all the night;
I now continue so to do,
Farewell to Nancy and to you.

She went to bed apparently well, awoke in the middle of the night with the old cry of woe to a mother's heart, ‘My head, my head!’ Three days of the dire malady, ‘water in the head,’ followed, and the end came.”

Soft, silken primrose, fading timelessly.

It is needless, it is impossible, to add anything to this: the fervor, the sweetness, the flush of poetic ecstasy, the lovely and glowing eye, the perfect nature of that bright and warm intelligence, that darling child,—Lady Nairne's words, and the old tune, stealing up from the depths of the human heart, deep calling unto deep, gentle and strong like the waves of the great sea hushing themselves to sleep in the dark; — the words of Burns touching the kindred chord, her last numbers “wildly sweet” traced, with thin and eager fingers, already touched by the last enemy and friend,—*moriens canit*,—and that love which is so soon to be her everlasting light, is her song's burden to the end,

She set as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven.

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

(From "Lalla Rookh.")

[THOMAS MOORE, Irish poet and song writer, was born in Dublin, May 28, 1779, and educated at Dublin University. He began early to contribute to periodicals; in 1799 went to London, and published a translation of the "Anacreontics," and in 1802 the "Poems by the Late Thomas Little," which were frowned on for eroticism, but gave him repute and a government place in the Bermudas; he left a deputy to do the work, visited the United States, returned to England, and for many years was a lion of the best English society, his Irish odes to music sung by himself, his poetical epistles, and his "Twopenny Post Bag" setting him in high poetic place. In 1817 he began "Lalla Rookh"; tours through Europe produced, "The Fudge Family in Paris," "The Fudges in England," "Rhymes on the Road," "Fables for the Holy Alliance," etc. His Bermuda deputy's defalcation forced him to stay abroad 1819-1822; returning, he wrote the "Loves of the Angels," "The Epicurean" and its supplement "Alciphron," the "Memoirs of Captain Rock," the "Life of Byron" (based on Byron's Memoirs, which he first sold to Murray, then bought back and destroyed), etc. He died February 25, 1852.]

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate;
And as she listened to the Springs
Of Life within like music flowing
And caught the light upon her wings
Thro' the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaimed this child of air,
"Are the holy Spirits who wander there
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
Tho' mine are the gardens of earth and sea
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of Heaven outblooms them all!—

"Tho' sunny the Lake of cool CASHMERE
With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,
And sweetly the founts of that Valley fall;
Tho' bright are the waters of SING-SU-HAY
And the golden floods that thitherward stray
Yet—oh, 'tis only the Blest can say
How the waters of Heaven outshine them all!

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall:
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres
And multiply each thro' endless years
One minute of Heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious Angel who was keeping
The gates of Light beheld her weeping,
And as he nearer drew and listened
To her sad song, a teardrop glistened
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain when it lies
On the blue flower which — Bramins say —
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.

"Nymph of a fair but erring line!"
Gently he said — "One hope is thine.
'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this Eternal gate
The Gift that is most dear to Heaven!
Go seek it and redeem thy sin —
'Tis sweet to let the Pardoned in."

Rapidly as comets run
To the embraces of the Sun; —
Fleeter than the starry brands
Flung at night from angel hands
At those dark and daring sprites
Who would climb the empyreal heights,
Down the blue vault the PERI flies,
And lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
To find this gift for Heaven? — "I know
The wealth," she cries, "of every urn
In which unnumbered rubies burn
Beneath the pillars of CHILMINAR;
I know where the Isles of Perfume are
Many a fathom down in the sea,
To the south of sun-bright ARABY;
I know too where the Genii hid
The jeweled cup of their King JAMSHID.

With Life's elixir sparkling high —
But gifts like these are not for the sky.
Where was there ever a gem that shone
Like the steps of ALLA's wonderful Throne?
And the Drops of Life — oh! what would they be
In the boundless Deep of Eternity? "

While thus she mused her pinions fanned
The air of that sweet Indian land
Whose air is balm, whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds,
Whose mountains pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun with diamonds teem,
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides,
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise!
But crimson now her rivers ran

With human blood — the smell of death
Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
And man the sacrifice of man

Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwifted from the innocent flowers.
Land of the Sun! what foot invades
Thy Pagods and thy pillared shades —
Thy cavern shrines and Idol stones,
Thy Monarchs and their thousand Thrones?

'Tis He of GAZNA — fierce in wrath

He comes and INDIA's diadems
Lie scattered in his ruinous path. —

His bloodhounds he adorns with gems,
Torn from the violated necks

Of many a young and loved Sultana;
Maidens within their pure Zenana,
Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
And chokes up with the glittering wrecks
Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the PERI turns her gaze,
And thro' the war field's bloody haze
Beholds a youthful warrior stand

Alone beside his native river, —
The red blade broken in his hand
And the last arrow in his quiver.

"Live," said the Conqueror, "live to share
 The trophies and the crowns I bear!"
 Silent that youthful warrior stood —
 Silent he pointed to the flood
 All crimson with his country's blood,
 Then sent his last remaining dart,
 For answer, to the Invader's heart.

False flew the shaft tho' pointed well;
 The Tyrant lived, the Hero fell! —
 Yet marked the PERI where he lay,
 And when the rush of war was past
 Swiftly descending on a ray
 Of morning light she caught the last —
 Last glorious drop his heart had shed
 Before its freeborn spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she winged her flight,
 "My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.
 Tho' foul are the drops that oft distill
 On the field of warfare, blood like this
 For Liberty shed so holy is,
 It would not stain the purest rill
 That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!
 Oh, if there be on this earthly sphere
 A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
 'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
 From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave
 The gift into his radiant hand,
 "Sweet is our welcome of the Brave
 Who die thus for their native Land. —
 But see — alas! — the crystal bar
 Of Eden moves not — holier far
 Than even this drop the boon must be
 That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
 Now among AFRIC's lunar Mountains
 Far to the South the PERI lighted
 And sleeked her plumage at the fountains
 Of that Egyptian tide whose birth
 Is hidden from the sons of earth
 Deep in those solitary woods
 Where oft the Genii of the Floods

Dance round the cradle of their Nile
And hail the newborn Giant's smile.
Thence over EGYPT's palmy groves,
Her grotts, and sepulchers of Kings,
The exiled Spirit sighing roves
And now hangs listening to the doves
In warm ROSETTA's vale; now loves
To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The azure calm of MÆRIS' Lake.
'Twas a fair scene: a Land more bright
Never did mortal eye behold!
Who could have thought that saw this night
Those valleys and their fruits of gold
Basking in Heaven's serenest light,
Those groups of lovely date trees bending
Languidly their leaf-crowned heads,
Like youthful maids, when sleep descending
Warns them to their silken beds,
Those virgin lilies all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake
That they may rise more fresh and bright,
When their beloved Sun's awake,
Those ruined shrines and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream,
Amid whose fairy loneliness
Naught but the lapwing's cry is heard,
Naught seen but (when the shadows flitting,
Fast from the moon unsheath its gleam,)
Some purple-winged Sultana sitting
Upon a column motionless
And glittering like an Idol bird!—
Who could have thought that there, even there,
Amid those scenes so still and fair,
The Demon of the Plague hath cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal far than ever came
From the red Desert's sands of flame!
So quick that every living thing
Of human shape touched by his wing,
Like plants where the Simoom hath past
At once falls black and withering!
The sun went down on many a brow
Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
Is rankling in the pesthouse now

And ne'er will feel that sun again.
And, oh! to see the unburied heaps
On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—
The very vultures turn away,
And sicken at so foul a prey!
Only the fierce hyena stalks
Throughout the city's desolate walks
At midnight and his carnage plies:—
Woe to the half-dead wretch who meets
The glaring of those large blue eyes
Amid the darkness of the streets!

"Poor race of men!" said the pitying Spirit,
"Dearly ye pay for your primal Fall—
Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!"
She wept—the air grew pure and clear
Around her as the bright drops ran,
For there's a magic in each tear
Such kindly Spirits weep for man!

Just then beneath some orange trees
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together, free,
Like age at play with infancy—
Beneath that fresh and springing bower
Close by the Lake she heard the moan
Of one who at this silent hour,
Had thither stolen to die alone.
One who in life where'er he moved,
Drew after him the hearts of many;
Yet now, as tho' he ne'er were loved,
Dies here unseen, unwept by any!
None to watch near him—none to slake
The fire that in his bosom lies,
With even a sprinkle from that lake
Which shines so cool before his eyes.
No voice well known thro' many a day
To speak the last, the parting word
Which when all other sounds decay
Is still like distant music heard;—
That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown Dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
Shed joy around his soul in death—
That she whom he for years had known,
And loved and might have called his own
Was safe from this foul midnight's breath,—
Safe in her father's princely halls
Where the cool airs from fountain falls,
Freshly perfumed by many a brand
Of the sweet wood from India's land,
Were pure as she whose brow they fanned.

But see—who yonder comes by stealth,
This melancholy bower to seek,
Like a young envoy sent by Health
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
'Tis she—far off, thro' moonlight dim
He knew his own betrothed bride,
She who would rather die with him
Than live to gain the world beside!—
Her arms are round her lover now,
His livid cheek to hers she presses
And dips to bind his burning brow
In the cool lake her loosened tresses.
Ah! once, how little did he think
An hour would come when he should shrink
With horror from that dear embrace,
Those gentle arms that were to him
Holy as is the cradling place
Of Eden's infant cherubim!
And now he yields—now turns away,
Shuddering as if the venom lay
All in those proffered lips alone—
Those lips that then so fearless grown
Never until that instant came
Near his unasked or without shame.
"Oh! let me only breathe the air,
The blessed air, that's breathed by thee,
And whether on its wings it bear
Healing or death 'tis sweet to me!
There—drink my tears while yet they fall—
Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all
To give thy brow one minute's calm.
Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
Am I not thine—thy own loved bride—

The one, the chosen one, whose place
In life or death is by thy side?
Think'st thou that she whose only light
In this dim world from thee hath shone
Could bear the long, the cheerless night
That must be hers when thou art gone?
That I can live and let thee go,
Who art my life itself? — No, no —
When the stem dies the leaf that grew
Out of its heart must perish too!
Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
Before, like thee, I fade and burn;
Cling to these yet cool lips and share
The last pure life that lingers there!"
She fails — she sinks — as dies the lamp
In charnel airs or cavern damp,
So quickly do his baneful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes.
One struggle — and his pain is past —
Her lover is no longer living!
One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
Long kiss, which she expires in giving.

"Sleep," said the PERI, as softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
As true as e'er warmed a woman's breast —
"Sleep on, in visions of odor rest
In balmier airs than ever yet stirred
The enchanted pile of that lonely bird
Who sings at the last his own death lay
And in music and perfume dies away!"
Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings thro' the place
And shook her sparkling wreath and shed
Such luster o'er each paly face
That like two lovely saints they seemed,
Upon the eve of doomsday taken
From their dim graves in odor sleeping:
While that benevolent PERI beamed
Like their good angel calmly keeping
Watch o'er them till their souls would waken.

But morn is blushing in the sky;
Again the PERI soars above,

Bearing to Heaven that precious sigh
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
High throbb'd her heart with hope elate
The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
For the bright Spirit at the gate
Smiled as she gave that offering in;
And she already hears the trees
Of Eden with their crystal bells
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
That from the throne of ALLA swells;
And she can see the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake
Upon whose banks admitted Souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take!

But, ah! even PERI's hopes are vain —
Again the Fates forbade, again
The immortal barrier closed — “Not yet,”
The Angel said as with regret
He shut from her that glimpse of glory —
“True was the maiden, and her story
Written in light o'er ALLA's head
By seraph eyes shall long be read.
But, PERI, see — the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not — holier far
Than even this sigh the boon must be
That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee.”

Of ruined shrines, busy and bright
As they were all alive with light;
And yet more splendid numerous flocks
Of pigeons settling on the rocks
With their rich restless wings that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm West, — as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine or made
Of tearless rainbows such as span
The unclouded skies of PERISTAN.
And then the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
Of the wild bees of PALESTINE,
 Banqueting thro' the flowery vales;
And, JORDAN, those sweet banks of thine
 And woods so full of nightingales.
But naught can charm the luckless PERI;
Her soul is sad — her wings are weary —
Joyless she sees the Sun look down
On that great Temple once his own,
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
 Flinging their shadows from on high
Like dials which the wizard Time
 Had raised to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie concealed
 Beneath those Chambers of the Sun
Some amulet of gems, annealed
In upper fires, some tablets sealed
 With the great name of SOLOMON,
 Which spelled by her illumined eyes,
May teach her where beneath the moon.
In earth or ocean, lies the boon,
The charm, that can restore so soon
 An erring Spirit to the skies.

Cheered by this hope she bends her thither; —
 Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of Even
In the rich West begun to wither; —
When o'er the vale of BALBEC winging
 Slowly she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
 As rosy and as wild as they;

Chasing with eager hands and eyes
 The beautiful blue damsel flies,
 That fluttered round the Jasmine stems
 Like winged flowers or flying gems:—
 And near the boy, who tired with play
 Now nestling mid the roses lay,
 She saw a wearied man dismount

From his hot steed and on the brink
 Of a small imaret's rustic fount

Impatient fling him down to drink.
 Then swift his haggard brow he turned

To the fair child who fearless sat,
 Tho' never yet hath day beam burned

Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
 Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire
 Like thunderclouds of gloom and fire;
 In which the PERI's eye could read
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
 The ruined maid—the shrine profaned—
 Oaths broken—and the threshold stained
 With blood of guests!—*there* written, all,
 Black as the damning drops that fall
 From the denouncing Angel's pen,
 Ere Mercy weeps them out again.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
 (As if the balmy evening time
 Softened his spirit) looked and lay,
 Watching the rosy infant's play:—
 Tho' still whene'er his eye by chance
 Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance

Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
 As torches that have burnt all night
 Thro' some impure and godless rite,
 Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But, hark! the vesper call to prayer,
 As slow the orb of daylight sets,
 Is rising sweetly on the air,

From SYRIA's thousand minarets!
 The boy has started from the bed
 Of flowers where he had laid his head,
 And down upon the fragrant sod
 Kneels with his forehead to the south

Lisping the eternal name of God
From Purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies
Like a stray babe of Paradise
Just lighted on that flowery plain
And seeking for its home again.
Oh! 'twas a sight — that Heaven — that child —
A scene, which might have well beguiled
Even haughty EBLIS of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man
Reclining there — while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life
Nor found one sunny resting place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace.
"There *was* a time," he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones — "thou blessed child!
When young and haply pure as thou
I looked and prayed like thee — but now ——"
He hung his head — each nobler aim
And hope and feeling which had slept
From boyhood's hour that instant came
Fresh o'er him and he wept — he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.
"There's a drop," said the PERI, "that down from the moon
Falls thro' the withering airs of June
Upon EGYPT's land, of so healing a power,
So balmy a virtue, that even in the hour
That drop descends contagion dies
And health reanimates earth and skies! —
Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,
The precious tears of repentance fall?
Tho' foul thy fiery plagues within
One heavenly drop hath dispelled them all!"

And now — behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,

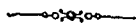
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim thro' Heaven
The triumph of a Soul Forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they lingered yet,
There fell a light more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek.
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam —
But well the enraptured PERI knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From Heaven's gate to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy forever! my task is done —
The Gates are past and Heaven is won!
Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am —
To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of SHADUKIAM,
And the fragrant bowers of AMBERABAD!

"Farewell ye odors of Earth that die
Passing away like a lover's sigh; —
My feast is now of the Tooba Tree
Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers that shone
In my fairy wreath so bright and brief; —
Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown
To the lote tree springing by ALLA's throne
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf.
Joy, joy forever, — my task is done —
'The Gates are past and Heaven is won!"



THE OLD SCOTTISH DOMESTIC SERVANT.

BY DEAN RAMSAY.

[EDWARD BANNERMAN BURNETT RAMSAY: The son of Alexander Burnett, an Edinburgh advocate; born at Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1793; died in 1872. He was educated in Yorkshire by his uncle, Sir Alexander Ramsay, whose name he

subsequently adopted ; graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge ; and after occupying several subordinate posts in the Scottish Episcopal Church, became dean of the diocese of Edinburgh (1846). His most popular work was "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character" (1857 ; 22d ed. 1874).]

IN many Scottish houses a great familiarity prevailed between members of the family and the domestics. For this many reasons might have been assigned. Indeed, when we consider the simple modes of life which discarded the ideas of ceremony or etiquette ; the retired and uniform style of living which afforded few opportunities for any change in the domestic arrangements ; and when we add to these a free, unrestrained, unformal, and natural style of intercommunion, which seems rather a national characteristic, we need not be surprised to find in quiet Scottish families a sort of intercourse with old domestics which can hardly be looked for at a time when habits are so changed, and where much of the quiet eccentricity belonging to us as a national characteristic is almost necessarily softened down or driven out. Many circumstances conspired to promote familiarity with old domestics which are now entirely changed. We take the case of a domestic coming early into service and passing year after year in the same family. The servant grows up into old age and confirmed habits when the laird is becoming a man, a husband, father of a family. The domestic cannot forget the days when his master was a child, riding on his back, applying to him for help in difficulties about his fishing, his rabbits, his pony, his going to school. All the family know how attached he is ; nobody likes to speak harshly to him. He is a privileged man. The faithful old servant of thirty, forty, or fifty years, if with a tendency to be jealous, cross, and interfering, becomes a great trouble. Still the relative position was the result of good feelings. If the familiarity sometimes became a nuisance, it was a wholesome nuisance, and relic of a simpler time gone by. But the case of the old servant, whether agreeable or troublesome, was often so fixed and established in the households of past days, that there was scarce a possibility of getting away from it. The well-known story of the answer of one of these domestic tyrants to the irritated master, who was making an effort to free himself from the thralldom, shows the idea entertained, by *one* of the parties at least, of the permanency of the tenure. I am assured by a friend that the true edition of the story was this : An old Mr. Erskine of Dun had one of these old retain-

ers, under whose language and unreasonable assumption he had long groaned. He had almost determined to bear it no longer, when, walking out with his man, on crossing a field, the master exclaimed, "There's a hare." Andrew looked at the place, and coolly replied, "What a big lee, it's a cauf." The master, quite angry now, plainly told the old domestic that they *must* part. But the tried servant of forty years, not dreaming of the possibility of *his* dismissal, innocently asked, "Ay, sir; whare ye gaun? I'm sure ye're aye best at hame;" supposing that, if there were to be any disruption, it must be the master who would change the place. An example of a similar fixedness of tenure in an old servant was afforded in an anecdote related of an old coachman long in the service of a noble lady, and who gave all the trouble and annoyance which he conceived were the privileges of his position in the family. At last the lady fairly gave him notice to quit, and told him he must go. The only satisfaction she got was the quiet answer, "Na, na, my lady; I druve ye to your marriage, and I shall stay to drive ye to your burial." Indeed, we have heard of a still stronger assertion of his official position by one who met an order to quit his master's service by the cool reply, "Na, na; I'm no gangin'. If ye dinna ken whan ye've a gude servant, I ken whan I've a gude place."

It is but fair, however, to give an anecdote in which the master and the servant's position was *reversed*, in regard to a wish for change: An old servant of a relation of my own with an ungovernable temper, became at last so weary of his master's irascibility that he declared he must leave, and gave as his reason the fits of anger which came on and produced such great annoyance that he could not stand it any longer. His master, unwilling to lose him, tried to coax him by reminding him that the anger was soon off. "Ay," replied the other, very shrewdly, "but it's nae suner aff than it's on again." I remember well an old servant of the old school, who had been fifty years domesticated in a family. Indeed, I well remember the celebration of the half-century service completed. There were rich scenes with Sandy and his mistress. Let me recall you both to memory. Let me think of you, the kind, generous, warm-hearted mistress; a gentlewoman by descent and by feeling; a true friend, a sincere Christian. And let me think, too, of you, Sandy, an honest, faithful, and attached member of the family. For you were in that house rather as an humble friend

than a servant. But out of this fifty years of attached service there sprang a sort of domestic relation and freedom of intercourse which would surprise people in these days. And yet Sandy knew his place. Like Corporal Trim, who, although so familiar and admitted to so much familiarity with my Uncle Toby, never failed in the respectful address—never forgot to say “your honor.” At a dinner party Sandy was very active about changing his mistress’ plate, and whipped it off when he saw that she had got a piece of rich patty upon it. His mistress—not liking such rapid movements, and at the same time knowing that remonstrance was in vain—exclaimed, “Hout, Sandy, I’m no dune,” and dabbed her fork into the patty as it disappeared, to rescue a morsel. I remember her praise of English mutton was a great annoyance to the Scottish prejudices of Sandy. One day she was telling me of a triumph Sandy had upon that subject. The smell of the joint roasting had become very offensive through the house. The lady called out to Sandy to have the doors closed, and added, “That must be some horrid Scotch mutton you have got.” To Sandy’s delight, this was a leg of *English* mutton his mistress had expressly chosen, and, as she significantly told me, “Sandy never let that down upon me.”

On Deeside there existed, in my recollection, besides the Saunders Paul I have alluded to, a number of extraordinary acute and humorous Scottish characters amongst the lower classes. The native gentry enjoyed their humor, and hence arose a familiarity of intercourse which called forth many amusing scenes and quaint rejoinders. A celebrated character of this description bore the sobriquet of “Boaty.” He had acted as Charon of the Dee at Banchory, and passed the boat over the river before there was a bridge. Boaty had many curious sayings recorded of him. When speaking of the gentry around, he characterized them according to their occupations and activity of habits—thus: “As to Mr. Russell of Blackha’, he just works himsell like a paid laborer; Mr. Duncan’s a’ the day fish, fish; but Sir Robert’s a perfect gentleman—he does naething, naething.” Boaty was a first-rate salmon fisher himself, and was much sought after by amateurs who came to Banchory for the sake of the sport afforded by the beautiful Dee. He was perhaps a little spoiled, and presumed upon the indulgence and familiarity shown to him in the way of his craft—as, for example, he was in attendance with his boat on a sportsman

who was both skillful and successful, for he caught salmon after salmon. Between each fish caught he solaced himself with a good pull from a flask, which he returned to his pocket, however, without offering to let Boaty have any participation in the refreshment. Boaty, partly a little professionally jealous, perhaps, at the success, and partly indignant at receiving less than his usual attention on such occasions, and seeing no prospect of amendment, deliberately pulled the boat to shore, shouldered the oars, rods, landing nets, and all the fishing apparatus which he had provided, and set off homewards. His companion, far from considering his day's work to be over, and keen for more sport, was amazed, and peremptorily ordered him to come back. But all the answer made by the offended Boaty was, "Na, na ; them 'at drink by themsells may just fish by themsells."

The charge these old domestics used to take of the interests of the family, and the cool way in which they took upon them to protect those interests, sometimes led to very provoking, and sometimes to very ludicrous, exhibitions of importance. A friend told me of a dinner scene illustrative of this sort of interference, which had happened at Airth in the last generation. Mrs. Murray of Abercairney had been amongst the guests, and at dinner one of the family noticed that she was looking for the proper spoon to help herself with salt. The old servant Thomas was appealed to, that the want might be supplied. He did not notice the appeal. It was repeated in a more peremptory manner, "Thomas, Mrs. Murray has not a salt spoon ;" to which he replied most emphatically, "Last time Mrs. Murray dined here we *lost* a salt spoon." An old servant who took a similar charge of everything that went on in the family, having observed that his master thought that he had drunk wine with every lady at table, but had overlooked one, jogged his memory with the question, "What ails ye at her wi' the green gown?"

In my own family I know a case of a very long service, and where, no doubt, there was much interest and attachment ; but it was a case where the temper had not softened under the influence of years, but had rather assumed that form of disposition which we denominate *crusty*. My granduncle, Sir A. Ramsay, died in 1806, and left a domestic who had been in his service since he was ten years of age ; and being at the time of his master's death past fifty or well on to sixty, he must have been more than forty years a servant in the family. From the

retired life my granduncle had been leading, Jamie Layal had much of his own way, and, like many a domestic so situated, he did not like to be contradicted, and, in fact, could not bear to be found fault with. My uncle, who had succeeded to a part of my granduncle's property, succeeded also to Jamie Layal, and from respect to his late master's memory, and Jamie's own services, he took him into his house, intending him to act as house servant. However, this did not answer, and he was soon kept on, more with the form than the reality of any active duty, and took any light work that was going on about the house. In this capacity it was his daily task to feed a flock of turkeys which were growing up to maturity. On one occasion, my aunt having followed him in his work, and having observed such a waste of food that the ground was actually covered with grain which they could not eat, and which would soon be destroyed and lost, naturally remonstrated, and suggested a more reasonable and provident supply. But all the answer she got from the offended Jamie was a bitter rejoinder, "Weel, then, neist time they sall get *nane ava!*" On another occasion a family from a distance had called whilst my uncle and aunt were out of the house. Jamie came into the parlor to deliver the cards, or to announce that they had called. My aunt, somewhat vexed at not having been in the way, inquired what message Mr. and Mrs. Innes had left, as she had expected one. "No; no message." She returned to the charge, and asked again if they had not told him *anything* he was to repeat. Still, "No; no message." "But did they say nothing? Are you sure they said nothing?" Jamie, sadly put out and offended at being thus interrogated, at last burst forth, "They neither said ba nor bum," and indignantly left the room, banging the door after him. A characteristic anecdote of one of these old domestics I have from a friend who was acquainted with the parties concerned. The old man was standing at the sideboard and attending to the demands of a pretty large dinner party: the calls made for various wants from the company became so numerous and frequent that the attendant got quite bewildered, and lost his patience and temper; at length he gave vent to his indignation in a remonstrance addressed to the whole company, "Cry a' thegither—that's the way to be served."

I have two characteristic and dry Scottish answers, traditional in the Lothian family, supplied to me by the present

excellent and highly gifted young marquis. A Marquis of Lothian of a former generation observed in his walk two workmen very busy with a ladder to reach a bell, on which they next kept up a furious ringing. He asked what was the object of making such a din; to which the answer was, "Ou, juist, my lord, to ca' the workmen together." "Why, how many are there?" asked his lordship. "Ou, juist Sandy and me," was the quiet rejoinder. The same Lord Lothian, looking about the garden, directed his gardener's attention to a particular plum tree, charging him to be careful of the produce of that tree, and send the *whole* of it in marked, as it was of a very particular kind. "Ou," said the gardener, "I'll do that, my lord; there's juist twa o' them."

These dry answers of Newbattle servants remind us of a similar state of communication in a Yester domestic. Lord Tweeddale was very fond of dogs, and on leaving Yester for London he instructed his head keeper, a quaint body, to give him a periodical report of the kennel, and particulars of his favorite dogs. Among the latter was an *especial* one, of the true Skye breed, called "Pickle," from which sobriquet we may form a tolerable estimate of his qualities.

It happened one day, in or about the year 1827, that poor Pickle during the absence of his master was taken unwell; and the watchful guardian immediately warned the marquis of the sad fact, and of the progress of the disease, which lasted three days—for which he sent the three following laconic dispatches:—

MY LORD, Yester, May 1st, 18—.
Pickle's no weel.

Your Lordship's humble servant, etc.

MY LORD, Yester, 2nd May, 18—.
Pickle will no do!

I am, your Lordship's, etc.

MY LORD, Yester, 3rd May, 18—.
Pickle's dead!

I am, your Lordship's, etc.

I have heard of an old Forfarshire lady who, knowing the habits of her old and spoilt servant, when she wished a note

to be taken without loss of time, held it open and read it over to him, saying, "There, noo, Andrew, ye ken a' that's in't; noo dinna stop to open it, but just send it aff." Of another servant, when sorely tried by an unaccustomed bustle and hurry, a very amusing anecdote has been recorded. His mistress, a woman of high rank, who had been living in much quiet and retirement for some time, was called upon to entertain a large party at dinner. She consulted with Nichol, her faithful servant, and all the arrangements were made for the great event. As the company were arriving, the lady saw Nichol running about in great agitation, and in his shirt sleeves. She remonstrated, and said that as the guests were coming in he must put on his coat. "Indeed, my lady," was his excited reply, "indeed, there's sae muckle rinnin' here and rinnin' there, that I'm just distrackit. I hae cuist'n my coat and waistcoat, and faith I dinna ken how lang I can thole my breeks." There is often a ready wit in this class of character, marked by their replies. I have the following communicated from an earwitness: "Weel, Peggy," said a man to an old farm servant, "I wonder ye're aye single yet!" "Me marry," said she, indignantly; "I wadna gie my single life for a' the double anes I ever saw."

An old woman was exhorting a servant once about her ways. "You serve the deevil," said she. "Me!" said the girl; "Na, na, I dinna serve the deevil; I serve ae single lady."

A baby was out with the nurse, who walked it up and down the garden. "Is't a laddie or a lassie?" said the gardener. "A laddie," said the maid. "Weel," says he, "I'm glad o' that, for there's ower mony women in the world." "Hech, man," said Jess, "div ye no ken there's aye maist sawn o' the best crap?"

The answers of servants used curiously to illustrate habits and manners of the time—as the economical modes of her mistress' life were well touched by the lass who thus described her ways and domestic habits with her household: "She's vicious upo' the wark; but eh, she's vary mysterious o' the victualing."

A country habit of making the gathering of the congregation in the churchyard previous to and after divine service an occasion for gossip and business, which I remember well, is thoroughly described in the following: A lady, on hiring

a servant girl in the country, told her, as a great indulgence, that she should have the liberty of attending the church every Sunday, but that she would be expected to return home always immediately on the conclusion of the service. The lady, however, rather unexpectedly found a positive objection raised against this apparently reasonable arrangement. "Then I canna engagde wi' ye, mem; for, 'deed I wadna gie the crack i' the kirkyard for a' the sermon."

There is another story which shows that a greater importance might be attached to the crack i' the kirkyard than was done even by the servant lass mentioned above. A rather rough subject, residing in Galloway, used to attend church regularly, as it appeared, for the *sake* of the crack; for on being taken to task for absenting himself, he remarked, "There's nae need to gang to the kirk noo, for everybody gets a newspaper."

It has been suggested by my esteemed friend, Dr. W. Lindsay Alexander, that Scottish anecdotes deal too exclusively with the shrewd, quaint, and pawky *humor* of our countrymen, and have not sufficiently illustrated the deep pathos and strong loving-kindness of the "kindly Scot" — qualities which, however little appreciated across the Border, abound in Scottish poetry and Scottish life. For example, to take the case before us of these old retainers, although snappy and disagreeable to the last degree in their replies, and often most provoking in their ways, they were yet deeply and sincerely attached to the family where they had, so long been domesticated; and the servant who would reply to her mistress' order to mend the fire by the short answer, "The fire's weel enech," would at the same time evince much interest in all that might assist her in sustaining the credit of her domestic economy; as, for example, whispering in her ear at dinner, "Press the jellies; they winna keep;" and had the hour of real trial and of difficulty come to the family, would have gone to the death for them, and shared their greatest privations. Dr. Alexander gives a very interesting example of kindness and affectionate attachment in an old Scottish domestic of his own family, whose quaint and odd familiarity was charming. I give it in his own words: "When I was a child, there was an old servant at Pinkieburn, where my early days were spent, who had been all her life, I may say, in the house — for she came to it a child, and lived,

without ever leaving it, till she died in it, seventy-five years of age. Her feeling to her old master, who was just two years younger than herself, was a curious compound of the deference of a servant and the familiarity and affection of a sister. She had known him as a boy, lad, man, and old man, and she seemed to have a sort of notion that without her he must be a very helpless being indeed. 'I aye keepit the house for him, whether he was hame or awa,' was a frequent utterance of hers; and she never seemed to think the intrusion even of his own nieces, who latterly lived with him, at all legitimate. When on her deathbed, he hobbled to her room with difficulty, having just got over a severe attack of gout, to bid her farewell. I chanced to be present, but was too young to remember what passed, except one thing, which probably was rather recalled to me afterwards than properly recollected by me. It was her last request. 'Laird,' said she (for so she always called him, though his lairdship was of the smallest), 'will ye tell them to bury me whaur I'll lie across at your feet.' I have always thought this characteristic of the old Scotch servant, and as such I send it to you."

And here I would introduce another story which struck me very forcibly as illustrating the union of the qualities referred to by Dr. Alexander. In the following narrative, how deep and tender a feeling is expressed in a brief dry sentence! I give Mr. Scott's language: "My brother and I were, during our High School vacation, some forty years ago, very much indebted to the kindness of a clever young carpenter employed in the machinery workshop of New Lanark Mills, near to which we were residing during our six weeks' holidays. It was he—Samuel Shaw, our dear companion—who first taught us to saw, and to plane, and to turn too; and who made us the bows and arrows in which we so much delighted. The vacation over, and our hearts very sore, but bound to Samuel Shaw forever, our mother sought to place some pecuniary recompense in his hand at parting, for all the great kindness he had shown her boys. Samuel looked in her face, and gently moving her hand aside, with an affectionate look cast upon us, who were by, exclaimed in a tone which had sorrow in it, 'Noo, Mrs. Scott, *ye hae spoilt a'.*' After such an appeal, it may be supposed no recompense, in silver or in gold, remained with Samuel Shaw."

On the subject of the old Scottish domestic, I have to ac-

knowledge a kind communication from Lord Kinloch, which I give in his lordship's words: "My father had been in the countinghouse of the well-known David Dale, the founder of the Lanark Mills, and eminent for his benevolence. Mr. Dale, who it would appear was a short stout man, had a person in his employment named Matthew, who was permitted that familiarity with his master which was so characteristic of the former generation. One winter day Mr. Dale came into the countinghouse, and complained that he had fallen on the ice. Matthew, who saw that his master was not much hurt, grinned a sarcastic smile. 'I fell all my length,' said Mr. Dale. 'Nae great length, sir,' said Matthew. 'Indeed, Matthew, ye need not laugh,' said Mr. Dale; 'I have hurt the sma' of my back.' 'I wunner whaur *that* is,' said Matthew." Indeed, specimens like Matthew of serving men of the former time have latterly been fast going out, but I remember one or two specimens. A lady of my acquaintance had one named John in her house at Portobello. I remember how my modern ideas were offended by John's familiarity when waiting at table. "Some more wine, John," said his mistress. "There's some i' the bottle, mem," said John. A little after, "Mend the fire, John." "The fire's weel eneuch, mem," replied the impracticable John. Another "John" of my acquaintance was in the family of Mrs. Campbell of Ardnave, mother of the Princess Polignac and the Honorable Mrs. Archibald Macdonald. A young lady visiting in the family asked John at dinner for a potato. John made no response. The request was repeated; when John, putting his mouth to her ear, said very audibly, "There's jist twa in the dish, and they maun be keepit for the strangers."

The following was sent me by a kind correspondent—a learned Professor in India—as a sample of *squabbling* between Scottish servants. A mistress observing something peculiar in her maid's manner, addressed her, "Dear me, Tibbie, what are you so snappish about, that you go knocking the things as you dust them?" "Ou, mem, it's Jock." "Well, what has Jock been doing?" "Ou (with an indescribable but easily imaginable toss of the head), he was angry at me, an' misca'd me, an' I said I was juist as the Lord had made me, an'——" "Well, Tibbie?" "An' he said the Lord can hae had little to do whan he made me." The idea of Tibbie being the work of an idle moment was one the deliciousness of which was not likely to be relished by Tibbie.

The following characteristic anecdote of a Highland servant I have received from the same correspondent. An English gentleman, traveling in the Highlands, was rather late of coming down to dinner. Donald was sent upstairs to intimate that all was ready. He speedily returned, nodding significantly, as much as to say that it was all right. "But, Donald," said the master, after some further trial of a hungry man's patience, "are ye sure you made the gentleman understand?" "*Understand?*" retorted Donald (who had peeped into the room and found the guest engaged at his toilet), "I'se warrant ye he understands; he's *sharping* his teeth"—not supposing the toothbrush could be for any other use.

There have been some very amusing instances given of the matter-of-fact obedience paid to orders by Highland retainers when made to perform the ordinary duties of domestic servants; as when Mr. Campbell, a Highland gentleman, visiting in a country house, and telling Donald to bring everything out of the bedroom, found all its movable articles—fender, fire irons, etc.—piled up in the lobby; so literal was the poor man's sense of obedience to orders! And of this he gave a still more extraordinary proof during his sojourn in Edinburgh, by a very ludicrous exploit. When the family moved into a house there, Mrs. Campbell gave him very particular instructions regarding visitors, explaining that they were to be shown into the drawing-room, and no doubt used the Scotticism, "*Carry* any ladies that call upstairs." On the arrival of the first visitors, Donald was eager to show his strict attention to the mistress' orders. Two ladies came together, and Donald, seizing one in his arms, said to the other, "Bide ye there till I come for ye," and, in spite of her struggles and remonstrances, ushered the terrified visitor into Mrs. Campbell's presence in this unwonted fashion.

Another case of *literal* obedience to orders produced a somewhat startling form of message. A servant of an old maiden lady, a patient of Dr. Poole, formerly of Edinburgh, was under orders to go to the doctor every morning to report the state of her health, how she had slept, etc., with strict injunctions *always* to add, "with her compliments." At length, one morning the girl brought this extraordinary message: "Miss S——'s compliments, and she de'ed last night at aicht o'clock!"

I recollect, in Montrose (that fruitful field for old Scottish

stories!) a most naïve reply from an honest lass, servant to old Mrs. *Captain* Fullerton. A party of gentlemen had dined with Mrs. Fullerton, and they had a turkey for dinner. Mrs. F. proposed that one of the legs should be *deviled*, and the gentlemen have it served up as a relish for their wine. Accordingly one of the company skilled in the mystery prepared it with pepper, cayenne, mustard, ketchup, etc. He gave it to Lizzy, and told her to take it down to the kitchen, supposing, as a matter of course, she would know that it was to be broiled, and brought back in due time. But in a little while, when it was rung for, Lizzy very innocently replied that she had ate it up. As it was sent back to the kitchen, her only idea was that it must be for herself. But on surprise being expressed that she had eaten what was so highly peppered and seasoned, she very quaintly answered, "Ou, I liket it a' the better."

A well-known servant of the old school was John, the servant of Pitfour, Mr. Ferguson, M.P., himself a most eccentric character, long father of the House of Commons, and a great friend of Pitt. John used to entertain the tenants on Pitfour's brief visits to his estate with numerous anecdotes of his master and Mr. Pitt; but he always prefaced them with something in the style of Cardinal Wolsey's *Ego et rex meus*, with "Me, and Pitt, and Pitfour," went somewhere, and performed some exploit. The famous Duchess of Gordon once wrote a note to John (the name of this eccentric valet), and said, "John, put Pitfour into the carriage on Tuesday, and bring him up to Gordon Castle to dinner." After sufficiently scratching his head, and considering what he should do, he showed the letter to Pitfour, who smiled, and said dryly, "Well, John, I suppose we must go."

An old domestic of this class gave a capital reason to his young master for his being allowed to do as he liked: "Ye needna find faut wi' me, Maister Jeems, *I hae been langer about the place than yersel*."

TAM O' SHANTER.

By ROBERT BURNS.

[ROBERT BURNS, Scotch poet and song writer, was born January 25, 1759; the son of a struggling farmer, and himself hard-worked. Resolving to emigrate to Jamaica, he published his poems in 1786 to gain passage money; but the name they made him drew him to Edinburgh instead, and gained him an entrée into the best circles, where he made a deep impression; a second edition was issued in 1787. After that he never took money for any of his songs, and lived in voluntary hardship, though their sale would have put him at ease. He was made an exciseman in 1788, and took a farm also. His sympathies with the French Revolution hindered his promotion; and dissipated habits hastened his death, which occurred July 21, 1796.]

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonie lasses).

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market day thou was na sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon;

Or caught wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

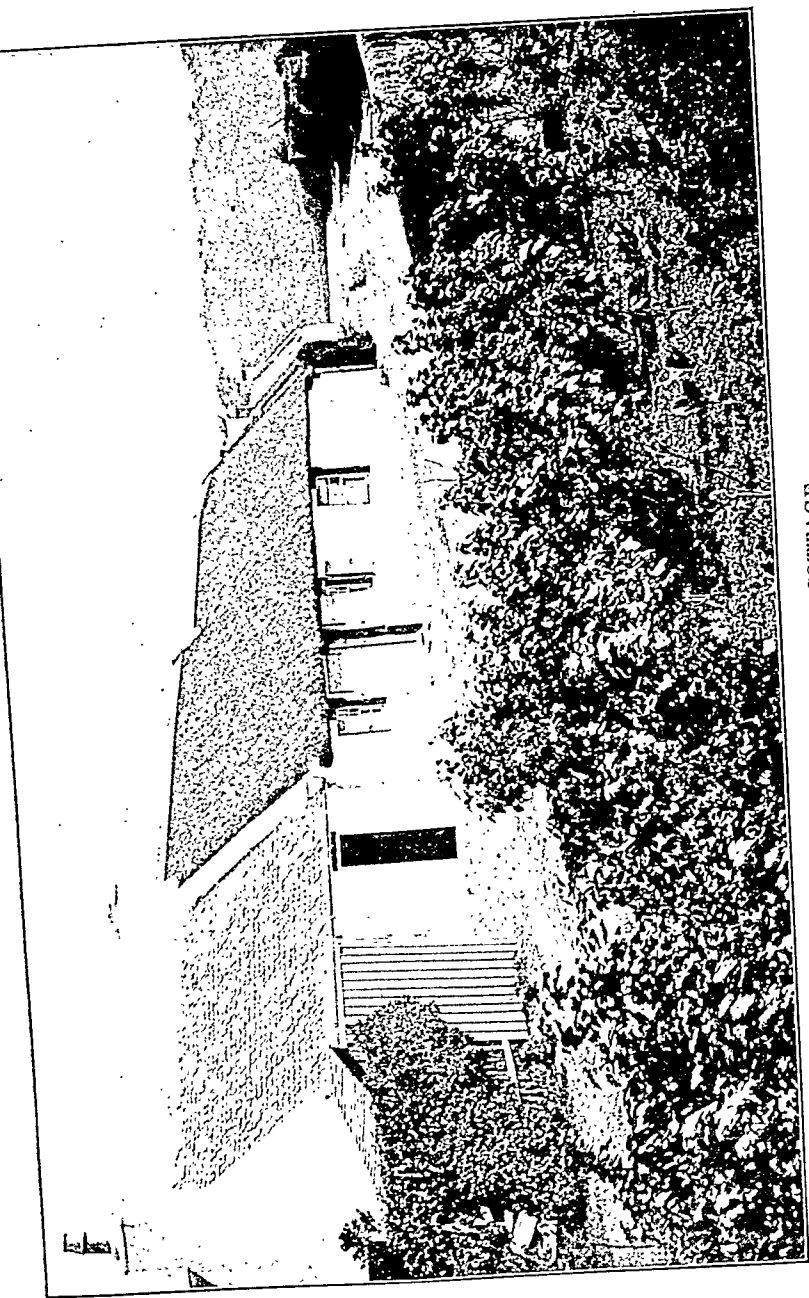
Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how monie counsels sweet,
How mony lengthened, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;
And ay the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favors, secret, sweet, and precious:
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himsel among the nappy:
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white — then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm. —
Nae man can tether time or tide; —
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the keystone,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he tak's the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;



ROBERT BURNS' COTTAGE

From a photo by G. W. Wilson & Co., Ltd., Aberdeen

Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellowed :
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet ;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet ;
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares ;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry. —

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw, the chapman smooored ;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane ;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn ;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hanged hersel. —
Before him Doon pours all his floods ;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods ;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;
Near and more near the thunders roll :
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze ;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing ;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing. —

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn !
What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil ;
Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil ! —
The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
She ventured forward on the light ;
And, row ! Tam saw an unco sight !
Warlocks and witches in a dance ;
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;

A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
 To gie them music was his charge:
 He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl. —
 Coffins stood round like open presses,
 That shawed the dead in their last dresses;
 And by some devilish cantraip slight
 Each in its cauld hand held a light, —
 By which heroic Tam was able
 To note upon the haly table,
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns;
 A thief, new-cuttet frae the rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
 Five tomahawks, wi' blude red rusted;
 Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
 A garter, which a babe had strangled;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
 The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowred, amazed and curiogs,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
 The piper loud and louder blew;
 The dancers quick and quicker flew;
 They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
 And coost her duddies to the wark,
 And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,
 A' plump and strapping in their teens;
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen!
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
 For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!

But withered beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwooddie hags wad spean a foal,
 Lowping and flinging on a crummock,
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie,
 There was ae winsome wench and walie,
 That night enlisted in the core,



"Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam mairn ride"

From a painting by John Faed

(Lang after kend on Carrick shore;
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 And perished mony a bonie boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
 And kept the country side in fear,)
 Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie. —
 Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
 That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
 Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
 Wad ever graced a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour;
 Sic flights are far beyond her power;
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
 (A souple jade she was, and strang,)
 And how Tam stood, like ane bewitched,
 And thought his very een enriched;
 Even Satan glowred, and fidget fu' fain,
 And hotched and blew wi' might and main:
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,
 Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
 And in an instant all was dark:
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plundering herds assail their byke;
 As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When, pop! she starts before their nose;
 As eager runs the market crowd,
 When, "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
 Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the keystone of the brig:
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they darena cross.
 But ere the keystone she could make,
 The fiend a tail she had to shake!

For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain gray tail:
 The carlin clautht her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son, take heed,
 Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

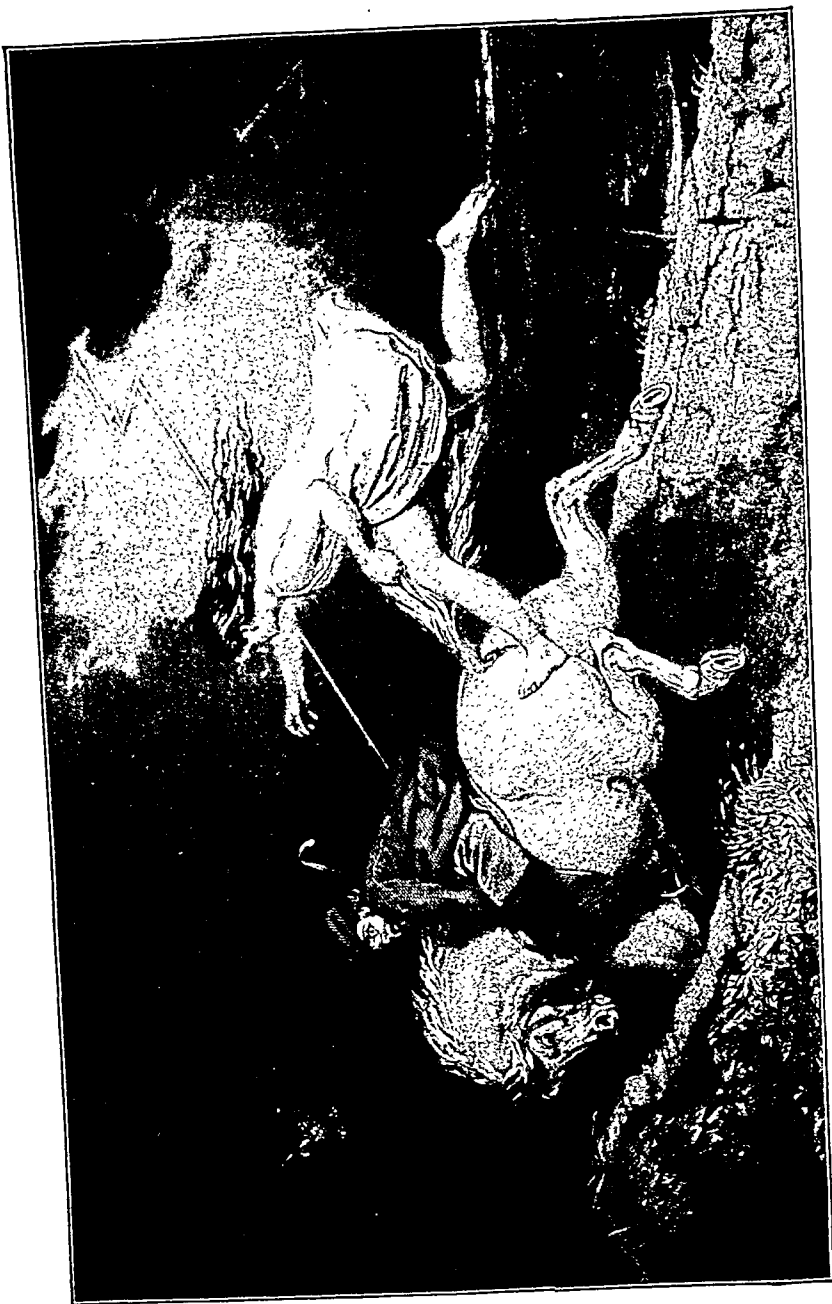


A VISION OF PURGATORY.

By WILLIAM MAGINN.

[WILLIAM MAGINN, Irish man of letters and typical bohemian, was born in Dublin, July 10, 1793. The son of an eminent schoolmaster, he carried on the school himself after graduation from Trinity College, Dublin; meanwhile becoming a voluminous contributor to *Blackwood's* and other periodicals under various pseudonyms (finally fixing on "Morgan O'Doherty"), suggesting the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" and writing some of it, and in 1823 settling in London for a literary life. He was Murray's chief man on the *Representative*; its foreign correspondent in Paris; returning, was joint editor of the *Standard*, then on the *scurrilous Age*. He founded *Fraser's Magazine* in 1830, and made it the most brilliant in Great Britain; contributed to *Blackwood's* and *Bentley's* later; and in 1838 he wrote the "Homeric Ballads" for *Fraser's*. His literary feuds were endless and savage. After running down for years and once being in a debtor's prison (Thackeray portrays him as "Captain Shandon" in "Pendennis"), he died August 21, 1842.]

THE churchyard of Inistubber is as lonely a one as you would wish to see on a summer's day or avoid on a winter's night. It is situated in a narrow valley, at the bottom of three low, barren, miserable hills, on which there is nothing green to meet the eye—tree or shrub, grass or weed. The country beyond these hills is pleasant and smiling: rich fields of corn, fair clumps of oaks, sparkling streams of water, houses beautifully dotting the scenery, which gently undulates round and round as far as the eye can reach; but once across the north side of Inistubber Hill, and you look upon desolation. There is nothing to see but, down in the hollow, the solitary



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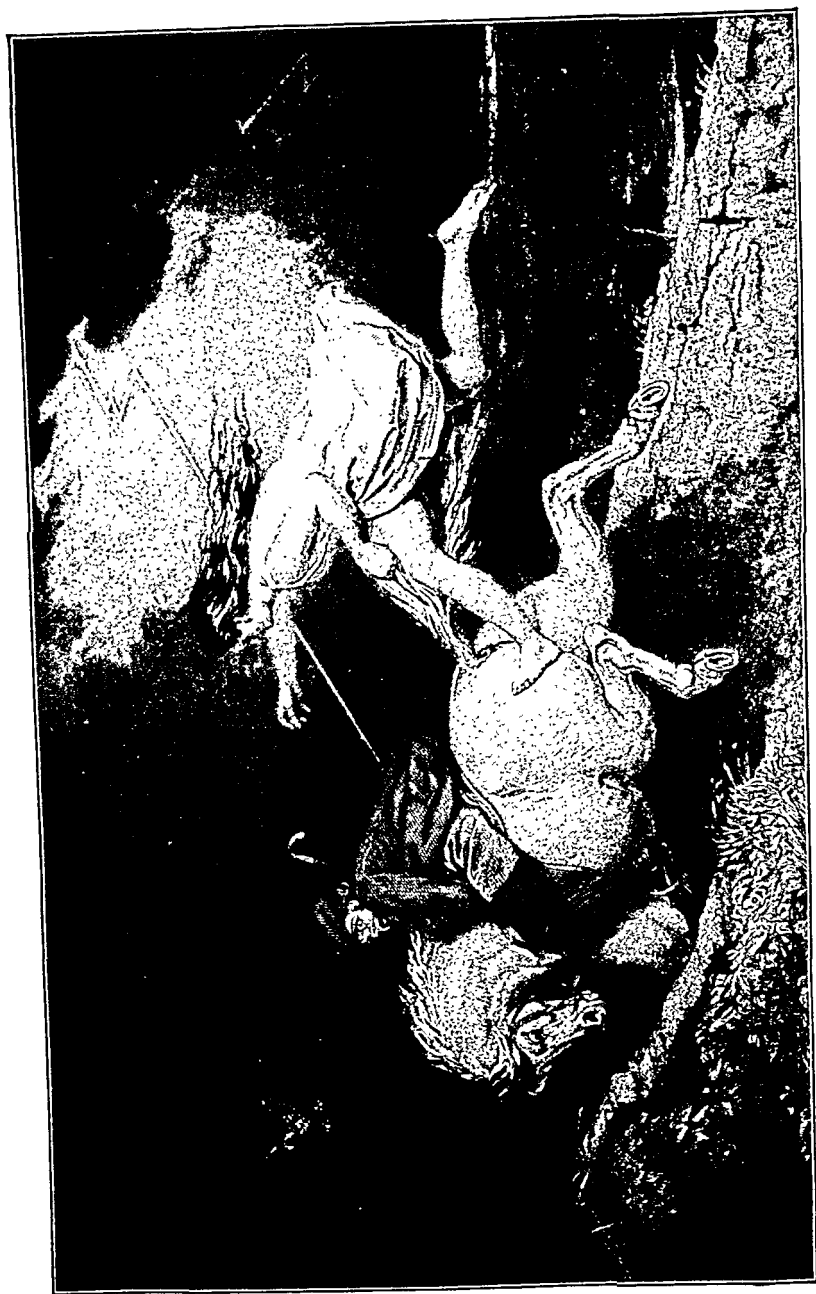


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From a painting by John Faed

the day, it was not long before he gave audible testimony that the dread of supernatural visitants had had no effect in disturbing the even current of his fancy.

Although Larry had not opposed the proposition of his kinsman, yet he felt by no means at ease. He put in practice all the usually recommended nostrums for keeping away unpleasant thoughts. He whistled; but the echo sounded so sad and dismal that he did not venture to repeat the experiment. He sang; but, when no more than five notes had passed his lips, he found it impossible to get out a sixth, for the chorus reverberated from the ruinous walls was destruction to all earthly harmony. He cleared his throat; he hummed; he stamped; he endeavored to walk. All would not do. He wished sincerely that Sir Theodore had gone to Heaven—he dared not suggest even to himself, just then, the existence of any other region—without leaving on him the perilous task of guarding his mortal remains in so desperate a place. Flesh and blood could hardly resist it! Even the preternatural snoring of Jack Kinaley added to the horrors of his position; and, if his application to the spirituous soother of grief beside him was frequent, it is more to be deplored on the score of morality than wondered at on the score of metaphysics. He who censures our hero too severely has never watched the body of a dead baronet in the churchyard of Inistubber at midnight. “If it was a common, decent, quite, well-behaved churchyard a’self,” thought Larry, half aloud; “but when ’tis a place like this forsaken ould berrin’ ground, which is noted for villainy——”

“For what, Larry?” inquired a gentleman stepping out of a niche which contained the only statue time had spared. It was the figure of St. Colman, to whom the church was dedicated. Larry had been looking at the figure as it shone forth in ebon and ivory in the light and shadow of the now high careering moon.

“For what, Larry?” said the gentleman; “for what do you say the churchyard is noted?”

“For nothing at all, please your honor,” replied Larry, “except the height of gentility.”

The stranger was about four feet high, dressed in what might be called glowing garments if, in spite of their form, their rigid endurance did not deprive them of all claim to such an appellation. In an agony, antique miter upon his head; his hands were folded

“Maybe,” said he; and over his right shoulder rested a pastoral

crook. There was a solemn expression in his countenance, and his eye might truly be called stony. His beard could not well be said to wave upon his bosom; but it lay upon it in ample profusion, stiffer than that of a Jew on a frosty morning after mist. In short, as Larry soon discovered to his horror on looking up at the niche, it was no other than St. Colman himself, who had stepped forth indignant, in all probability, at the stigma-cast by the watcher of the dead on the churchyard of which his Saintship was patron.

He smiled with a grisly solemnity—just such a smile as you might imagine would play round the lips of a milestone (if it had any)—at the recantation so quickly volunteered by Larry. “Well,” said he, “Lawrence Sweeney——”

“How well the old rogue,” thought Larry, “knows my name!”

“Since you profess yourself such an admirer of the merits of the churchyard of Inistubber, get up and follow me, till I show you the civilities of the place, for I’m master here, and must do the honors.”

“Willingly would I go with your worship,” replied our friend; “but you see here I am engaged to Sir Theodore, who, though a good master, was a mighty passionate man when everything was not done as he ordered it; and I am feared to stir.”

“Sir Theodore,” said the saint, “will not blame you for following me. I assure you he will not.”

“But then——” said Larry.

“Follow me!” cried the saint in a hollow voice; and, casting upon him his stony eye, drew poor Larry after him, as the bridal guest was drawn by the lapidary glance of the Ancient Mariner, or, as Larry himself afterwards expressed it, “as a jaw tooth is wrinched out of an ould woman with a pair of pinchers.”

The saint strode before him in silence, not in the least incommoded by the stones and rubbish which at every step sadly contributed to the discomfiture of Larry’s shins, who followed his marble conductor into a low vault situated at the west end of the church. In accomplishing this, poor Larry contrived to bestow upon his head an additional organ, the utility of which he was not craniologist enough to discover.

The path lay through coffins piled up on each side of the way in various degrees of decomposition; and excepting that the solid footsteps of the saintly guide, as they smote heavily

on the floor of stone, broke the deadly silence, all was still. Stumbling and staggering along, directed only by the casual glimpses of light afforded by the moon where it broke through the dilapidated roof of the vault and served to discover only sights of woe, Larry followed. He soon felt that he was descending, and could not help wondering at the length of the journey. He began to entertain the most unpleasant suspicions as to the character of his conductor; but what could he do? Flight was out of the question, and to think of resistance was absurd. "Needs must, they say," thought he to himself, "when the Devil drives. I see it's much the same when a Saint leads."

At last the dolorous march had an end; and, not a little to Larry's amazement, he found that his guide had brought him to the gate of a lofty hall before which a silver lamp, filled with naphtha, "yielded light as from a sky." From within loud sounds of merriment were ringing; and it was evident, from the jocular harmony and the tinkling of glasses, that some subterranean catch club were not idly employed over the bottle.

"Who's there?" said a porter, roughly responding to the knock of St. Colman.

"Be so good," said the saint, mildly, "my very good fellow, as to open the door without further questions, or I'll break your head. I'm bringing a gentleman here on a visit, whose business is pressing."

"Maybe so," thought Larry; "but what that business may be is more than I can tell."

The porter sulkily complied with the order, after having apparently communicated the intelligence that a stranger was at hand; for a deep silence immediately followed the tipsy clamor, and Larry, sticking close to his guide, whom he now looked upon almost as a friend when compared with these underground revelers to whom he was about to be introduced, followed him through a spacious vestibule, which gradually sloped into a low arched room where the company was assembled.

And a strange-looking company it was. Seated round a long table were three and twenty grave and venerable personages, bearded, mitred, stoled, and crosiered,—all living statues of stone, like the saint who had walked out of his niche. On the drapery before them were figured the images of the sun, moon, and stars—the inexplicable bear—the mystic temple built by the hand of Hiram—and other symbols of which the uninitiated know nothing. The square, the line, the trowel were

not wanting, and the hammer was lying in front of the chair. Labor, however, was over, and, the time for refreshment having arrived, each of the stony brotherhood had a flagon before him; and when we mention that the saints were Irish, and that St. Patrick in person was in the chair, it is not to be wondered at that the miters, in some instances, hung rather loosely on the side of the heads of some of the canonized compotators. Among the company were found St. Senanus of Limerick, St. Declan of Ardmore, St. Canice of Kilkenny, St. Finbar of Cork, St. Michan of Dublin, St. Brandon of Kerry, St. Fachnan of Ross, and others of that holy brotherhood. A vacant place, which completed the four and twentieth, was kept for St. Colman, who, as everybody knows, is of Cloyne; and he, having taken his seat, addressed the President to inform him that he had brought the man.

The man (Larry himself) was awestruck with the company in which he so unexpectedly found himself, and trembled all over when, on the notice of his guide, the eight and forty eyes of stone were turned directly upon himself.

"You have just nicked the night to a shaving, Larry," said St. Patrick. "This is our chapter night, and myself and brethren are here assembled on merry occasion! — You know who I am?"

"God bless your Riverince!" said Larry, "it's I that do well. Often did I see your picture hanging over the door of places where it is" — lowering his voice — "pleasanter to be than here, buried under an ould church."

"You may as well say it out, Larry," said St. Patrick. "And don't think I'm going to be angry with you about it, for I was once flesh and blood myself. But you remember the other night saying that you would think nothing of pulling your master out of Purgatory if you could get at him there, and appealing to me to stand by your words."

"Y-e-e-s," said Larry, most mournfully, for he recollected the significant look he had received from the picture.

"And," continued St. Patrick, "you remember also that I gave you a wink, which, you know, is as good any day as a nod — at least, to a blind horse."

"I'm sure your Riverince," said Larry, with a beating heart, "is too much of a gentleman to hold a poor man hard to every word he may say of an evening; and therefore —"

"I was thinking so," said the saint. "I guessed you'd

prove a poltroon when put to the push. What do you think, my brethren, I should do to this fellow?"

A hollow sound burst from the bosoms of the unanimous assembly. The verdict was short but decisive:—

"Knock out his brains!"

And, in order to suit the action to the word, the whole four and twenty rose at once, and, with their immovable eyes fixed firmly on the face of our hero, — who, horror-struck with the sight as he was, could not close his, — they began to glide slowly but regularly towards him, bending their line into the form of a crescent so as to environ him on all sides. In vain he fled to the door; its massive folds resisted mortal might. In vain he cast his eyes around in quest of a loophole of retreat — there was none. Closer and closer pressed on the slowly-moving phalanx, and the uplifted crosiers threatened soon to put their sentence into execution. Supplication was all that remained — and Larry sank upon his knees.

"Ah then!" said he; "gintlemin and ancient ould saints as you are, don't kill the father of a large small family who never did hurt to you or yours. Sure, if 'tis your will that I should go to — no matter who, for there's no use in naming his name — might I not as well make up my mind to go there alive and well, stout and hearty, and able to face him, as with my head knocked into bits, as if I had been after a fair or a pat-thren?"

"You say right," said St. Patrick, checking with a motion of his crosier the advancing assailants, who thereupon returned to their seats. "I'm glad to see you coming to reason. Prepare for your journey."

"And how, please your Saintship, am I to go?" asked Larry.

"Why," said St. Patrick, "as Colman here has guided you so far, he may guide you further. But as the journey is into foreign parts, where you aren't likely to be known, you had better take this letter of introduction, which may be of use to you."

"And here, also, Lawrence," said a Dublin saint (perhaps Michan), "take you this box also, and make use of it as he to whom you speak shall suggest."

"Take a hold, and a firm one," said St. Colman, "Lawrence, of my cassock, and we'll start."

"All right behind?" cried St. Patrick.

"All right!" was the reply.

In an instant vault, table, saints, bell, church faded into air; a rustling hiss of wings was all that was heard, and Larry felt his cheek swept by a current, as if a covey of birds of enormous size were passing him. [It was in all probability the flight of the saints returning to Heaven; but on that point nothing certain has reached us up to the present time of writing.] He had not a long time to wonder at the phenomenon, for he himself soon began to soar, dangling in mid-sky to the skirt of the cassock of his sainted guide. Earth, and all that appertains thereto, speedily passed from his eyes, and they were alone in the midst of circumfused ether, glowing with a sunless light. Above, in immense distance, was fixed the firmament, fastened up with bright stars, fencing around the world with its azure wall. They fled far before any distinguishable object met their eyes. At length a long white streak, shining like silver in the moonbeam, was visible to their sight.

"That," said St. Colman, "is the Limbo which adjoins the earth, and is the highway for ghosts departing the world. It is called in Milton, a book which I suppose, Larry, you never have read ——"

"And how could I, please your worship," said Larry, "seein' I don't know a B from a bull's foot?"

"Well, it is called in Milton the Paradise of Fools; and, if it were indeed peopled by all of that tribe who leave the world, it would contain the best company that ever figured on the earth. To the north you see a bright speck?"

"I do."

"That marks the upward path — narrow and hard to find. To the south you may see a darksome road — broad, smooth, and easy of descent. That is the lower way. It is thronged with the great ones of the world; you may see their figures in the gloom. Those who are soaring upwards are wrapt in the flood of light flowing perpetually from that single spot, and you cannot see them. The silver path on which we enter is the Limbo. Here I part with you. You are to give your letter to the first person you meet. Do your best; be courageous, but observe particularly that you profane no holy name, or I will not answer for the consequences."

His guide had scarcely vanished when Larry heard the tinkling of a bell in the distance; and, turning his eyes in the

quarter whence it proceeded, he saw a grave-looking man in black, with eyes of fire, driving before him a host of ghosts with a switch, as you see turkeys driven on the western road at the approach of Christmas. They were on the highway to Purgatory. The ghosts were shivering in the thin air, which pinched them severely now that they had lost the covering of their bodies. Among the group Larry recognized his old master, by the same means that Ulysses, Æneas, and others recognized the bodiless forms of *their* friends in the regions of Acheron.

"What brings a living person," said the man in black, "on this pathway? I shall make legal capture of you, Larry Sweeney, for trespassing. You have no business here."

"I have come," said Larry, plucking up courage, "to bring your honor's glory a letter from a company of gintlemin with whom I had the pleasure of spending the evening underneath the ould church of Inistubber."

"A letter?" said the man in black. "Where is it?"

"Here, my lord," said Larry.

"Ho!" cried the black gentleman on opening it; "I know the handwriting. It won't do, however, my lad; — I see they want to throw dust in my eyes."

"Whew!" thought Larry. "That's the very thing. 'Tis for that the ould Dublin boy gave me the box. I'd lay a ten-penny to a brass farthing that it's filled with Lundyfoot."

Opening the box, therefore, he flung its contents right into the fiery eyes of the man in black, while he was still occupied in reading the letter; — and the experiment was successful.

"Curses! Tche — tche — tche — curses on it!" exclaimed he, clapping his hands before his eyes, and sneezing most lustily.

"Run, you villains, run," cried Larry to the ghosts; "run, you villains, now that his eyes are off you. O master, master! Sir Theodore, jewel! Run to the right-hand side, make for the bright speck, and God give you luck!"

He had forgotten his injunction. The moment the word was uttered he felt the silvery ground sliding from under him; and with the swiftness of thought he found himself on the flat of his back, under the very niche of the old church wall whence he had started, dizzy and confused with the measureless tumble. The emancipated ghosts floated in all directions, emitting their

shrill and stridulous cries in the gleaming expanse. Some were again gathered by their old conductor; some, scudding about at random, took the right-hand path, others the left. Into which of them Sir Theodore struck is not recorded; but, as he had heard the direction, let us hope that he made the proper choice.

Larry had not much time given him to recover from his fall, for almost in an instant he heard an angry snorting rapidly approaching; and, looking up, whom should he see but the gentleman in black, with eyes gleaming more furiously than ever, and his horns (for in his haste he had let his hat fall) relieved in strong shadow against the moon? Up started Larry; — away ran his pursuer after him. The safest refuge was, of course, the church. Thither ran our hero,

As darts the dolphin from the shark,
Or the deer before the hounds;

and after him — fiercer than the shark, swifter than the hounds — fled the black gentleman. The church is cleared, the chancel entered; and the hot breath of his pursuer glows upon the outstretched neck of Larry. Escape is impossible; the extended talons of the fiend have clutched him by the hair.

“You are mine!” cried the demon. “If I have lost any of my flock, I have at least got you!”

“O St. Patrick!” exclaimed our hero in horror. “O St. Patrick, have mercy upon me, and save me!”

“I tell you what, Cousin Larry,” said Kinalee, chucking him up from behind a gravestone where he had fallen; “all the St. Patricks that ever were born would not have saved you from ould Tom Picton if he caught you sleeping on your post as I’ve caught you now. By the word of an ould soldier he’d have had the provost marshal upon you, and I’d not give two-pence for the loan of your life. And then, too, I see you have drunk every drop in the bottle. What can you say for yourself?”

“Nothing at all,” said Larry, scratching his head; “but it was an unlucky dream, and I’m glad it’s over.”

MY LORD TOMNODDY.

BY RICHARD HARRIS BARNHAM.

(From the "Ingoldsby Legends.")

[RICHARD HARRIS BARNHAM, English humorist and antiquary, was born December 6, 1788, at Canterbury; died June 17, 1845, at London. Of a good old family, with a jolly and literary father, he had a first-rate private education, finished at St. Paul's in London, and at Brasenose College, Oxford. Entering the church, he held livings in the district near Romney Marsh, with smuggling its chief trade and desperadoes its most noted denizens; he made rich literary capital out of it later. Finally he obtained livings in London, and became a member of a famous circle of wits, including Sydney Smith and Theodore Hook. In 1834 he began in *Bentley's Miscellany* the series of "Ingoldsby Legends," chiefly in verse, which still remain in unabated popularity, another series appearing in Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine* in 1843; they are largely burlesque developments of mediæval church legends or other stories, or local traditions.]

My Lord Tomnoddy got up one day;
 It was half after two,
 He had nothing to do,
 So his Lordship rang for his cabriolet.

Tiger Tim
 Was clean of limb,
 His boots were polished, his jacket was trim;
 With a very smart tie in his smart cravat,
 And a smart cockade on the top of his hat;
 Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,
 He stood in his stockings just four-foot ten;
 And he asked as he held the door on the swing,
 "Pray, did your Lordship please to ring?"
 My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head,
 And thus to Tiger Tim he said,

"Malibran's dead,
 Duvernay's fled,
 Taglioni has not yet arrived in her stead;
 Tiger Tim, come tell me true,
 What may a nobleman find to do?"

Tim looked up, and Tim looked down,
 He paused, and he put on a thoughtful frown,
 And he held up his hat, and he peeped in the crown,
 He bit his lip, and he scratched his head,
 He let go the handle, and thus he said,
 As the door, released, behind him banged:
 "An't please you, my Lord, there's a man to be hanged."

My Lord Tomnoddy jumped up at the news,
 "Run to M'Fuze,
 And Lieutenant Tregooze,
 And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues.
 Ropedancers a score
 I've seen before —
 Madame Sacchi, Antonio, and Master Black-more:
 But to see a man swing
 At the end of a string,
 With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing!"

My Lord Tomnoddy stepped into his cab —
 Dark rifle green, with a lining of drab;
 Through street, and through square,
 His high-trotting mare,
 Like one of Ducrow's, goes pawing the air,
 Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo Place
 Went the high-trotting mare at a very quick pace;
 She produced some alarm,
 But did no great harm,
 Save frightening a nurse with a child on her arm,
 Spattering with clay
 Two urchins at play,
 Knocking down — very much to the sweeper's dismay —
 An old woman who wouldn't get out of the way,
 And upsetting a stall
 Near Exeter Hall,
 Which made all the pious Church-mission folks squall;
 But eastward afar,
 Through Temple Bar,
 My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car;
 Never heeding their squalls,
 Or their calls, or their bawls,
 He passes by Waithman's Emporium for shawls,
 And, merely just catching a glimpse of St. Paul's,
 Turns down the Old Bailey,
 Where, in front of the jail, he
 Pulls up at the door of the ginshop, and gayly
 Cries, "What must I fork out to-night, my trump,
 For the whole first floor of the Magpie and Stump?"

* * * * *

The clock strikes twelve — it is dark midnight —
 Yet the Magpie and Stump is one blaze of light.
 The parties are met;
 The tables are set;

There is "punch," "cold *without*," "hot *within*," "heavy wet,"
 Ale glasses and jugs,
 And rummers and mugs,
And sand on the floor, without carpets or rugs,
 Cold fowl and cigars,
 Pickled onions in jars,
Welsh rabbits and kidneys — rare work for the jaws, —
And very large lobsters, with very large claws;
 And there is M'Fuze,
 And Lieutenant Tregooze,
And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues,
 All come to see a man "die in his shoes!"

 The clock strikes One!
 Supper is done,
And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun,
Singing "Jolly companions every one!"
 My Lord Tomnoddy
 Is drinking gin toddy,
And laughing at everything, and everybody.

The clock strikes Two! and the clock strikes Three!
— "Who so merry, so merry as we?"
 Save Captain M'Fuze,
 Who is taking a snooze,
While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work,
Blacking his nose with a piece of burnt cork.

 The clock strikes Four!
 Round the debtor's door
Are gathered a couple of thousand or more;
 As many await
 At the press-yard gate,
Till slowly its folding doors open, and straight
The mob divides, and between their ranks
A wagon comes loaded with posts and with planks.

 The clock strikes Five!
 The Sheriffs arrive,
And the crowd is so great that the street seems alive;
 But Sir Carnaby Jenks
 Blinks, and winks,
A candle burns down in the socket, and sinks,
 Lieutenant Tregooze
 Is dreaming of Jews,

And acceptances all the bill brokers refuse ;
 My Lord Tomnoddy
 Has drunk all his toddy,
And just as dawn is beginning to peep,
The whole of the party are fast asleep.

Sweetly, oh ! sweetly, the morning breaks,
 With roseate streaks,
Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks ;
It seemed that the mild and clear blue sky
Smiled upon all things far and nigh,
On all — save the wretch condemned to die.
Alack ! that ever so fair a sun
As that which its course has now begun,
Should rise on such a scene of misery —
Should gild with rays so light and free
That dismal, dark-frowning gallows tree !

And hark ! — a sound comes, big with fate ;
The clock from St. Sepulcher's tower strikes — Eight ! —
List to that low funereal bell :
It is tolling, alas ! a living man's knell —
And see, — from forth that opening door
They come ! — He steps that threshold o'er
Who never shall tread upon threshold more.
— God ! 'tis a fearsome thing to see
That pale, wan man's mute agony,
The glare of that wild, despairing eye,
Now bent on the crowd, now turned to the sky,
As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and in fear,
The path of the Spirit's unknown career ;
Those pinioned arms, those hands that ne'er
Shall be lifted again, not even in prayer ;
That heaving chest ! — Enough, — 'tis done !
The bolt has fallen ! — the spirit is gone —
For weal or for woe is known but to One ! —
— Oh ! 'twas a fearsome sight ! — Ah me !
A deed to shudder at, not to see.

Again that clock ! 'tis time, 'tis time !
The hour is past ; — with its earliest chime
The chord is severed, its lifeless clay
By "dungeon villains" is borne away :
Nine ! — 'twas the last concluding stroke !
And then — my Lord Tomnoddy awoke !

And Tregooze and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose,
 And Captain M'Fuze, with the black on his nose:
 And they stared at each other, as much as to say

"Hollo! hollo!

Here's a rum Go!

Why, Captain!—my Lord!—Here's the devil to pay!
 The fellow's been cut down and taken away!—

What's to be done?

We've missed all the fun!—

Why, they'll laugh at and quiz us all over the town
 We are all of us done so uncommonly brown!"

What *was* to be done?—'twas perfectly plain
 That they could not well hang the man over again.
 What was to be done!—The man was dead!
 Naught *could* be done—naught could be said;
 So—my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed!



THE AULD LIGHTS.¹

By J. M. BARRIE.

[JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE: A Scotch novelist and playwright; born at Kirriemuir, Forfarshire, May 9, 1860. He graduated at Edinburgh University in 1882. He engaged first in provincial and then in London journalism, his first great work being the "Auld Licht Idylls," contributed to the *St. James' Gazette*, and collected in 1887. The best of his others are: "A Window in Thrums," "The Little Minister," "Sentimental Tommy," and a biography of his mother, "Margaret Ogilvy." For the stage he has written the successful comedies "Walker, London," "The Professor's Love Story," and "The Little Minister," a dramatization of his own novel.]

LADS AND LASSES.

WITH the severe Auld Lights the Sabbath began at six o'clock on Saturday evening. By that time the gleaming shuttle was at rest, Davie Haggart had strolled into the village from his pile of stones on the Whunny road; Hendry Robb, the "dummy," had sold his last barrowful of "rozetty [resiny] roots" for firewood; and the people, having tranquilly supped and soused their faces in their water pails, slowly donned their Sunday clothes. This ceremony was common to all; but here divergence set in. The gray Auld Licht, to whom love was not even a name, sat in his high-backed arm-

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AULD LIGHTS

From a painting by Thomas Faed

chair by the hearth, Bible or "Pilgrim's Progress" in hand, occasionally lapsing into slumber. But—though, when they got the chance, they went willingly three times to the kirk—there were young men in the community so flighty that, instead of dozing at home on Saturday night, they dandered casually into the square, and, forming into knots at the corners, talked solemnly and mysteriously of women.

Not even on the night preceding his wedding was an Auld Licht ever known to stay out after ten o'clock. So weekly conclaves at street corners came to an end at a comparatively early hour, one Cœlebs after another shuffling silently from the square until it echoed, deserted, to the townhouse clock. The last of the gallants, gradually discovering that he was alone, would look around him musingly, and, taking in the situation, slowly wend his way home. On no other night of the week was frivolous talk about the softer sex indulged in, the Auld Lights being creatures of habit who never thought of smiling on a Monday. Long before they reached their teens they were earning their keep as herds in the surrounding glens or filling "pirns" for their parents; but they were generally on the brink of twenty before they thought seriously of matrimony. Up to that time they only trifled with the other sex's affections at a distance—filling a maid's water pails, perhaps, when no one was looking, or carrying her wob; at the recollection of which they would slap their knees almost jovially on Saturday night. A wife was expected to assist at the loom as well as to be cunning in the making of marmalade and the firing of bannocks, and there was consequently some heart-burning among the lads for maids of skill and muscle. The Auld Licht, however, who meant marriage seldom loitered in the streets. By and by there came a time when the clock looked down through its cracked glass upon the hemmed-in square and saw him not. His companions, gazing at each other's boots, felt that something was going on, but made no remark.

A month ago, passing through the shabby familiar square, I brushed against a withered old man tottering down the street under a load of yarn. It was piled on a wheelbarrow which his feeble hands could not have raised but for the rope of yarn that supported it from his shoulders; and though Auld Licht was written on his patient eyes, I did not immediately recognize Jamie Whamond. Years ago Jamie was a sturdy weaver and fervent lover whom I had the right to call my friend.

Turn back the century a few decades, and we are together on a moonlight night, taking a short cut through the fields from the farm of Craigiebuckle. Buxom were Craigiebuckle's "dochteren," and Jamie was Janet's accepted suitor. It was a muddy road through damp grass, and we picked our way silently over its ruts and pools. "I'm thinkin'," Jamie said at last, a little wistfully, "that I micht hae been as weel wi' Chirsty." Chirsty was Janet's sister, and Jamie had first thought of her. Craigiebuckle, however, strongly advised him to take Janet instead, and he consented. Alack! heavy wobs have taken all the grace from Janet's shoulders this many a year, though she and Jamie go bravely down the hill together. Unless they pass the allotted span of life, the "poors-house" will never know them. As for bonny Chirsty, she proved a flighty thing, and married a deacon in the Established Church. The Auld Lights groaned over her fall, Craigiebuckle hung his head, and the minister told her sternly to go her way. But a few weeks afterwards Lang Tammas, the chief elder, was observed talking with her for an hour in Gowrie's close; and the very next Sabbath Chirsty pushed her husband in triumph into her father's pew. The minister, though completely taken by surprise, at once referred to the stranger, in a prayer of great length, as a brand that might yet be plucked from the burning. Changing his text, he preached at him; Lang Tammas, the precentor, and the whole congregation (Chirsty included), sang at him; and before he exactly realized his position he had become an Auld Licht for life. Chirsty's triumph was complete when, next week, in broad daylight, too, the minister's wife called, and (in the presence of Betsy Munn, who vouches for the truth of the story) graciously asked her to come up to the manse on Thursday, at 4 P.M., and drink a dish of tea. Chirsty, who knew her position, of course begged modestly to be excused; but a coolness arose over the invitation between her and Janet—who felt slighted—that was only made up at the laying-out of Chirsty's father-in-law, to which Janet was pleasantly invited.

When they had red up the house, the Auld Licht lassies sat in the gloaming at their doors on three-legged stools, patiently knitting stockings. To them came stiff-limbed youths who, with a "Blawy nicht, Jeanie" (to which the inevitable answer was, "It is so, Cha-rles"), rested their shoulders on the doorpost, and silently followed with their eyes the flashing needles.

Thus the courtship began — often to ripen promptly into marriage, at other times to go no further. The smooth-haired maids, neat in their simple wrappers, knew they were on their trial and that it behooved them to be wary. They had not compassed twenty winters without knowing that Marget Todd lost Davie Haggart because she “fittit” a black stocking with brown worsted, and that Finny’s grieve turned from Bell Whamond on account of the frivolous flowers in her bonnet: and yet Bell’s prospects, as I happen to know, at one time looked bright and promising. Sitting over her father’s peat fire one night gossiping with him about fishing flies and tackle, I noticed the grieve, who had dropped in by appointment with some ducks’ eggs on which Bell’s clockin hen was to sit, performing some sleight-of-hand trick with his coat sleeve. Craftily he jerked and twisted it, till his own photograph (a black smudge on white) gradually appeared to view. This he gravely slipped into the hands of the maid of his choice, and then took his departure, apparently much relieved. Had not Bell’s light-headedness driven him away, the grieve would have soon followed up his gift with an offer of his hand. Some night Bell would have “seen him to the door,” and they would have stared sheepishly at each other before saying good night. The parting salutation given, the grieve would still have stood his ground, and Bell would have waited with him. At last, “Will ye hae’s, Bell?” would have dropped from his half-reluctant lips; and Bell would have mumbled, “Ay,” with her thumb in her mouth. “Guid nicht to ye, Bell,” would be the next remark — “Guid nicht to ye, Jeames,” the answer; the humble door would close softly, and Bell and her lad would have been engaged. But, as it was, their attachment never got beyond the silhouette stage, from which, in the ethics of the Auld Lights, a man can draw back in certain circumstances, without loss of honor. The only really tender thing I ever heard an Auld Licht lover say to his sweetheart was when Gowrie’s brother looked softly into Easie Tamson’s eyes and whispered, “Do you swite [sweat]?” Even then the effect was produced more by the loving cast in Gowrie’s eye than by the tenderness of the words themselves.

The courtships were sometimes of long duration, but as soon as the young man realized that he was courting he proposed. Cases were not wanting in which he realized this for himself, but as a rule he had to be told of it.

There were a few instances of weddings among the Auld Lights that did not take place on Friday. Betsy Munn's brother thought to assert his two coal carts, about which he was sinfully puffed up, by getting married early in the week; but he was a pragmatistical feckless body, Jamie. The foreigner from York that Finny's grieve after disappointing Jiany Whamond took, sought to sow the seeds of strife by urging that Friday was an unlucky day; and I remember how the minister, who was always great in a crisis, nipped the bickering in the bud by adducing the conclusive fact that he had been married on the sixth day of the week himself. It was a judicious policy on Mr. Dishart's part to take vigorous action at once and insist on the solemnization of the marriage on a Friday or not at all, for he best kept superstition out of the congregation by branding it as heresy. Perhaps the Auld Lights were only ignorant of the grieve's lass' theory because they had not thought of it. Friday's claims, too, were incontrovertible; for the Saturday's being a slack day gave the couple an opportunity to put their but and ben in order, and on Sabbath they had a gay day of it, three times at the kirk. The honeymoon over, the racket of the loom began again on the Monday.

The natural politeness of the Allardice family gave me my invitation to Tibbie's wedding. I was taking tea and cheese early one wintry afternoon with the smith and his wife, when little Joey Todd in his Sabbath clothes peered in at the passage, and then knocked primly at the door. Andra forgot himself, and called out to him to come in by; but Jess frowned him into silence, and, hastily donning her black mutch, received Willio on the threshold. Both halves of the door were open, and the visitor had looked us over carefully before knocking; but he had come with the compliments of Tibbie's mother, requesting the pleasure of Jess and her man that evening to the lassie's marriage with Sam'l Todd, and the knocking at the door was part of the ceremony. Five minutes afterwards Joey returned to beg a moment of me in the passage; when I, too, got my invitation. The lad had just received, with an expression of polite surprise, though he knew he could claim it as his right, a slice of crumbling shortbread, and taken his staid departure, when Jess cleared the tea things off the table, remarking simply that it was a mercy we had not got beyond the first cup. We then retired to dress.

About six o'clock, the time announced for the ceremony, I

elbowed my way through the expectant throng of men, women, and children that already besieged the smith's door. Shrill demands of "toss, toss!" rent the air every time Jess' head showed on the window blind, and Andra hoped, as I pushed open the door, "that I hadna forgotten my bawbees." Weddings were celebrated among the Auld Lights by showers of ha'pence, and the guests on their way to the bride's house had to scatter to the hungry rabble like housewives feeding poultry. Willie Todd, the best man, who had never come out so strong in his life before, slipped through the back window, while the crowd, led on by Kitty McQueen, seethed in front, and making a bolt for it to the "Sosh," was back in a moment with a handful of small change. "Dinna toss ower lavishly at first," the smith whispered me nervously, as we followed Jess and Willie into the darkening wynd.

The guests were packed hot and solemn in Johnny Allardice's "room": the men anxious to surrender their seats to the ladies who happened to be standing, but too bashful to propose it; the ham and the fish frizzling noisily side by side but the house, and hissing out every now and then to let all whom it might concern know that Janet Craik was adding more water to the gravy. A better woman never lived; but, oh, the hypocrisy of the face that beamed greeting to the guests as if it had nothing to do but politely show them in, and gasped next moment with upraised arms, over what was nearly a fall in crockery. When Janet sped to the door her "spleet new" merino dress fell, to the pulling of a string, over her homemade petticoat, like the drop scene in a theater, and rose as promptly when she returned to slice the bacon. The murmur of admiration that filled the room when she entered with the minister was an involuntary tribute to the spotlessness of her wrapper, and a great triumph for Janet. If there is an impression that the dress of the Auld Lights was on all occasions as somber as their faces, let it be known that the bride was but one of several in "whites," and that Mag Munn had only at the last moment been dissuaded from wearing flowers. The minister, the Auld Lights congratulated themselves, disapproved of all such decking of the person and bowing of the head to idols; but on such an occasion he was not expected to observe it. Bell Whamond, however, has reason for knowing that, marriages or no marriages, he drew the line at curls.

By and by Sam'l Todd, looking a little dazed, was pushed

into the middle of the room to Tibbie's side, and the minister raised his voice in prayer. All eyes closed reverently, except perhaps the bridegroom's, which seemed glazed and vacant. It was an open question in the community whether Mr. Dishart did not miss his chance at weddings, the men shaking their heads over the comparative brevity of the ceremony, the women worshipping him (though he never hesitated to rebuke them when they showed it too openly) for the urbanity of his manners. At that time, however, only a minister of such experience as Mr. Dishart's predecessor could lead up to a marriage in prayer without inadvertently joining the couple; and the catechizing was mercifully brief. Another prayer followed the union; the minister waived his right to kiss the bride; every one looked at every other one, as if he had for the moment forgotten what he was on the point of saying and found it very annoying; and Janet signed frantically to Willie Todd, who nodded intelligently in reply, but evidently had no idea what she meant. In time Johnny Allardice, our host, who became more and more doited as the night proceeded, remembered his instructions, and led the way to the kitchen, where the guests, having politely informed their hostess that they were not hungry, partook of a hearty tea. Mr. Dishart presided with the bride and bridegroom near him; but though he tried to give an agreeable turn to the conversation by describing the extensions at the cemetery, his personality oppressed us, and we only breathed freely when he rose to go. Yet we marveled at his versatility. In shaking hands with the newly married couple the minister reminded them that it was leap year, and wished them "three hundred and sixty-six happy and God-fearing days."

Sam'l's station being too high for it, Tibbie did not have a penny wedding, which her thrifty mother bewailed, penny weddings starting a couple in life. I can recall nothing more characteristic of the nation from which the Auld Lights sprung than the penny wedding, where the only revelers that were not out of pocket by it were the couple who gave the entertainment. The more the guests ate and drank the better, pecuniarily, for their hosts. The charge for admission to the penny wedding (practically to the feast that followed it) varied in different districts, but with us it was generally a shilling. Perhaps the penny extra to the fiddler accounts for the name penny wedding. The ceremony having been gone through in the bride's house, there was an

adjournment to a barn or other convenient place of meeting, where was held the nuptial feast. Long white boards from Rob Angus' sawmill, supported on trestles, stood in lieu of tables; and those of the company who could not find a seat waited patiently against the wall for a vacancy. The shilling gave every guest the free run of the groaning board; but though fowls were plentiful, and even white bread too, little had been spent on them. The farmers of the neighborhood, who looked forward to providing the young people with drills of potatoes for the coming winter, made a bid for their custom by sending them a fowl gratis for the marriage supper. It was popularly understood to be the oldest cock of the farmyard, but for all that it made a brave appearance in a shallow sea of soup. The fowls were always boiled, — without exception, so far as my memory carries me, — the guidwife never having the heart to roast them, and so lose the broth. One round of whisky and water was all the drink to which his shilling entitled the guest. If he wanted more he had to pay for it. There was much revelry, with song and dance, that no stranger could have thought those stiff-limbed weavers capable of; and the more they shouted and whirled through the barn, the more their host smiled and rubbed his hands. He presided at the bar improvised for the occasion, and if the thing was conducted with spirit, his bride flung an apron over her gown and helped him. I remember one elderly bridegroom, who, having married a blind woman, had to do double work at his penny wedding. It was a sight to see him flitting about the torch-lit barn, with a kettle of hot water in one hand and a besom to sweep up crumbs in the other.

Though Sam'l had no penny wedding, however, we made a night of it at his marriage.

Wedding chariots were not in those days, though I know of Auld Lights being conveyed to marriages nowadays by horses with white ears. The tea over, we formed in couples, and — the best man with the bride, the bridegroom with the best maid, leading the way — marched in slow procession in the moonlight night to Tibbie's new home, between lines of hoarse and eager onlookers. An attempt was made by an itinerant musician to head the company with his fiddle; but instrumental music, even in the streets, was abhorrent to sound Auld Lights, and the minister had spoken privately to Willie Todd on the subject. As a consequence, Peter was driven from the

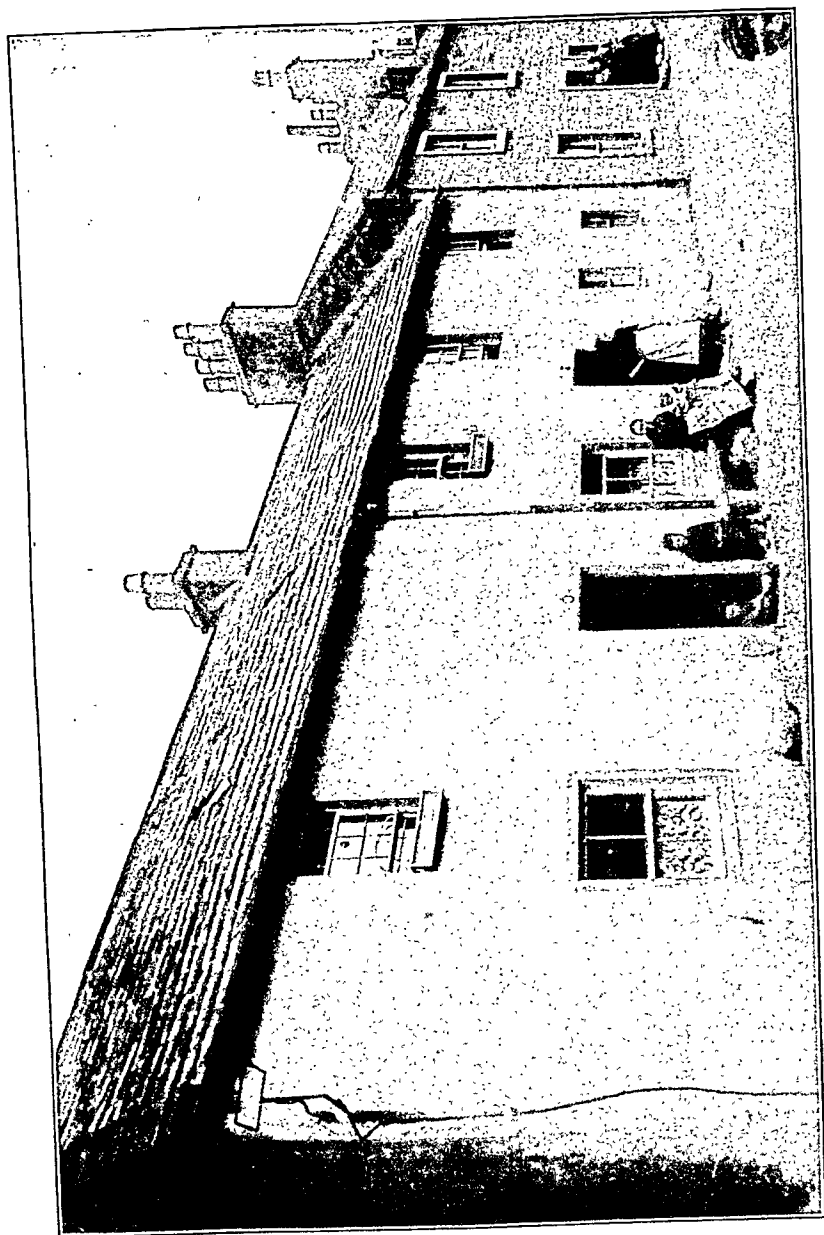
ranks. The last thing I saw that night, as we filed, bare-headed and solemn, into the newly married couple's house, was Kitty McQueen's vigorous arm, in a disheveled sleeve, pounding a pair of urchins who had got between her and a muddy ha'penny.

That night there was revelry and boisterous mirth (or what the Auld Lights took for such) in Tibbie's kitchen. At eleven o'clock Davit Lunan cracked a joke. Davie Haggart, in reply to Bell Dundas' request, gave a song of distinctly secular tendencies. The bride (who had carefully taken off her wedding gown on getting home and donned a wrapper) coquettishly let the bridegroom's father hold her hand. In Auld Licht circles, when one of the company was offered whisky and refused it, the others, as if pained even at the offer, pushed it from them as a thing abhorred. But Davie Haggart set another example on this occasion, and no one had the courage to refuse to follow it. We sat late round the dying fire, and it was only Willie Todd's scandalous assertion (he was but a boy) about his being able to dance that induced us to think of moving. In the community, I understand, this marriage is still memorable as the occasion on which Bell Whamond laughed in the minister's face.

DAVIT LUNAN'S POLITICAL REMINISCENCES.

When an election day comes round now, it takes me back to the time of 1832. I would be eight or ten year old at that time. James Strachan was at the door by five o'clock in the morning in his Sabbath clothes, by arrangement. We was to go up to the hill to see them building the bonfire. Moreover, there was word that Mr. Scrimgour was to be there tossing pennies, just like at a marriage. I was wakened before that by my mother at the pans and bowls. I have always associated elections since that time with jelly making; for just as my mother would fill the cups and tankers and bowls with jelly to save cans, she was emptying the pots and pans to make way for the ale and porter. James and me was to help to carry it home from the square—him in the pitcher and me in a flagon, because I was silly for my age and not strong in the arms.

It was a very blowy morning, though the rain kept off, and what part of the bonfire had been built already was found scattered to the winds. Before we rose a great mass of folk was getting the barrels and things together again; but some of



THE BIRTHPLACE OF J. M. BARRIE, KIRRIEMUIR

them was never recovered, and suspicion pointed to William Geddes, it being well known that William would not hesitate to carry off anything if unobserved. More by token Chirsty Lamby had seen him rolling home a barrowful of firewood early in the morning, her having risen to hold cold water in her mouth, being down with the toothache. When we got up to the hill everybody was making for the quarry, which being more sheltered was now thought to be a better place for the bonfire. The masons had struck work, it being a general holiday in the whole country side. There was a great commotion of people, all fine dressed and mostly with glengarry bonnets; and me and James was well acquaint with them, though mostly weavers and the like and not my father's equal. Mr. Scrimgour was not there himself; but there was a small active body in his room as tossed the money for him fair enough; though not so liberally as was expected, being mostly ha'pence where pennies was looked for. Such was not my father's opinion, and him and a few others only had a vote. He considered it was a waste of money giving to them that had no vote and so taking out of other folks' mouths, but the little man said it kept everybody in good humor and made Mr. Scrimgour popular. He was an extraordinary affable man and very spry, running about to waste no time in walking, and gave me a shilling, saying to me to be a truthful boy and tell my father. He did not give James anything, him being an orphan, but clapped his head and said he was a fine boy.

The Captain was to vote for the Bill if he got in, the which he did. It was the Captain was to give the ale and porter in the square like a true gentleman. My father gave a kind of laugh when I let him see my shilling, and said he would keep care of it for me; and sorry I was I let him get it, me never seeing the face of it again to this day. Me and James was much annoyed with the women, especially Kitty Davie, always pushing in when there was tossing, and tearing the very ha'pence out of our hands: us not caring so much about the money, but humiliated to see women mixing up in politics. By the time the topmost barrel was on the bonfire there was a great smell of whisky in the quarry, it being a confined place. My father had been against the bonfire being in the quarry, arguing that the wind on the hill would have carried off the smell of the whisky; but Peter Tosh said they did not want the smell carried off,—it would be agreeable to the masons for weeks to

come. Except among the women there was no fighting nor wrangling at the quarry, but all in fine spirits.

I misremember now whether it was Mr. Scrimgour or the Captain that took the fancy to my father's pigs; but it was this day, at any rate, that the Captain sent him the gamecock. Whichever one it was that fancied the litter of pigs, nothing would content him but to buy them, which he did at thirty shillings each, being the best bargain ever my father made. Nevertheless I'm thinking he was windier of the cock. The Captain, who was a local man when not with his regiment, had the grandest collection of fighting cocks in the county, and sometimes came into the town to try them against the town cocks. I mind well the large wicker cage in which they were conveyed from place to place, and never without the Captain near at hand. My father had a cock that beat all the other town cocks at the cockfight at our school, which was superintended by the elder of the kirk to see fair play; but the which died of its wounds the next day but one. This was a great grief to my father, it having been challenged to fight the Captain's cock. Therefore it was very considerate of the Captain to make my father a present of his bird; father, in compliment to him, changing its name from the "Deil" to the "Captain."

During the forenoon, and I think until well on in the day, James and me was busy with the pitcher and the flagon. The proceedings in the square, however, was not so well conducted as in the quarry, many of the folk there assembled showing a mean and grasping spirit. The Captain had given orders that there was to be no stint of ale and porter, and neither there was; but much of it lost through hastiness. Great barrels was hurled into the middle of the square, where the country wives sat with their eggs and butter on market day, and was quickly stove in with an ax or paving stone or whatever came handy. Sometimes they would break into the barrel at different points; and then, when they tilted it up to get the ale out at one hole, it gushed out at the bottom till the square was flooded. My mother was fair disgusted when told by me and James of the waste of good liquor. It is gospel truth I speak when I say I mind well of seeing Singer Davie catching the porter in a pan as it ran down the sire, and, when the pan was full to overflowing, putting his mouth to the stream and drinking till he was as full as the pan. Most of the men, however, stuck to the barrels, the drink running in the street being ale and porter

mixed, and left it to the women and the young folk to do the carrying. Susy M'Queen brought as many pans as she could collect on a barrow, and was filling them all with porter, rejecting the ale ; but indignation was aroused against her, and as fast as she filled, the others emptied.

My father scorned to go to the square to drink ale and porter with the crowd, having the election on his mind and him to vote. Nevertheless he instructed me and James to keep up a brisk trade with the pans, and run back across the gardens in case we met dishonest folk in the streets who might drink the ale. Also, said my father, we was to let the excesses of our neighbors be a warning in sobriety to us ; enough being as good as a feast, except when you can store it up for the winter. By and by my mother thought it was not safe me being in the streets with so many wild men about, and would have sent James himself, him being an orphan and hardier ; but this I did not like, but, running out, did not come back for long enough. There is no doubt that the music was to blame for firing the men's blood, and the result most disgraceful fighting with no object in view. There was three fiddlers and two at the flute, most of them blind, but not the less dangerous on that account ; and they kept the town in a ferment, even playing the country-folk home to the farms, followed by bands of townsfolk. They were a quarrelsome set, the plowmen and others ; and it was generally admitted in the town that their overbearing behavior was responsible for the fights. I mind them being driven out of the square, stones flying thick ; also some stand-up fights with sticks, and others fair enough with fists. The worst fight I did not see. It took place in a field. At first it was only between two who had been miscalling one another ; but there was many looking on, and when the town man was like getting the worst of it the others set to, and a most heathenish fray with no sense in it ensued. One man had his arm broken. I mind Hobart the bellman going about ringing his bell and telling all persons to get within doors ; but little attention was paid to him, it being notorious that Snecky had had a fight earlier in the day himself.

When James was fighting in the field, according to his own account, I had the honor of dining with the electors who voted for the Captain, him paying all expenses. It was a lucky accident my mother sending me to the townhouse, where the dinner came off, to try to get my father home at a decent hour,

me having a remarkable power over him when in liquor but at no other time. They were very jolly, however, and insisted on my drinking the Captain's health and eating more than was safe. My father got it next day from my mother for this ; and so would I myself, but it was several days before I left my bed, completely knocked up as I was with the excitement and one thing or another. The bonfire, which was built to celebrate the election of Mr. Scrimgour, was set ablaze, though I did not see it, in honor of the election of the Captain ; it being thought a pity to lose it, as no doubt it would have been. That is about all I remember of the celebrated election of '32 when the Reform Bill was passed.



RORY O'MORE'S PRESENT TO THE PRIEST.

By SAMUEL LOVER.

[SAMUEL LOVER, Irish artist, songster, and story-teller, was born in Dublin in 1797. He began as an artist, acquiring repute as a miniature painter and becoming secretary of the Royal Hibernian Society of Arts. His "Legends and Stories of Ireland" (1831) gave him reputation as an author. About 1835 he went to London, and became very popular as an entertainer, singing his own songs in companies, to his own music (collected 1839). In 1837 he published the novel "Rory O'More," which was a great success and was dramatized ; in 1842 "Handy Andy" appeared. In 1844 he began giving public entertainments with his own songs and recitations, which had great vogue in England and America. He died July 6, 1868.]

"WHY, thin, I'll tell you," said Rory. "I promised my mother to bring a present to the priest from Dublin, and I could not make up my mind rightly what to get all the time I was there. I thought of a pair o' top-boots ; for, indeed, his reverence's is none of the best, and only you *know* them to be top-boots, you would not *take* them to be top-boots, bekase the bottoms has been put in so often that the tops is wore out intirely, and is no more like top-boots than my brogues. So I wint to a shop in Dublin, and picked out the purtiest pair o' top-boots I could see ; — whin I say purty, I don't mane a flourishin' taarin' pair, but sich as was fit for a priest, a respectable pair o' boots ; — and with that, I pulled out my good money to pay for thim, whin jist at that minit, remembering the thricks o' the town, I bethought o' myself, and says I, 'I suppose these are the right thing ?' says I to the man. — 'You

can thry them,' says he. — 'How can I thry them?' says I. — 'Pull them on you,' says he. — 'Throth, an' I'd be sorry,' says I, 'to take sich a liberty with them,' says I. — 'Why, aren't you goin' to ware thim?' says he. — 'Is it me?' says I, 'me ware top-boots? Do you think it's takin' lave of my sinsis I am?' says I. — 'Then what do you want to buy them for?' says he. — 'For his reverence, Father Kinshela,' says I. 'Are they the right sort for him?' — 'How should I know?' says he. — 'You're a purty bootmaker,' says I, 'not to know how to make a priest's boot!' — 'How do I know his size?' says he. — 'Oh, don't be comin' off that away,' says I. 'There's no sich great differ betune priests and other min!'"

"I think you were very right there," said the pale traveler.

"To be sure, sir," said Rory; "and it was only jist a *come off* for his own ignorance. — 'Tell me his size,' says the fellow, 'and I'll fit him.' — 'He's betune five and six fut,' says I. — 'Most men are,' says he, laughin' at me. He was an impidint fellow. 'It's not the five, nor six, but his *two* feet I want to know the size of,' says he. So I persauved he was jeerin' me, and says I, 'Why, thin, you respectful vagabone o' the world, you Dublin jackeen! do you mane to insinivate that Father Kinshela ever wint barefuttet in his life, that I could know the size of his fut,' says I; and with that I threw the boots in his face. 'Take that,' says I, 'you dirty thief o' the world! you impidint vagabone o' the world! you ignorant citizen o' the world!' And with that I left the place."

"It is their usual practice," said the traveler, "to take measure of their customers."

"Is it, thin?"

"It really is."

"See that, now!" said Rory, with an air of triumph. "You would think that they wor cleverer in the town than in the counthry; and they ought to be so, by all accounts; — but in the regard of what I towld you, you see, we're before them intirely."

"How so?" said the traveler.

"Arrah! bekase they never throuble people in the counthry at all with takin' their measure; but you jist go to a fair, and bring your fut along with you, and somebody else dhrives a cartful o' brogues into the place, and there you sarve yourself; and so the man gets his money and you get your shoes, and every one's plazed."

"But what I mane is—where did I lave off tellin' you about the present for the priest?—wasn't it at the bootmaker's shop?—yes, that was it. Well, sir, on laving the shop, as soon as I kem to myself afther the fellow's impidinee, I begun to think what was the next best thing I could get for his reverence; and with that, while I was thinkin' about it, I seen a very respectable owld gintleman goin' by, with the most beautiful stick in his hand I ever set my eyes on, and a goolden head to it that was worth its weight in goold; and it gev him such an iligant look altogetther, that says I to myself, 'It's the very thing for Father Kinshela, if I could get sich another.' And so I wint lookin' about me every shop I seen as I wint by, and at last, in a sthreet they call Dame Sthreet—and, by the same token, I didn't know why they called it Dame Sthreet till I ax'd; and I was towld they called it Dame Sthreet bekase the ladies were so fond o' walkin' there;—and lovely craythurs they wor! and I can't b'lieve that the town is such an onwholesome place to live in, for most o' the ladies I seen there had the most beautiful rosy cheeks I ever clapt my eyes upon—and the beautiful rowlin' eyes o' them! Well, it was in Dame Sthreet, as I was sayin', that I kem to a shop where there was a power o' sticks, and so I wint in and looked at thim; and a man in the place kem to me and ax'd me if I wanted a cane? 'No,' says I, 'I don't want a cane; it's a stick I want,' says I. 'A cane, you mane,' says he. 'No,' says I, 'it's a stick,—for I was determind to have no cane, but to stick to the stick. 'Here's a nate one,' says he. 'I don't want a nate one,' says I, 'but a responsible one,' says I. 'Faith!' says he, 'if an Irishman's stick was responsible, it would have a great dale to answer for'—and he laughed a power. I didn't know myself what he meant, but that's what he said."

"It was because you asked for a responsible stick," said the traveler.

"And why wouldn't I," said Rory, "when it was for his reverence I wanted it? Why wouldn't he have a nice-lookin', respectable, responsible stick?"

"Certainly," said the traveler.

"Well, I picked out one that looked to my likin'—a good substantial stick, with an ivory top to it—for I seen that the goold-headed ones was so dear I couldn't come up to them; and so says I, 'Give me a howld o' that,' says I—and I tuk a grip iv it. I never was so surprised in my life. I thought to get a

good, brave handful of a solid stick, but, my dear, it was well it didn't fly out o' my hand a'most, it was so light. 'Phew!' says I, 'what sort of a stick is this?' 'I tell you it's not a stick, but a cane,' says he. 'Faith! I b'lieve you,' says I. 'You see how good and light it is,' says he. Think o' that, sir! — to call a stick good and light — as if there could be any good in life in a stick that wasn't heavy, and could sthreck a good blow! 'Is it jokin' you are?' says I. 'Don't you feel it yourself?' says he. 'Throth, I can hardly feel it at all,' says I. 'Sure that's the beauty of it,' says he. Think o' the ignorant vagabone! — to call a stick a beauty that was as light a'most as a bulrush! 'And so you can hardly feel it!' says he, grinnin'. 'Yis, indeed,' says I; 'and what's worse, I don't think I could make any one else feel it either.' 'Oh! you want a stick to bate people with!' says he. 'To be sure,' says I; 'sure that's the use of a stick.' 'To knock the sinsis out o' people!' says he, grinnin' again. 'Sartinly,' says I, 'if they're saucy' — lookin' hard at him at the same time. 'Well, these is only walkin' sticks,' says he. 'Throth, you may say *runnin'* sticks,' says I, 'for you daren't stand before any one with sich a *thraneen* as that in your fist.' 'Well, pick out the heaviest o' them you plaze,' says he; 'take your choice.' So I wint pokin' and rummagin' among thim, and, if you believe me, there wasn't a stick in their whole shop worth a kick in the shins — divil a one!"

"But why did you require such a heavy stick for the priest?"

"Bekase there is not a man in the parish wants it more," said Rory.

"Is he so quarrelsome, then?" said the traveler.

"No, but the greatest o' pacemakers," said Rory.

"Then what does he want the heavy stick for?"

"For wallop'in' his flock, to be sure," said Rory.

"Walloping!" said the traveler, choking with laughter.

"Oh! you may laugh," said Rory, "but 'pon my sowl! you wouldn't laugh if you wor undher his hand, for he has a brave heavy one, God bless him and spare him to us!"

"And what is all this walloping for?"

"Why, sir, whin we have a bit of a fight, for fun, or the regular faction one, at the fair, his reverence sometimes hears of it, and comes av coorse."

"Good God!" said the traveler, in real astonishment, "does the priest join the battle?"

"No, no, no, sir! I see you're quite a sthranger in the

counthry. The priest join it! — Oh! by no manes. But he comes and stops it; and, av coorse, the only way he can stop it is to ride into thim, and wallop thim all round before him, and disperse thim — scatther thim like chaff before the wind; and it's the best o' sticks he requires for that same."

"But might he not have his heavy stick on purpose for that purpose, and make use of a lighter one on other occasions?"

"As for that matther, sir," said Rory, "there's no knowin' the minit he might want it, for he is often necessitated to have recoorse to it. It might be, going through the village, the public house is too full, and in he goes and dhrives thim out. Oh! it would delight your heart to see the style he clears a public house in, in no time!"

"But wouldn't his speaking to them answer the purpose as well?"

"Oh, no! he doesn't like to throw away his discoorse on thim: and why should he? — he keeps that for the blessed althar on Sunday, which is a fitter place for it: besides, he does not like to be seware on us."

"Severe!" said the traveler, in surprise, "why, haven't you said that he thrashes you round on all occasions?"

"Yis, sir; but what o' that? — sure that's nothin' to his tongue — his words is like swoords or razhors, I may say: we're used to a lick of a stick every day, but not to sich language as his reverence sometimes murthers us with whin we displace him. Oh! it's terrible, so it is, to have the weight of his tongue on you! Throth! I'd rather let him bate me from this till to-morrow, than have one angry word with him."

"I see, then, he must have a heavy stick," said the traveler.

"To be sure he must, sir, at all times; and that was the raison I was so particular in the shop; and afther spendin' over an hour — would you b'lieve it? — divil a stick I could get in the place fit for a child, much less a man."

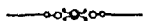
"But about the gridiron?"

"A very natural thing to think of in a shower of rain," said the traveler.

"No, 'twasn't the rain made me think of it—I think it was God put a gridiron in my heart, seein' that it was a present for the priest I intended; and when I thought of it, it came into my head, afther, that it would be a fine thing to sit on, for to keep one out of the rain, that was ruinatin' my cordheroy's on the top o' the coach; so I kept my eye out as we dhrove along up the sthreet, and sure enough what should I see at a shop halfway down the town but a gridiron hanging up at the door! and so I wint back to get it."

"But isn't a gridiron an odd present?—hasn't his reverence one already?"

"He had, sir, before it was bruk—but that's what I remembered, for I happened to be up at his place one day, sittin' in the kitchen, when Molly was brilin' some mate an it for his reverence; and while she jist turned about to get a pinch o' salt to shake over it, the dog that was in the place made a dart at the gridiron on the fire, and threwn it down, and up he whips the mate, before one of us could stop him. With that Molly whips up the gridiron, and says she, 'Bad luck to you, you disrespectful baste! would nothin' sarve you but the priest's dinner?' and she made a crack o' the gridiron at him. 'As you have the mate, you shall have the gridiron too,' says she; and with that she gave him such a rap on the head with it, that the bars flew out of it, and his head went through it, and away he pulled it out of her hands, and ran off with the gridiron hangin' round his neck like a necklace; and he went mad a'most with it; for though a kettle to a dog's tail is nath'rel, a gridiron round his neck is very surprisin' to him; and away he tatthered over the counthry, till there wasn't a taste o' the gridiron left together."



RORY O'MORE.

By SAMUEL LOVER.

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn;
He was bold as the hawk, and she soft as the dawn;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.

"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
 Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye;
 "With your tricks, I don't know, in troth, what I'm about;
 Faith you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."
 "Och! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
 You've thrated my heart for this many a day;
 And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
 For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
 For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike;
 The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound" —
 "Faith!" says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
 "Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go:
 Sure I dream ev'ry night that I'm hating you so!"
 "Och!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
 For dhramas always go by conthrarries, my dear.
 Och! jewel, keep dhraming that same till you die,
 And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie!
 And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
 Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me enough;
 Sure, I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;
 And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste,
 So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest."
 Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
 So soft and so white, without freckle or speck;
 And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming with light,
 And he kissed her sweet lips — Don't you think he was right?
 "Now, Rory, leave off, sir — you'll hug me no more, —
 That's eight times to-day you have kissed me before."
 "Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
 For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.



DEPENDING UPON OTHERS.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

[MRS. SAMUEL CARTER HALL (Anna Maria Fielding): An Irish novelist; born in Dublin, January, 1800; died in 1881. At fifteen she removed to London and married (1824) S. C. Hall, editor and critic, with whom she wrote many volumes. Her own works include: "Sketches of Irish Character"

(1828), "The Buccaneer," "The Outlaw," "Lights and Shadows of Irish Character," "Tales of the Irish Peasantry," and numerous short stories. She received a pension of one hundred pounds in 1868.]

"INDEPENDENCE" — it is the word, of all others, that Irishmen, women, and children least understand ; and the calmness, or rather indifference, with which they submit to dependence, bitter and miserable as it is, must be a source of deep regret to all who "love the land" or who feel anxious to uphold the dignity of human kind. Let me select a few cases from our Irish village, such as are abundant in every neighborhood. Shane Thurlough, "as dacent a boy," and Shane's wife, "as clane-skinned a girl," as any in the world. There is Shane, an active, handsome-looking fellow, leaning over the half-door of his cottage, kicking a hole in the wall with his brogue, and picking up all the large gravel within his reach to pelt the ducks with, — those useful Irish scavengers. Let us speak to him.

"Good morrow, Shane."

"Och ! the bright bames of heaven on ye every day ! and kindly welcome, my lady ; and won't ye step in and rest ? — it's powerful hot, and a beautiful summer, sure, — the Lord be praised !"

"Thank you, Shane. I thought you were going to cut the hayfield to-day ; if a heavy shower comes it will be spoiled ; it has been fit for the scythe these two days."

"Sure it's all owing to that thief o' the world, Tom Parrel, my lady. Didn't he promise me the loan of his scythe ? and, by the same token, I was to pay him for it ; and *dependin* on that, I didn't buy one, which I have been threatening to do for the last two years."

"But why don't you go to Carrick and purchase one ?"

"To Carrick ! Och, 'tis a good step to Carrick, and my toes are on the ground, — saving your presence, — for I *depinded* on Tim Jarvis to tell Andy Cappler, the brogue maker, to do my shoes ; and, bad luck to him, the spalpeen, he forgot it."

"Where's your pretty wife, Shane ?"

"She's in all the woe o' the world, ma'am dear. And she puts the blame of it on me, though I'm not in the faut this time, anyhow. The child's taken the smallpox, and she *depinded* on me to tell the doctor to cut it for the cowpox, and I *depinded* on Kitty Cackle, the limmer, to tell the doctor's own man, and thought she would not forget it, because the boy's her bachelor ;

but out o' sight, out o' mind,—the never a word she tould him about it, and the babby has got it nataral, and the woman's in heart trouble,—to say nothing o' myself,—and it is the first, and all."

"I am very sorry, indeed, for you have got a much better wife than most men."

"That's a true word, my lady, only she's fidgety-like sometimes, and says I don't hit the nail on the head quick enough; and she takes a dale more trouble than she need about many a thing."

"I do not think I ever saw Ellen's wheel without flax before, Shane."

"Bad cess to the wheel! I got it this morning about that too. I *depinded* on John Williams to bring the flax from O'Flaherty's this day week, and he forgot it; and she says I ought to have brought it myself, and I close to the spot. But where's the good? says I; sure he'll bring it next time."

"I suppose, Shane, you will soon move into the new cottage at Clurn Hill? I passed it to-day, and it looked so cheerful; and when you get there, you must take Ellen's advice, and *depend* solely on yourself."

"Och, ma'am dear, don't mention it; sure it's that makes me so down in the mouth this very minit. Sure I saw that born blackguard, Jack Waddy, and he comes in here quite innocent-like: 'Shane, you've an eye to squire's new lodge,' says he. 'Maybe I have,' says I. 'I am yer man,' says he. 'How so?' says I. 'Sure I'm as good as married to my lady's maid,' says he; 'and I'll spake to the squire for you my own self.' 'The blessing be about you,' says I, quite grateful, and we took a strong cup on the strength of it, and *depinding* on that, I thought all safe. And what d'ye think, my lady? Why, himself stalks into the place,—talked the squire over to be sure,—and without so much as by yer lave, sates himself and his new wife on the laase in the house, and I may go whistle."

"It was a great pity, Shane, that you didn't go yourself to Mr. Clurn."

"That's a true word for ye, ma'am dear; but it's hard if a poor man can't have a frind to *depind* on."

TO A SKYLARK.

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

[PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, English poet, was born in Sussex, August 4, 1792, and educated at Eton and at University College, Oxford; whence he was expelled for a tract on the "Necessity of Atheism." His first notable poem, "Queen Mab," was privately printed in 1813. He succeeded to his father's estate in 1816. "Alastor" was completed in 1816; "The Revolt of Islam," "Rosalind and Helen," and "Julian and Maddalo," in 1818; "Prometheus Unbound," "The Cenci," "The Coliseum," "Peter Bell the Third," and the "Mask of Anarchy," in 1819; "Œdipus Tyrannus" and the "Witch of Atlas," in 1820; "Epipsychidion," "The Defense of Poetry," "Adonais," and "Hellas," in 1822. He was drowned at sea July 8, 1822.]

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.
 Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.
 In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
 Thou dost float and run;
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.
 The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
 Like a star of heaven,
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.
 Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 Until we hardly see, — we feel that it is there.
 All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

TO A SKYLARK.

What thou art we know not;
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see,
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a highborn maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower

Like a glowworm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its ærial hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass:

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine:
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine:
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chant,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt,
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What object are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest: but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

MR. COLLINS' COURTSHIP.

By JANE AUSTEN.

(From "Pride and Prejudice.")

[JANE AUSTEN: An English novelist; daughter of the rector of Steventon, Hampshire; born December 16, 1775. She resided with her family first at Bath, and finally at Winchester, where she died July 18, 1817, and was buried in the cathedral. Her life was uneventful, and it was not until about 1830 that her works received the recognition they deserved. Of her novels the best-known are: "Sense and Sensibility" (1811), "Pride and Prejudice" (written in 1796, but not published until 1813), "Mansfield Park" (1814), "Persuasion" (1818).]

THE next day opened a new scene at Longbourn. Mr. Collins made his declaration in form. Having resolved to do it without loss of time, as his leave of absence extended only to the following Saturday, and having no feelings of diffidence to make it distressing to himself even at the moment, he set about it in a very orderly manner with all the observances which he supposed a regular part of the business. On finding Mrs. Bennet, Elizabeth, and one of the younger girls together, soon after breakfast, he addressed the mother in these words:—

"May I hope, madam, for your interest with your fair daughter Elizabeth, when I solicit for the honor of a private audience with her in the course of this morning?"

Before Elizabeth had time for anything but a blush of surprise, Mrs. Bennet instantly answered:—

"Oh, dear! Yes, certainly. I am sure Lizzy will be very happy—I am sure she can have no objection. Come, Kitty, I want you upstairs." And gathering her work together, she was hastening away, when Elizabeth called out:—

"Dear ma'am, do not go. I beg you will not go. Mr. Collins must excuse me. He can have nothing to say to me that anybody need not hear. I am going away myself."

"No, no; nonsense, Lizzy! I desire you will stay where you are." And upon Elizabeth's seeming really, with vexed and embarrassed looks, about to escape, she added, "Lizzy, I insist upon your staying and hearing Mr. Collins!"

Elizabeth would not oppose such an injunction; and a moment's consideration making her also sensible that it would be wisest to get it over as soon and as quietly as possible, she sat down again, and tried to conceal, by incessant employment,

the feelings which were divided between distress and diversion. Mrs. Bennet and Kitty walked off, and, as soon as they were gone, Mr. Collins began : —

“Believe me, my dear Miss Elizabeth, that your modesty, so far from doing you any disservice, rather adds to your other perfections. You would have been less amiable in my eyes had there not been this little unwillingness ; but allow me to assure you that I have your respected mother’s permission for this address. You can hardly doubt the purport of my discourse, however your natural delicacy may lead you to dissemble ; my attentions have been too marked to be mistaken. Almost as soon as I entered the house I singled you out as the companion of my future life. But before I am run away with by my feelings on this subject, perhaps it will be advisable for me to state my reasons for marrying — and, moreover, for coming into Hertfordshire with the design of selecting a wife, as I certainly did.”

The idea of Mr. Collins, with all his solemn composure, being run away with by his feelings, made Elizabeth so near laughing that she could not use the short pause he allowed in any attempt to stop him further, and he continued : —

“My reasons for marrying are, first, that I think it a right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances (like myself) to set the example of matrimony in his parish ; secondly, that I am convinced it will add very greatly to my happiness ; and, thirdly, which perhaps I ought to have mentioned earlier, that it is the particular advice and recommendation of the very noble lady whom I have the honor of calling patroness. Twice has she condescended to give me her opinion (unasked, too !) on this subject ; and it was but the very Saturday night before I left Hunsford — between our pools at quadrille, while Mrs. Jenkinson was arranging Miss De Bourgh’s footstool — that she said : ‘Mr. Collins, you must marry. A clergyman like you must marry. Choose properly, choose a gentlewoman, for my sake and for your own ; let her be an active, useful sort of person, not brought up high, but able to make a small income go a good way. This is my advice. Find such a woman as soon as you can, bring her to Hunsford, and I will visit her.’ Allow me, by the way, to observe, my fair cousin, that I do not reckon the notice and kindnesses of Lady Catherine De Bourgh as among the least of the advantages in my power to offer. You will find her manners beyond anything I can describe ;

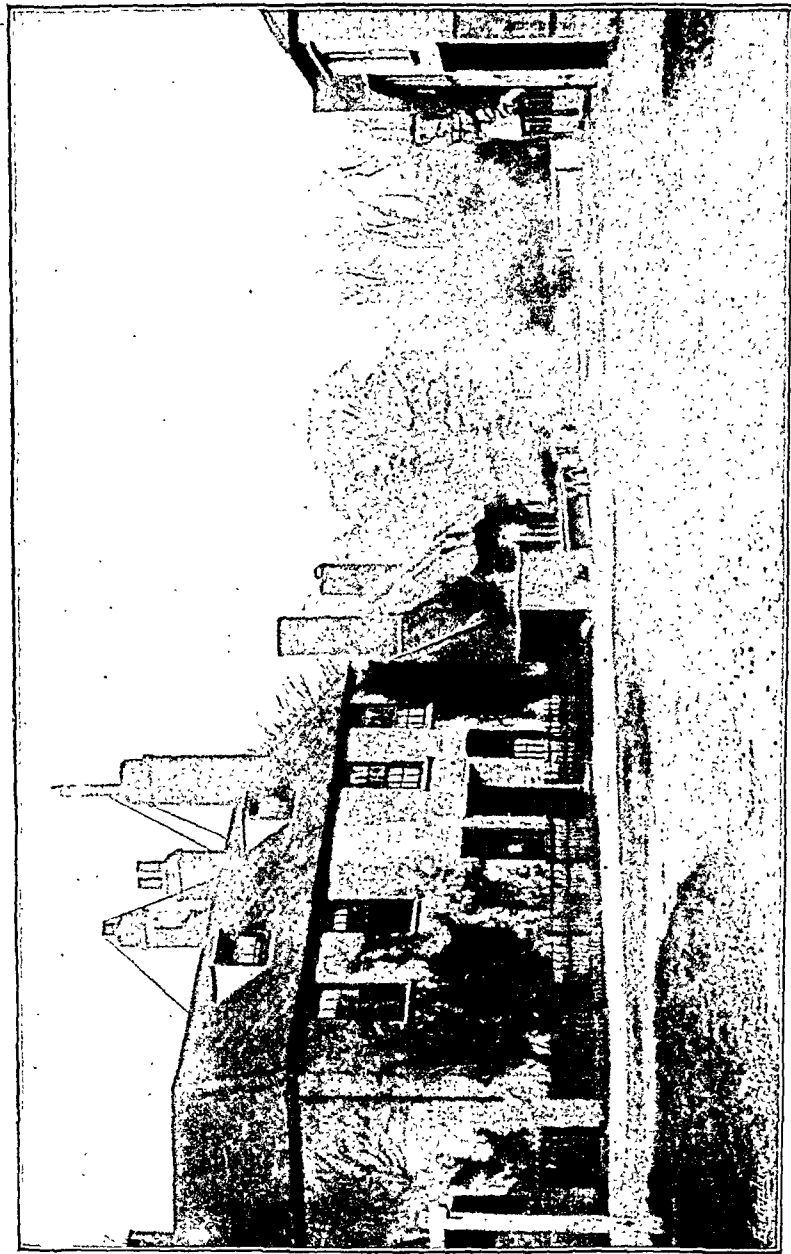
and your wit and vivacity, I think, must be acceptable to her, especially when tempered with the silence and respect which her rank will inevitably excite. Thus much for my general intention in favor of matrimony. It remains to be told why my views were directed to Longbourn instead of my own neighborhood, where I assure you there are many amiable young women. But the fact is, that being, as I am, to inherit this estate after the death of your honored father (who, however, may live many years longer), I could not satisfy myself without resolving to choose a wife from among his daughters, that the loss to them might be as little as possible when the melancholy event takes place—which, however, as I have already said, may not be for several years. This has been my motive, my fair cousin, and I flatter myself it will not sink me in your esteem. And now nothing remains for me but to assure you, in the most animated language, of the violence of my affection. To fortune I am perfectly indifferent, and shall make no demand of that nature on your father, since I am well aware that it could not be complied with; and that one thousand pounds in the four per cents, which will not be yours till after your mother's decease, is all that you may ever be entitled to. On that head, therefore, I shall be uniformly silent: and you may assure yourself that no ungenerous reproach shall ever pass my lips when we are married."

It was absolutely necessary to interrupt him now.

"You are too hasty, sir," she cried. "You forget that I have made no answer. Let me do it without further loss of time. Accept my thanks for the compliment you are paying me. I am very sensible of the honor of your proposals, but it is impossible for me to do otherwise than decline them."

"I am not now to learn," replied Mr. Collins, with a formal wave of the hand, "that it is usual with young ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom they secretly mean to accept, when he first applies for their favor; and that sometimes the refusal is repeated a second or even a third time. I am therefore by no means discouraged by what you have just said, and shall hope to lead you to the altar ere long."

"Upon my word, sir," cried Elizabeth, "your hope is rather an extraordinary one after my declaration. I do assure you that I am not one of those young ladies (if such young ladies there are) who are so daring as to risk their happiness on the chance of being asked a second time. I am perfectly serious in my



THE HOME OF JANE AUSTEN AT CHAWTON, WHERE HER PRINCIPAL NOVELS WERE WRITTEN

refusal. You could not make me happy, and I am convinced that I am the last woman in the world who would make you so. Nay, were your friend, Lady Catherine, to know me, I am perfectly persuaded she would find me in every respect ill-qualified for the situation."

"Were it certain that Lady Catherine would think so," said Mr. Collins, very gravely — "but I cannot imagine that her ladyship would at all disapprove of you. And you may be certain that when I have the honor of seeing her again I shall speak in the highest terms of your modesty, economy, and other amiable qualifications."

"Indeed, Mr. Collins, all praise of me will be unnecessary. You must give me leave to judge for myself, and pay me the compliment of believing what I say. I wish you very happy and very rich, and, by refusing your hand, do all in my power to prevent you being otherwise. In making me the offer, you must have satisfied the delicacy of your feelings with regard to my family, and may take possession of Longbourn estate whenever it falls, without any self-reproach. This matter may be considered, therefore, as finally settled." And rising, as she thus spoke, she would have quitted the room had not Mr. Collins thus addressed her: —

"When I do myself the honor of speaking to you next on the subject, I shall hope to receive a more favorable answer than you have now given me; though I am far from accusing you of cruelty at present, because I know it to be the established custom of your sex to reject a man on the first application, and perhaps you have even now said as much to encourage my suit as would be consistent with the true delicacy of the female character."

"Really, Mr. Collins," cried Elizabeth, with some warmth, "you puzzle me exceedingly. If what I have hitherto said can appear to you in the form of encouragement, I know not how to express my refusal in such a way as may convince you of its being one."

"You must give me leave to flatter myself, my dear cousin, that your refusal of my addresses are merely words, of course. My reasons for believing it are briefly these: It does not appear to me that my hand is unworthy your acceptance, or that the establishment I can offer would be any other than highly desirable. My situation in life, my connections with the family of De Bourgh and my relationship to your own, are

circumstances highly in my favor; and you should take it into further consideration that, in spite of your manifold attractions, it is by no means certain that another offer of marriage may ever be made you. Your portion is unhappily so small that it will, in all likelihood, undo the effects of your loveliness and amiable qualifications. As I must, therefore, conclude that you are not serious in your rejection of me, I shall choose to attribute it to your wish of increasing my love by suspense, according to the usual practice of elegant females."

"I do assure you, sir, that I have no pretensions whatever to that kind of elegance which consists in tormenting a respectable man. I would rather be paid the compliment of being believed sincere. I thank you again and again for the honor you have done me in your proposals, but to accept them is absolutely impossible. My feelings in every respect forbid it. Can I speak plainer? Do not consider me now as an elegant female intending to plague you, but as a rational creature speaking the truth from her heart."

"You are uniformly charming!" cried he, with an air of awkward gallantry; "and I am persuaded that, when sanctioned by the express authority of both your excellent parents, my proposals will not fail of being acceptable."

To such perseverance in willful self-deception Elizabeth would make no reply, and immediately and in silence withdrew, determined that, if he persisted in considering her repeated refusals as flattering encouragement, to apply to her father, whose negative might be uttered in such a manner as must be decisive, and whose behavior, at least, could not be mistaken for the affectation and coquetry of an elegant female.

Mr. Collins was not left long to the silent contemplation of his successful love; for Mrs. Bennet, having dawdled about in the vestibule to watch for the end of the conference, no sooner saw Elizabeth open the door and with quick step pass her toward the staircase, than she entered the breakfast room, and congratulated both him and herself in warm terms on the happy prospect of their nearer connection. Mr. Collins received and returned these felicitations with equal pleasure, and then proceeded to relate the particulars of their interview, with the result of which he trusted he had every reason to be satisfied, since the refusal which his cousin had steadfastly given him would naturally flow from her bashful modesty and the genuine delicacy of her character.

This information, however, startled Mrs. Bennet; she would have been glad to be equally satisfied that her daughter had meant to encourage him by protesting against his proposals, but she dared not to believe it, and could not help saying so.

"But depend upon it, Mr. Collins," she added, "that Lizzy shall be brought to reason. I will speak to her about it myself directly. She is a very headstrong, foolish girl, and does not know her own interest; but I will make her know it!"

"Pardon me for interrupting you, madam," cried Mr. Collins; "but if she is really headstrong and foolish, I know not whether she would altogether be a very desirable wife to a man in my situation, who naturally looks for happiness in the marriage state. If, therefore, she actually persists in rejecting my suit, perhaps it were better not to force her into accepting me, because, if liable to such defects of temper, she could not add much to my felicity."

"Sir, you quite misunderstand me," said Mrs. Bennet, alarmed. "Lizzy is only headstrong in such matters as these. In everything else she is as good-natured a girl as ever lived. I will go directly to Mr. Bennet, and we shall very soon settle it with her, I am sure."

She would not give him time to reply, but hurrying instantly to her husband, called out, as she entered the library:—

"Oh, Mr. Bennet, you are wanted immediately; we are all in an uproar! You must come and make Lizzy marry Mr. Collins, for she vows she will not have him; and if you do not make haste he will change his mind and not have her!"

Mr. Bennet raised his eyes from his book as she entered, and fixed them on her face with a calm unconcern, which was not in the least altered by her communication.

"I have not the pleasure of understanding you," said he, when she had finished her speech. "Of what are you talking?"

"Of Mr. Collins and Lizzy. Lizzy declares she will not have Mr. Collins, and Mr. Collins begins to say that he will not have Lizzy."

"And what am I to do on the occasion? It seems a hopeless business."

"Speak to Lizzy about it yourself. Tell her that you insist upon her marrying him."

"Let her be called down. She shall hear my opinion."

Mrs. Bennet rang the bell, and Miss Elizabeth was summoned to the library.

"Come here, child," cried her father, as she appeared. "I have sent for you on an affair of importance. I understand that Mr. Collins has made you an offer of marriage. Is it true?" Elizabeth replied that it was. "Very well—and this offer of marriage you have refused?"

"I have, sir."

"Very well. We now come to the point. Your mother insists upon your accepting it. Is it not so, Mrs. Bennet?"

"Yes, or I will never see her again."

"An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth. From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents. Your mother will never see you again if you do not marry Mr. Collins, and I will never see you again if you do!"

Elizabeth could not but smile at such a conclusion of such a beginning; but Mrs. Bennet, who had persuaded herself that her husband regarded the affair as she wished, was excessively disappointed.

"What do you mean, Mr. Bennet, by talking in this way? You promised me to insist upon her marrying him."

"My dear," replied her husband, "I have two small favors to request. First, that you will allow me the free use of my understanding on the present occasion; and, secondly, of my room. I shall be glad to have the library to myself as soon as may be."

Not yet, however, in spite of her disappointment in her husband, did Mrs. Bennet give up the point. She talked to Elizabeth again and again; coaxed and threatened her by turns. She endeavored to secure Jane in her interest, but Jane, with all possible mildness, declined interfering; and Elizabeth, sometimes with real earnestness, and sometimes with playful gayety, replied to her attacks. Though her manner varied, however, her determination never did.

Mr. Collins, meanwhile, was meditating in solitude on what had passed. He thought too well of himself to comprehend on what motive his cousin could refuse him; and though his pride was hurt, he suffered in no other way. His regard for her was quite imaginary, and the possibility of her deserving her mother's reproach prevented his feeling any regret.

While the family were in this confusion Charlotte Lucas came to spend the day with them. She was met in the vestibule by Lydia, who, flying to her, cried, in a half whisper, "I

am glad you are come, for there is such fun here! What do you think has happened this morning? Mr. Collins has made an offer to Lizzy, and she will not have him."

Charlotte had hardly time to answer before they were joined by Kitty, who came to tell the same news; and no sooner had they entered the breakfast room where Mrs. Bennet was alone than she likewise began on the subject, calling on Miss Lucas for her compassion, and entreating her to persuade her friend Lizzy to comply with the wishes of all her family. "Pray do, my dear Miss Lucas," she added, in a melancholy tone, "for nobody is on my side, nobody takes part with me; I am cruelly used; nobody feels for my poor nerves."

Charlotte's reply was spared by the entrance of Jane and Elizabeth.

"Ay, there she comes," continued Mrs. Bennet, "looking as unconcerned as may be, and caring no more for us than if we were at York, provided she can have her own way. But I tell you what, Miss Lizzy, if you take it into your head to go on refusing every offer of marriage in this way, you will never get a husband at all; and I am sure I do not know who is to maintain you when your father is dead. I shall not be able to keep you—and so I warn you. I have done with you from this very day. I told you in the library, you know, that I should never speak to you again, and you will find me as good as my word. I have no pleasure in talking to undutiful children. Not that I have much pleasure, indeed, in talking to anybody. People who suffer as I do from nervous complaints can have no great inclination for talking. Nobody can tell what I suffer! But it is always so: those who do not complain are never pitied."

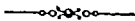
Her daughters listened in silence to this effusion, sensible that any attempt to reason with or soothe her would only increase the irritation. She talked on, therefore, without interruption from any of them, till they were joined by Mr. Collins, who entered with an air more stately than usual, and on perceiving whom she said to the girls:—

"Now I do insist upon it that you, all of you, hold your tongues and let Mr. Collins and me have a little conversation together."

Elizabeth passed quietly out of the room, Jane and Kitty followed, but Lydia stood her ground, determined to hear all she could; and Charlotte, detained first by the civility of

Mr. Collins, whose inquiries after herself and all her family were very minute, and then by a little curiosity, satisfied herself with walking to the window and pretending not to hear. In a doleful voice Mrs. Bennet thus began the projected conversation: "Oh, Mr. Collins!"

"My dear madam," replied he, "let us be forever silent on this point. Far be it from me," he presently continued, in a voice that marked his displeasure, "to resent the behavior of your daughter. Resignation to inevitable evils is the duty of us all—the peculiar duty of a young man who has been so fortunate as I have been, in early preferment; and, I trust, I am resigned. Perhaps not the less so from feeling a doubt of my positive happiness had my fair cousin honored me with her hand; for I have often observed that resignation is never so perfect as when the blessing denied begins to lose somewhat of its value in our estimation. You will not, I hope, consider me as showing any disrespect to your family, my dear madam, by thus withdrawing my pretensions to your daughter's favor, without having paid yourself and Mr. Bennet the compliment of requesting you to interpose your authority in my behalf. My conduct may, I fear, be objectionable in having accepted my dismissal from your daughter's lips instead of your own; but we are all liable to error. I have certainly meant well through the whole affair. My object has been to secure an amiable companion for myself, with due consideration for the advantage of all your family; and if my manner has been at all reprehensible, I here beg leave to apologize."



ELIZABETH AND LADY CATHERINE.

By JANE AUSTEN.

(From "Pride and Prejudice.")

ONE morning, about a week after Bingley's engagement with Jane had been formed, as he and the females of the family were sitting together in the dining room, their attention was suddenly drawn to the window by the sound of a carriage, and they perceived a chaise and four driving up the lawn. It was too early in the morning for visitors, and besides, the equipage

did not answer to that of any of their neighbors. The horses were post; and neither the carriage nor the livery of the servant who preceded it were familiar to them. As it was certain, however, that somebody was coming, Bingley instantly prevailed on Miss Bennet to avoid the confinement of such an intrusion, and walk away with him into the shrubbery. They both set off, and the conjectures of the remaining three continued, though with little satisfaction, till the door was thrown open and their visitor entered. It was Lady Catherine De Bourgh.

They were of course all intending to be surprised, but their astonishment was beyond their expectation; and on the part of Mrs. Bennet and Kitty, though she was perfectly unknown to them, even inferior to what Elizabeth felt.

She entered the room with an air more than usually ungracious, made no other reply to Elizabeth's salutation than a slight inclination of the head, and sat down without saying a word. Elizabeth had mentioned her name to her mother on her ladyship's entrance, though no request of introduction had been made.

Mrs. Bennet, all amazement, though flattered by having a guest of such high importance, received her with the utmost politeness. After sitting for a moment in silence she said, very stiffly, to Elizabeth:—

"I hope you are well, Miss Bennet. That lady, I suppose, is your mother?"

Elizabeth replied very concisely that she was.

"And that, I suppose, is one of your sisters?"

"Yes, madam," said Mrs. Bennet, delighted to speak to a Lady Catherine; "she is my youngest girl but one. My youngest of all is lately married, and my eldest is somewhere about the ground, walking with a young man, who, I believe, will soon become a part of the family."

"You have a very small park here," returned Lady Catherine, after a short silence.

"It is nothing in comparison with Rosings, my lady, I dare say; but I assure you it is much larger than Sir William Lucas'."

"This must be a most inconvenient sitting room for the evening in summer; the windows are full west."

Mrs. Bennet assured her that they never sat there after dinner; and then added:—

"May I take the liberty of asking your ladyship whether you left Mr. and Mrs. Collins well?"

"Yes, very well. I saw them the night before last."

Elizabeth now expected that she would produce a letter for her from Charlotte, as it seemed the only probable motive for her calling. But no letter appeared, and she was completely puzzled.

Mrs. Bennet with great civility begged her ladyship to take some refreshment; but Lady Catherine very resolutely, and not very politely, declined eating anything; and then, rising up, said to Elizabeth:—

"Miss Bennet, there seemed to be a prettyish kind of a little wilderness on one side of your lawn. I should be glad to take a turn in it, if you will favor me with your company."

"Go, my dear," cried her mother, "and show her ladyship about the different walks. I think she will be pleased with the hermitage."

Elizabeth obeyed; and, running into her own room for her parasol, attended her noble guest downstairs. As they passed through the hall, Lady Catherine opened the doors into the dining parlor and drawing-room, and pronouncing them, after a short survey, to be decent-looking rooms, walked on.

Her carriage remained at the door, and Elizabeth saw that her waiting woman was in it. They proceeded in silence along the gravel walk that led to the copse; Elizabeth was determined to make no effort for conversation with a woman who was now more than usually insolent and disagreeable.

"How could I ever think her like her nephew?" said she, as she looked in her face.

As soon as they entered the copse, Lady Catherine began in the following manner:—

"You can be at no loss, Miss Bennet, to understand the reason of my journey hither. Your own heart, your own conscience, must tell you why I come."

Elizabeth looked with unaffected astonishment.

"Indeed you are mistaken, madam; I have not been at all able to account for the honor of seeing you here."

"Miss Bennet," replied her ladyship, in an angry tone, "you ought to know that I am not to be trifled with. But however insincere you may choose to be, you shall not find me so. My character has ever been celebrated for its sincerity and frankness; and in a cause of such moment as this I shall

certainly not depart from it. A report of a most alarming nature reached me two days ago. I was told that not only your sister was on the point of being most advantageously married, but that you, that Miss Elizabeth Bennet, would, in all likelihood, be soon united afterward to my nephew, my own nephew, Mr. Darcy. Though I know it must be a scandalous falsehood, though I would not injure him so much as to suppose the truth of it possible, I instantly resolved on setting off for this place that I might make my sentiments known to you."

"If you believed it impossible to be true," said Elizabeth, coloring with astonishment and disdain, "I wonder you took the trouble of coming so far. What could your ladyship propose by it?"

"At once to insist upon having such a report universally contradicted."

"Your coming to Longbourn to see me and my family," said Elizabeth, coolly, "will be rather a confirmation of it,—if, indeed, such a report is in existence."

"If! Do you, then, pretend to be ignorant of it? Has it not been industriously circulated by yourselves? Do you not know that such a report is spread about?"

"I never heard that it was."

"And you can likewise declare that there is no foundation for it?"

"I do not pretend to possess equal frankness with your ladyship. You may ask questions which I shall not choose to answer."

"This is not to be borne! Miss Bennet, I insist on being satisfied. Has he, has my nephew, made you an offer of marriage?"

"Your ladyship has declared it to be impossible."

"It ought to be so; it must be so, while he retains the use of his reason. But your arts and allurements may, in a moment of infatuation, have made him forget what he owes to himself and to all his family. You may have drawn him in."

"If I have, I shall be the last person to confess it."

"Miss Bennet, do you know who I am? I have not been accustomed to such language as this. I am almost the nearest relation he has in the world, and am entitled to know all his dearest concerns."

"But you are not entitled to know mine; nor will such behavior as this ever induce me to be explicit."

"Let me be rightly understood. This match, to which you have the presumption to aspire, can never take place—no, never. Mr. Darcy is engaged to my daughter. Now, what have you to say?"

"Only this—that if he is so, you can have no reason to suppose he will make an offer to me."

Lady Catherine hesitated a moment, and then replied:—

"The engagement between them is of a peculiar kind. From their infancy they have been intended for each other. It was the favorite wish of his mother, as well as of hers. While in their cradles we planned the union; and now, at the moment when the wishes of both sisters would be accomplished in their marriage, to be prevented by a young woman of inferior birth, of no importance in the world, and wholly unallied to the family! Do you pay no regard to the wishes of his friends? to his tacit engagement with Miss De Bourgh? Are you lost to every feeling of propriety and delicacy? Have you not heard me say that from his earliest hours he was destined for his cousin?"

"Yes; and I had heard it before. But what is that to me? If there is no other objection to my marrying your nephew, I shall certainly not be kept from it by knowing that his mother and aunt wished him to marry Miss De Bourgh. You both did as much as you could in planning the marriage; its completion depended on others. If Mr. Darcy is neither by honor nor inclination confined to his cousin, why is not he to make another choice? and if I am that choice, why may not I accept him?"

"Because honor, decorum, prudence, nay interest, forbid it. Yes, Miss Bennet, interest, for do not expect to be noticed by his family or friends, if you willfully act against the inclinations of all. You will be censured, slighted, and despised by every one connected with him. Your alliance will be a disgrace; your name will never even be mentioned by any of us."

"These are heavy misfortunes!" replied Elizabeth. "But the wife of Mr. Darcy must have such extraordinary sources of happiness necessarily attached to her situation that she could, upon the whole, have no cause to repine."

"Obstinate, headstrong girl! I am ashamed of you! Is this your gratitude for my attentions to you last spring? Is nothing due to me on that score? Let us sit down. You are to understand, Miss Bennet, that I came here with the deter-

mined resolution of carrying my purpose ; nor will I be dissuaded from it. I have not been used to submit to any person's whims. I have not been in the habit of brooking disappointment."

"That will make your ladyship's situation at present more pitiable ; but it will have no effect on me."

"I will not be interrupted. Hear me in silence. My daughter and my nephew are formed for each other. They are descended, on the maternal side, from the same noble line ; and, on the father's, from respectable, honorable, and ancient, though untitled, families. Their fortune on both sides is splendid. They are destined for each other by the voice of every member of their respective houses ; and what is to divide them ?—the upstart pretensions of a young woman without family, connections, or fortune ! Is this to be endured ? But it must not, shall not be ! If you were sensible of your own good, you would not wish to quit the sphere in which you have been brought up."

"In marrying your nephew, I should not consider myself as quitting that sphere. He is a gentleman ; I am a gentleman's daughter ; so far we are equal."

"True. You are a gentleman's daughter. But what was your mother ? Who are your uncles and aunts ? Do not imagine me ignorant of their condition."

"Whatever my connections may be," said Elizabeth, "if your nephew does not object to them, they can be nothing to you."

"Tell me, once for all, are you engaged to him ?"

Though Elizabeth would not, for the mere purpose of obliging Lady Catherine, have answered this question, she could not but say, after a moment's deliberation :—

"I am not."

Lady Catherine seemed pleased.

"And will you promise me never to enter into such an engagement ?"

"I will make no promise of the kind."

"Miss Bennet, I am shocked and astonished ! I expected to find a more reasonable young woman. But do not deceive yourself into a belief that I will ever recede. I shall not go away till you have given me the assurance I require."

"And I certainly never shall give it. I am not to be intimidated into anything so wholly unreasonable. Your ladyship wants Mr. Darcy to marry your daughter ; but would